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- ART. I.—1. *Title-Deeds of the Church of England to her Parochial Endowments.* By EDWARD MIALL. Longmans. 1862.
2. *The 'Liberation Society' and Church Property. Two Lectures delivered by EDWARD MIALL, Esq., at Bristol, February 8th and 10th, 1860.* Ward and Co.
3. *The Liberation Society: its Policy and Motives. Speech of EDWARD MIALL, Esq., at Manchester, November 18th, 1859.* London: Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. 1859.
4. *Church Property—National Property. A Lecture by JOHN KINGSLEY.* Manchester: John Heywood. 1861.
5. *An Oxford Professor on Church Establishments: being Passages from the Writings of PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.* London: Liberation Society.
6. *The Anti-State-Church Catechism.* By the REV. A. J. MORRIS. London: British Anti-State-Church Association. 1847.

WE make no apology to our readers for again, after so short an interval, bringing under their notice a subject connected with the status of the Established Church of England. The principle, which this Journal has always professed, of active friendship for every organized effort to spread evangelical truth urges us to treat with earnest consideration all questions which affect the comity of Churches. In the interests of peace and of true and peaceful progress, we account it to be a

part of our vocation, in these pages, to do what may be in our power to convince, to repress, to answer, the mistaken, the factious, and the theorist. For a long time past the religious bodies of this country (with one striking exception) have been arrayed on opposite sides to attack or defend the Established Church of England; and a large measure of the religious strength of the country is devoted, we fear irrevocably, to a prolonged political struggle, of which this generation cannot hope to see the end. The Bicentenary celebration of last year has but added fuel to the fire. We doubt if any controversy can be found, since the taste of modern literature has had any effect in chastening the tone of polemical writing, in which so much violent abuse, so much bitter railing, has been poured forth with so much religious fervour. On the one hand we hear of robbery and sacrilege; on the other we are told that Church establishment is in its nature immoral and tyrannous. Each party is discontented with the broad ground of religious expediency on which alone the question between them can be tried, and ransacks in vain all speculation and all revelation for arguments that might rest its claims upon some commanding position of abstract right. If, indeed, on behalf of all quiet citizens and unsectarian Christians, we were disposed to resent one set of high-pitched views more than the other, our blame would fall more heavily on those who, professing themselves free from the prejudices of the past, and enlightened disciples of the science of their own day, base their religious politics upon a dogma concerning the ends of civil government which seems to carry us back to the days of 'Divine right,' and is reduced for its support to arguments from Scripture not superior in force to those which bolster up the creed of the slaveholder.\* But between this and the 'Apostolical Succession' there is not much to choose; nor ought the choice to be made. We lament to see the soldiers of Christ embroiled in a quarrel about uniforms and rations, when they should be charging side by side upon the world without. Though the regular army despise all other services, while the riflemen hold that the defence of the country ought to be intrusted to voluntary levies, we prefer to employ for our warfare every possible agency which we think to be of practical utility. It were easy to prove of standing armies, as of Church establishments, that they have in most ages been ready instruments of

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\* See the *Anti-State-Church Catechism* printed for the British Anti-State Church Association (the parent of the present 'Liberation Society') in 1847; a document which for fallacy and quibbling we have rarely seen equalled.



tyranny; but it would be as easy to rejoin that instruments are not causes, and that when the public virtues which have gained our liberty cease to stand guard over their prize, it will not be for want of tools if persecution fails to out-do the whips under which our fathers smarted with a chastisement of scorpions.

But it is not with the general aspect of the Anti-State-Church doctrines that we propose to concern ourselves in this article. We have to deal, in noticing some of the tracts named above, with a special theory which is usually held together with those doctrines, and which is calculated to instil more venom into their discussion than any other proposition or argument that could possibly be advanced. We refer to the opinion, which has been gaining ground amongst the Dissenters for the last twenty or thirty years, that the property now supporting the ecclesiastical system of the Church of England belongs to the nation;—in such a sense that, without any breach of justice, or of public morality, it might be sold, and the proceeds applied in reduction of the National Debt. Of the grounds on which this doctrine is based, and the modifications with which it is held by different disputants, we shall have something to say hereafter. The theory itself has been brought into public notice principally by the evidence given by Mr. Samuel Morley and Dr. C. J. Foster before the House of Lords' Committee on Church-Rates in 1860. It was in the very crisis of the Church-Rate struggle, when the Commons seemed finally won over to the abolition side, and the Upper House was beginning to quail, that that Committee issued its Blue-book; and the Liberation Society, which had been actively working for years in the circle of religious intelligence, and in the lobby of the House of Commons, awoke one morning and found itself famous. Indeed, so great was the noise made by this evidence, that some more zealous than well-informed champions of the Establishment have been betrayed into accusing their opponents of dissimulation. But as early as the year 1844, at a Conference from which the Society now professing to seek 'Liberation' took its origin, it was resolved that an ultimate appeal to Parliament should be contemplated,

'for the enactment of laws entirely abolishing public exactions in support of any form of faith or worship, and resuming into the hands of Parliament (with due regard to the life-interests of actual beneficiaries, and to the equitable claims of all other parties) for application to purposes strictly national, and purely secular, all lands, buildings, and other property, at any time granted by Parlia-

ment, for the support of religious faith or worship in any form, or for the exclusive use of men, or bodies of men, professing or maintaining any description of religious faith or worship.'

[The italics are ours.] And by the year 1848 this 'contemplation' had developed into

'the resumption by the legislature, for strictly secular purposes, of all national property now devoted to the maintenance of religion,'

in which form it is now entertained by the modern Liberation Society, whose 'objects' include

'the application to secular uses, after an equitable satisfaction of existing interests, of all national property now held in trust by the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.'

Nor has the publication of these views been confined to formal resolutions at indignation meetings, or the sweeping prospectus of a popular Society. For a score of years the crusade has been preached with the double enthusiasm of sectarian religion and democratic politics, and under the guidance of one of the best organized propaganda that this country of social organizations has seen. Speeches, lectures, tracts, and essays, resound with the doctrine; it has mounted the pulpit, and been heard within the walls of Parliament; and we may fairly presume that, if agitation has any power, no inconsiderable number of those who are accustomed to act on what is called the 'liberal' side, have adopted it as a permanent article of their political creed. Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster both bear explicit testimony to the wide spread of their opinions, which contain enough of plausible argument to convince men hostile to the Church of England,—perhaps enough of sound argument to persuade men who care more for theories than for results,—certainly enough of temptation to allure the considerable class of men who are against all existing, and especially all wealthy, institutions. And the theory is broached now-a-days with a confidence which betokens at least a belief that it has gained converts far and wide, and is on the high road to become a fact.

So much the heavier is the responsibility incurred by its agitators in provoking a controversy which, in the very nature of things, must prove so bitter. Tell the members of a religious community that their doctrines are unscriptural, their administration corrupt, or their influence mischievous to society, and you say no more than may be expected from the repugnant opinions of a rival sect,—no more than is perhaps necessary to justify their separate position; but preach to

the public—careless perhaps of ecclesiastical differences, and certainly not averse from saving its pocket, in times of pressure, by virtue of a plausible appropriation—that the property which that community enjoys is not its own, that its tenure is not only precarious, but radically unjust; and, whether your doctrine be sound or erroneous, you must not be surprised to be called ‘a robber.’ It is impossible to conceive a course more certain to rouse every passion which can cloud men’s reason, or which will more hopelessly preclude any consideration of other opinions which come from the same quarter. The Church of England at least *understands* herself to be the owner of her revenues by law, owner in equity, owner by a prescriptive possession which is reckoned not by years but by centuries; and when her religious opponents, in their effort to persuade her to abandon the civil position which she deems it her high duty to defend, meet her with a long constitutional argument, good or bad, to prove that with that civil position she would lose her right to all that she possesses in the world, we ask every sensible man whether all reasonable chance is not gone of preserving a peaceable conduct of the debate. Perhaps the Church of England takes too strong a view,—is not just to the motives of her adversaries, nor disposed in any case to treat her establishment as an open question; but whatever possibility there might have been of moderate counsels on either side is, we grieve to fear, destroyed by this aspect of the controversy. Nor does it in the least improve matters, that many of those who most hotly urge this secularisation upon the public profess, and, as we have every reason to believe, truly profess, an earnest desire for the spiritual good of the Church herself. If the act be in any way a wrongful or violent one, the avowal of such a motive is an aggravation of the injury. With respect to this whole controversy the Dissenters are outside the Church of England. The Church may, indeed, in strict intendment of law, be, as Lord Eldon said, composed of the same persons as the State; but on questions of religious difference it is, as Mr. Miall describes it, ‘a body of persons who constitute a religious community on the basis of a professed agreement in the articles, creeds, formularies, offices, and rubric, set forth in the Book of Common Prayer,—a community of which Dissenters are in no sense members. Dissenters are not in a position to reform the Church from the inside. And when they are striving mightily, and with a unanimity which marks their movement as sectarian, to accomplish changes in her polity which she deems injurious to her welfare, their position is not only external, but hostile; and

their expressions of goodwill and devotion to the true spiritual interests of their ecclesiastical enemies, however sincere, can have no other effect than to exasperate animosities already too violently quickened.

We should, perhaps, entertain a different opinion of the conduct of the promoters of this secularisation, if we could see it to be, on a broad and fair view, a logical and necessary inference from the principles of voluntaryism. But we cannot admit it to be a sound or just principle of political reform, that, in cases where the State has in times past been proceeding upon a false theory, but has now, under the influence of a strong agitation, and by a narrow majority, come to a better mind, she should not only immediately alter her course, but set herself to sweep away every trace of her former policy. If the government have for ages been in the habit of imposing wrongful taxes for the benefit of the Church, we cannot wonder that the abolitionists desire that no more should be laid, or even that the collection of existing rates, being a continually new levy, should be put an end to. But the acts by which the landed and other property of the English Establishment was dedicated to its present uses are acts long past. If, in deference to Mr. Miall, we were to grant those acts to differ from gifts, properly so called, and term them appropriations, they would be no less the appropriations of a former age. And even on the assumption that a power had always been recognised in the Government for the time being to revoke them at pleasure, it could hardly be necessary to the liberation of religion from State patronage or control that such a power should be exercised. Changes of policy are not usually retrospective. Governments may not undo their errors at the expense of those who have innocently proceeded upon the mistake. We are glad to see that even the stoutest adherents of the Liberation Society shrink, when it comes to the point, from carrying out their principle to its extreme lengths. The Society itself speaks, in the extract already quoted, of the existence of equitable interests in ecclesiastical property;—an admission which, to our mind, substantially carries the whole question, and on Mr. Miall's principles, as we shall hope to show presently, leaves the margin available for secular purposes infinitesimally small. We therefore think it a very wrong thing that the warmth of the Anti-State-Church controversy should be heated seven times hotter by persisting in a dispute which is no necessary corollary from the main argument, and whose practical results can in no legitimate event prove worthy of any controversy at all.

These considerations, however, of the general peace of religious society fade into insignificance when compared with some of the principles which the 'Liberators' have been betrayed into adopting in support of their favourite opinions. We have not space for quotation; but over and over again in the tracts of the Society—and Mr. Miall himself is involved in this charge—we come upon the favourite topic of modern Rationalism, that fixed standards of belief are injurious to religion, check the progress of truth, and tyrannize over conscience; and that the establishment of Churches tends to stereotype forms and destroy life. The religious Dissenters are hardly, we think, aware how far this theory will carry them. Not to speak of endowments, it would condemn all Churches and all education. We are no enemies to the progress of thought; but we do earnestly protest against the doctrine that the preservation of religious truth is not to be secured by accumulating the external means of religious force.

The danger of playing with these infidel tools cannot easily be exaggerated. There are plenty of national objects, plenty of distressed financiers, that are in need of money; and it is not only glebe and tithes that can be confiscated. Mr. Miall and his friends are evoking a spirit which they will find it difficult to quell, and making common cause with a party which will not stop when the common cause is gained, if it be ever gained. Neither is it mere reckless spoliation that we have to fear. Not to speak of the vast party of merely un-Christian progress, who would rejoice to see all creeds and all fixed bases of religious society swept away to make room for the impulses of individual licence; there is, on the other side, a very prevalent feeling among some lawyers and many social reformers, that the whole doctrine of charitable trusts, by means of which alone the nonconforming Churches hold their property, has been carried too far. This opinion has the authority of the Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood;\* and though that eminent judge does not seem to have included Dissenting chapels in his view, it is far from clear that any sound distinction could or would be drawn between them and other foundations. If we once begin to deal with ecclesiastical property as a fund to provide for the National Debt; if within the Dissenting Churches themselves there be found a party committed to the proposition that endowments are injurious to the religious life of Churches; and if the lawyers and social economists begin to think lightly of the obligation of the State to carry out the intentions of charitable founders;

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\* See a paper read by him before the Social Science Association, at Bradford.

there will soon be few Churches, having religion enough to become unpopular, but will have reason to dread periods of general agitation.

Whatever objections, however, we may entertain to the agitation of these topics, and whatever apprehensions we may feel as to the ultimate tendencies of their discussion, the activity of Mr. Miall and his supporters leaves us no choice but to enter upon it. If we are to vote, speak, and write upon the question of Church property, we must have correct notions of its nature, and some definite principles by which to judge the arguments of those who would secularise it. There is no concealing the fact, that a great deal of downright hard, and at least *prima facie* solid, argument is brought to support the attack; and the sooner we make up our minds how much of it is reason and how much mere fallacy, the better we shall be prepared to play our part in the struggle; especially as the question has not yet obtained so firm a hold on the public mind as to be beyond the reach of debate.

We have therefore placed at the head of our article the most recent work which has appeared on this subject. In a thin volume of one hundred and sixty-eight pages Mr. Miall has republished, with considerable additions, some articles on the history of tithes, which originally appeared, as we understand, in the *Nonconformist* newspaper. These chapters, however, though principally historical, contain, as might be expected, enough of the controversial element to raise the questions upon which the tenure of all other Church property, as well as of tithes in particular, depends; and we shall have occasion, in reviewing this little book, to state the principles by which our own conclusions are attained. We will first, then, introduce Mr. Miall, to state the objects of his own treatise:—

‘The simple object of this treatise is to examine the title which the Church of England, “as by law established,” has to the exclusive possession of the ecclesiastical endowments which, in every parish in this kingdom, are set apart for the maintenance of her clergy.

‘In discussing this question, it will be necessary at the outset to clear away, by careful definition, a cause of perpetual misunderstanding on this subject. Our inquiry will be, whether such and such property primarily belongs to the Church of England. Now, there are two senses in which that descriptive title may be interpreted. Down to comparatively modern times, the *Church* of England meant the whole body of the people of England, as *religiously* organised, just as the *State* or the Commonwealth of England meant the whole body of the people of England, as *politically* organised. This is still the legal signification of the term.



But this is not the sense in which the term is popularly used in our day. When the Church of England, or the Church as by law established, is now spoken of, it is usually meant to designate that body of persons in this realm who constitute a religious community on the basis of a professed agreement in the articles, creeds, formularies, offices, and rubric, set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, and authorised by the Act of Uniformity. This religious community may be looked at, with a view to logical distinction, as apart from the State; but it is always to be borne in mind, as a matter of historic fact, that in this country it never had a separate existence from the State, and it is only in virtue of this connexion that it can pretend to its national title. At any rate, it is in this limited sense that the phrase has come to be employed in the present day; and it must be borne in mind throughout that the question about to be discussed relates to the title which *this communion*, thus defined and thus connected, has to the ample possessions which are claimed for it exclusively.'

'It is principally of TITHES that it is intended to speak in the present treatise,—not, indeed, to the entire exclusion of other Church possessions, which after all are held for the most part by the same tenure, but because the main question will be governed by the conclusions arrived at on this branch of it.....

'One word more by way of preliminary explanation. A full constitutional and equitable *right* to dispose of the bulk of what is called Church property as, in its wisdom, it shall at any time see fit, is about to be claimed for the Imperial Parliament. This will be the sole object of the following sections. The *expediency* of any particular set of measures grounded on such right will be left wholly untouched. An heir-at-law, by prosecuting to the utmost his claims, as such, before a legal tribunal, does not thereby preclude himself from acting with generous consideration towards the party in wrongful possession, when his title to his estate has been recognised and established.....

'The general proposition, then, which it will be the object of this treatise to establish respecting PAROCHIAL tithes, lately commuted into rent-charges, may be thus stated: *that, regarded as property separated for public religious uses from the rest of the property of this country, they are the product of public law exclusively, ecclesiastical, or civil, or both, and that they neither did nor, in the nature of things, could originate in private individual liberality.* It is only by a figure of speech that they can be called "endowments." They may be more properly described as an ancient "tax," the obligation to pay which has sprung out of public authority, the destination of which was prescribed by public authority modified by practice, the limits and privileges of which were from time to time laid down by public authority, and the enforcement of which has, in the last resort, depended upon courts in which public authority is enthroned. In other words, tithe property was created by public law, was assigned to its uses by public law, was regulated as to



what should constitute it, and to whom it either might be or must be appropriated, by public law, and, finally, was exacted from recusants by processes of public law. In England (whatever may have been the case in the western empire on the Continent) individual spontaneity never had room to play in the creation of liability to tithe. That liability was, from the beginning of the system, fixed upon every subject of the realm, not by his own election, in obedience to pious impulses, but by the will of those who had rule over him in Church and State.'

That 'one word more' is the source of no little confusion to Mr. Miall. The State has a full 'constitutional and equitable right' to deal with the whole of the property of its members, private or public, so long as she deals with an even hand, and a due regard to public faith. It is impossible to limit her jurisdiction, except by the general maxims of morality. Subject to these, and to the allegiance which all alike owe to the express laws of God, her conduct is to be guided solely by the considerations of the national and universal welfare. Even if we grant that certain powers of acquiring and holding property are essential to human society, (though this is in fact a mere canon, founded on proved expediency, and subject to higher expediencies,) it must yet be conceded that the heirship to property after the owner's death—still more the privilege of testamentary disposition—is an arbitrary arrangement of the State. Subject to existing 'equitable interests,' the State may use for public purposes any property whatever. Subject to existing 'equitable interests' alone could it deal justly with the endowments of the Church of England. The State is, in fact, perpetually dealing with private property. The right of taxation, the right of confiscating the goods of criminals, are constant assertions of her dominion. And when Mr. Miall attempts the analogy of the legal rights of a subject, and talks of 'generous consideration,' he is not only confounding a right—the creation of positive law—with duties which are defined by no positive law, but belying the very principles which he himself and the Society he supports have elsewhere professed. The whole question is one of the degree of apparent advantage which ought to induce the State to withdraw property from the persons who now enjoy it, or expect to enjoy it. Experience has taught us to regard as of immense importance the placing of property, within certain fixed limits, and subject to variable deductions, under the absolute control of individuals; and the security of private property has thence become a sort of canon of government. It is not recognised as of so high importance that property enjoyed by indeterminate classes of persons should

continue permanently in their possession. And therefore a smaller probable advantage to the community and the world will justify the State in interrupting the enjoyment of the latter than of the former.

No better success has attended Mr. Miall's second attempt to define his views. As the 'constitutional right' is undoubtedly sound, but utterly inconclusive; so, in setting forth that 'tithe property was created by public law, was assigned to its uses by public law, was regulated as to what should constitute it and to whom it either might be or must be appropriated by public law, and, finally, was exacted from recusants by processes of public law,' he has only said what, if true, is true also of a great deal of even private property. The 'Funds' are created by public law; they are regulated as to what shall constitute them by the laws which create them; they are assigned to their uses, and regulated as to the persons to whom they may be or must be appropriated by the public laws which confine and control dominion and alienation; and they certainly are recoverable from the Bank by process of public law.

In both these cases Mr. Miall has altogether missed the point of his contention. What he has to prove is, that there is so great a difference between the tenure of the property of the Church of England and all other tenures, that a very slight national advantage may justify its appropriation. What we shall endeavour to show is, that, although there is a substantial difference between the Church property and private property, yet there is no such broad distinction between the interests held in Church property and the interests held in other properties not private as would justify the neglect of the one, except under such circumstances and for such reasons as would also permit the confiscation of the other. In contrasting these views, it will be more simple to raise the main argument upon the landed property of the Church of England,—including as well the sacred edifices themselves, with the parochial churchyards and glebes attached to them, as those vast estates which yield revenues to the bishops and collegiate clergy,—and to reserve for special remark the nature of tithes and of such rates and dues as go to support our ecclesiastical system.

The nationality of the lands of the Church is argued upon two principal grounds. First, it is said that the Church is the State, by actual identity of substance; and that therefore, of necessity, the property of the Church is the property of the State. In this view it becomes altogether unimportant from what sources the property was derived,—whether from the

grant of Parliament or the gift of private piety. Once in the hands of the Church, it was in the hands of the State; the gift to the Church was *ipso facto* a gift to the State; and to talk of spoliation is sheer nonsense. For this position Mr. Miall quotes a passage from Hooker;—

‘Properties and actions of one sort do cause the name of a commonwealth; qualities and functions of another sort, the name of a Church; yet one and the selfsame multitude may be both. Nay, it is so with us, that no person appertaining to the one can be denied also to the other;’—

and refers to Lord Eldon’s saying, that he knew no difference, as to the persons of whom they were composed, between the Church and the State; ‘the Church is the State, and the State is the Church;’ and he concludes with the proposition that the British Constitution knows nothing of the Church as a body distinguishable from the whole people. We will not stop here to inquire how far an excommunicated heretic is a member of the State; or whether a monk in the Popish times, being civilly dead, was not a member of the Church. It is true in the main that the Constitution has no idea of an Englishman not being a member of the Church of England. But Mr. Miall must permit us to remind him that, when he comes to separating Church and State, he has left the British Constitution behind him. Our laws, according to the very authorities he has quoted, no more recognise the State as a body of persons apart from the Church, than the Church as a body of persons apart from the State. If his projects ever come to pass, it will be by a great change in the Constitution; and a change in the Constitution must proceed by the ‘logic of facts.’ Now the great fact to be taken into consideration is, that, whatever may have been the original idea on which our law proceeded, not only does the Church of England now exist as a great religious community, distinct from the State, but she always has so existed. It is not by any new constitution of the Church, but only by the growth within the nation of new doctrinal professions, and the tolerance by the State of other forms of ecclesiastical polity, that her separate existence has been made so prominent as it is. It was the circumstance,—the *accident*,—that the Church, as a religious community, actually included, or was supposed to include, the entire body of the people, which married her legal existence to that of the State, and gave rise to the Constitutional maxim which assumes the Church-membership of every subject. It was this coincidence of boundaries which created such confusion in former times

between the Church and State legislatures. A general council would regulate indifferently secular and ecclesiastical matters; because, as they concerned the same persons, and as it represented equally the interests of both the civil and religious communities, there could be no objection to the blending. The question therefore is, not whether, by the archaic theories of the Constitution, the Church had or has a distinct legal existence, by which it could sue for or hold property; but whether a religious body, having become co-extensive with the civil society in which it was first planted, having in the course of its growth acquired, for its religious purposes, and in its character of a religious body, by whatever sort of tenure, the enjoyment of large property, and having ultimately, by secession of certain members, come to be less extensive than the civil society which it had once embraced, could or could not set up, in the settlements consequent upon a peaceful revolution, an equitable claim to the possessions of which it had so long been the real owner.

It must further be remembered that, while the Church is, for purposes of ecclesiastical government, an entire religious community, yet, for most purposes which require the use of property, it consists of a vast number of separate, though confederate, communities, by each of which distinct rights have been acquired. Even on the theory of the purely civil character of the Constitutional Church, serious questions would arise between the State and the diocese, or the State and the parish. A portion of the public, whether itself a public body, or a mere private society, can hold rights against the whole. The parish may sue the State; and if this be so even by existing law, we may surely be allowed to maintain that a regard for the stability of property may, without absurdity, justify the State in admitting in a local community, public or private, equitable claims which it would not be safe to neglect.\* No doubt there is a great distinction between the appropriation by the State of the ecclesiastical property of one parish or diocese, and the confiscation of Church property throughout all the parishes or dioceses in the kingdom. In

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\* Dr. Foster seems to have stumbled upon this distinction, when he said in the course of his evidence on church-rates, in reply to pressing questions on this subject: — 'I think that, where property is given to the whole nation at large, the whole nation is the cestui-qui-trust of that property, and may at any time declare upon what trusts it will hold it. But where property is given to the inhabitants of a particular locality, I think that the inhabitants are bound to respect the wishes of the founders at all events so long as there are inhabitants capable of receiving the donation on those trusts.' (Of course, we do not make ourselves responsible either for the law or the reasoning of the passage.)

the latter case, there would at least be that equality, which is so important an element of equity; but it is hardly a sufficient answer to make to the complaints of a subject against his Government,—that he and his fellows have all been treated alike; and we cannot imagine that it will be considered a good warrant for the sale of a parish church that the process is to be repeated in every village in England.

The same argument for the civil nationality of the Church appears again under another form in the assertion that the Church of England is no community at all, but an ecclesiastical system; and, so far as it is true, admits of much the same reply. But as this is a more popular mode of putting the case, it demands separate discussion. It is supported by two main considerations;—first, that the Church is not a legal corporation; secondly, that its affairs are under the entire control of the State. Mr. Miall puts his view thus;—

‘The Church of England, viewed in any such light as will warrant one part of the nation in calling it *their* Church, in a sense, at least, in which it is not equally the Church of every other subject of the realm, is nothing more than a system of ecclesiastical faith, government, usage, and service, “as established by law.” ..... Practically, and in relation to all national ecclesiastical endowments, the Church of England, as a corporate unity, does not exist. It is not possible to represent the Church of England in any of our courts of law. She can own no property, and therefore she can be despoiled of none.

..... ‘The constitution of this realm, in recognising the claims of the bishops and clergy arising out of their discharge of the duties assigned to them by Parliament, recognises those claims only as they are personal, individual, and separate. .... The Church of England is no more a corporate body than the army of England;’—

and he backs it by a long string of quotations, chiefly expressing the opinions of Whig politicians of the last generation. Especially, he relies upon a passage from Sir James Mackintosh’s *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, to which he challenges an answer. The extract is too long to be given here *in extenso*; but we think we represent its meaning fairly, when we resolve it into these positions:—

1. That, like judges and soldiers, the clergy are salaried public officers, their landed endowments being merely a mode of providing salaries, resorted to in rude times.

2. The Church lands do not belong to the clergy, because the clergy do not pretend to be, individually, owners of them for their private benefit, and they have no power of alienation.

3. If individual priests (Sir J. Mackintosh is speaking of the Gallican Church) are not proprietors, neither can the whole

body of the clergy own Church property; for it is but an aggregate of the individuals.

4. The clergy are mistaken for owners, because they have the administration of the Church estates.

5. They can claim no rights by prescription, because prescription implies property.

To these arguments, so far as they go, it is not difficult to frame replies. The first is a simple assertion of the very analogy which is in question. We ask for instances in which public officers of a State have been salaried by endowments of landed property, and those endowments have afterwards been constitutionally held to be mere public property. To the rest we have only to say that the claims which we assert to Church lands are not the claims of the clergy, but of the Church, in its modern sense;—precisely those claims which Mr. Miall professes to be investigating. The question must be argued either in the forum of law or of legislation. So long as we remain in the court of law, the Church, we grant, has no recognition, no standing, no existence. She needs none. Her clergy stand there one by one; each represents himself and his successors; and each defends that portion of her property which is intrusted to his keeping. But when Mr. Miall appeals to the higher court of legislation,—the court in which the individual clergy have no standing,—the only court in which he himself can be heard,—there the Church herself is present to meet him; there no technical incorporation is necessary to give a position; communities and classes of arbitrary and even indeterminate constitution claim a place and a hearing; and a vast religious body presses upon Parliament its equitable and prescriptive rights. It matters not there by what artifice of legal subtlety a fictitious *persona* has been conjured up, to defend, in technical pleading, the interests of future generations against the very quibbles which Mr. Miall is seeking to revive. There all men stand in their real character; ownership is ownership practical; and little heed will be paid to the confused evasion by which the State is said to hold the fee-simple of the ecclesiastical lands.

But the real impossibility of resting this question in any degree upon the peculiarities of legal tenure appears still more strongly when we come to compare the position of property devoted to the religious purposes of the Church of England with that similarly used by the nonconformist bodies. If legal incorporation be necessary to create any rights of Church-property, all the sects in the country must begin to look to their titles. There is not a Church in England which, as such, claims



property in a court of law. There is not a Church in England to which, as such, the policy of our law would allow the complete ownership of property. For by the ownership of property we understand the power, resident in some person or some body of persons, of dealing with it at absolute discretion, within the limits which the law imposes on all owners alike. The whole of the realised property of the religious bodies in this country stands on a totally different footing. It is, every acre, every pound, held in fee-simple (as Mr. Miall phrases it) by the State, and administered, according to our present maxims of policy, as nearly as may be according to the wishes of its original proprietors. Considering the endowment of religious communities and objects to be, on the whole, a salutary practice, the State has made to private owners this proposal:—‘If you like to devote to these purposes any of your own possessions, we will give you, for these purposes, a right of directing the destination of your property *in perpetuum*,—a right which for private objects you cannot have,—and we will be your trustees, and carry your intentions into effect. We will clothe you with a larger ownership, if you will use it in this way.’ And the Court of Chancery, accordingly, does manage the entire charity property of the country, following, so far as is practicable and lawful, the wishes of the founders, but applying the property to new charities of its own, as soon as the original design fails, or becomes, with the changes of time, inadequate. It is hardly necessary to say that, in these cases, the persons called trustees are merely the ministers of the Court, removable at its pleasure, and wholly subject to its control. Nor ought it to be necessary to do more than assert that the persons who are actually to enjoy the property of charities stand in no private relation to the founder. They are the objects of a joint bargain between the founder and the State. Their interest is in the eye of the law a matter of public policy. They have, as a class of persons, no remedy against the trustees. If the charity be ill conducted, the public alone can interfere. The State is glad to be informed of the malversation, and avails itself of the services of the private ‘relators;’ but it is the Attorney-General who complains; and even when the relator has actually acquired a personal interest in the property of the charity, his complaint must still shelter itself under the more powerful interference of the officer of the Crown.

Nor is this all. Even if we were to assume, for the purpose of argument, that the classes of persons who actually derive, under the provisions of religious trust-deeds, certain benefits from the charities, might be regarded as possessing temporary



interests in the property; still we should find, in most cases, that these were by no means identical with the persons whose benefit the founders really had in eye. We cannot, of course, within the limits of this article, go into a detailed account of the varieties of chapel trusts. But most of them provide for two principal objects;—the choice and salary of a minister, and the letting of sittings. The latter function is usually left entirely in the trustees, who have thus, on the face of the matter, complete power over the whole edifice. The former is variously distributed, and with various doctrinal limitations, among trustees, communicants, seat-holders, (who are generally, as we see, nominees of the trustees,) and, as in the case of Wesleyan chapels, an external body—the 'Conference.' But let us turn from all this complicated machinery, and ask what is the real object of the whole. What, but that a completely organized Church and congregation should have a house to dwell in? Who are the real beneficiaries, short of the entire mass of attendants on public worship? Who is the real owner except the Church,—the Church defined and tied up—as it always must be by the acquisition of property—to certain forms either of teaching or of organization? What is really endowed except an ecclesiastical system? What are all the elaborate constitutions of trustees, communicants, seat-holders, and charity commissioners, but so many ministerial offices for securing that certain—or, at least, *some*—doctrines shall be preached, and certain services carried on for the benefit of all who may wish to attend them? And what can this whole arrangement be fairly called, but a joint establishment, by the consentaneous operation of the founder and the State, of a form of public worship? Had Lord Mansfield something of this in his mind when he pronounced that the worship of Dissenters was as truly *established* as the worship of the Church of England? And is it not a gross libel upon the evangelism of chapel builders to pervert and degrade their idea of an aggressive church into the narrow notion of an ecclesiastical club?

Now, wherein lies the substantial difference between these charitable foundations and the tenure of property by the Church of England? In this: that at the time when the latter was granted to pious uses, there was no such doctrine of charitable trusts to employ, nor need of any. The endowments of those ages were made in a more direct manner. If the object was to provide a church, a church was built; and the law, which was then in its infancy, simply took notice of the fact that it was a church, and was not to be

disturbed by any one. When pressed to account for the fee-simple of the fabric, (a mediæval ghost which still seems to haunt Mr. Miall,) it would place it in the patron, in the rector, in the churchwardens, *in nubibus*,—anywhere to get rid of the abstraction. So when a piece of land or a tithe was to be set aside for the support of the clergyman of a parish, it was formally dedicated, and the law recognised him as the owner. That is to say, it recognised the incumbent for the time being as the owner; and as the incumbent for the time being was a floating personage, and not an actual living man who could stand up in court as owner and defend his rights, the law was obliged to construct a theoretical owner—a *corporation*, or fictitious body—which might be represented, it is true, at any time by the parson in possession, but which really was a dummy, made up of the entire succession of future parsons to the end of the world.

This is really the whole of the matter. The case stands very much as if the ecclesiastical lands had been formally vested by Act of Parliament in John Doe and Richard Roe in trust to pay the salaries of the clergy, and keep the chancels in repair. And it is clear from these facts how entirely the legal tenure of the property of the Church is out of the question. The real beneficiaries of the whole are the whole mass of congregations who attend or may attend upon her ministrations, and who have a right that those ministrations shall be properly kept up. As, when the funds of one public charity become excessive, and of another inadequate, the Court of Chancery takes upon itself the duty of transferring and equalising them;—so Parliament, in the exercise of its administrative trust, and by means of the Ecclesiastical Commission, has provided for the redress of similar disturbances of the balance of Church property; has laid wealthy benefices under contribution, and endowed new ones; has controlled the acts of life-tenants, and increased their powers of management; and has in every way superintended the application of these estates to their real object,—the benefit of the whole body of Church members.

We shall perhaps be reminded of the secularisations which preceded our Reformation, and be asked whether Parliament has always considered itself as a trustee for the Church. The answer is plain. First, we admit the absolute right of the State to deal, on paramount grounds of public policy, with all property, still more with these public trust-properties. If half the land in England came into the hands of charity trustees, we are not prepared to say that the State would not be justified in a summary interference. But, secondly, the secularised pro-

erty had belonged for the most part to monastic institutions; and monastic institutions were put down. Now there is no better established practice than that the property, whether of a man or of an institution, which falls under the ban of the law, is at once confiscated. If the State were to declare illegal and suppress the worship of Dissenters, the act would be oppressive enough; but it would be a logical consequence that their chapels should be seized for the Crown. And if we are pressed with the many instances of spoliation of episcopal estates, we have only to ask Mr. Miall and his allies how far they are prepared to recommend the acts of the Tudors as just and moderate precedents for the constitutional practice of our own times.

We may fairly, then, conclude that the peculiarities of ecclesiastical tenure are to be traced to the inartificial state of our early laws; that the control exercised over Church property by Parliament is precisely analogous to that held by the Court of Chancery over the endowments of Dissenting bodies; and that the want of a legal incorporation of the real beneficiaries proves nothing that is at issue, and is shared also by all sects alike. Whether the policy of the law is likely ever to permit a large religious corporation to hold the absolute and unchecked possession of either landed or funded property may well appear doubtful. Mr. Disraeli, in his well known speech at High Wycombe, expressed a bold opinion that, if the Church ever came to be separated from the State, it would be unsafe to allow her to withdraw her vast estates into her own dominion, and that their confiscation would be inevitable. Probably he did not consider that almost as violent a change in the constitution of the Church would be necessary in order to give her, as a corporate body, the centralised management of her estates as would be involved in the separation itself. In such an event, if we are to speculate on the results of Revolution, it would be far more natural, though perhaps more destructive of the unity of the Church, that the local endowments should remain as they are, the corporations *sole* being replaced (if they still continued to wound the feelings of Mr. Miall's successors) by trustees, and the administration of Chancery substituted for that of the Legislature. But as even the most rational and calm Liberatorist has never yet attempted to describe the constitution into which he desires the de-nationalised Church to be cast, we are not going to undertake so hopeless, and, as we most earnestly trust, so altogether speculative, a task. We shall be better employed in proceeding to discuss the second argument whereby it is pretended that the Church of England is no body, but a system; namely, that which is founded upon the fact

that its affairs are under the control of Parliament. And as this discussion must be based upon a distinct apprehension of the relations of a Church to the civil power, we shall attempt, so far as is possible in a few sentences, to sketch them out here.

A Church is an assemblage of Christian people constituted for the purpose of promoting Christianity. The Gospel is preached, outwardly accepted, and the convert enrolls himself a member of some one of the various Churches which now represent in their variety the unity of the Church catholic. Formerly he joined *the* Church, the only one there was. Every Church has a code of rules for its guidance, established by its founders, and modified, from time to time, by the ecclesiastical legislature which holds present sway. These rules, subject to the interference of the civil power, may cover the whole field of human conduct, regulating the social employments and taxing the property of the members of the Church. They are administered by ecclesiastical courts of infinite varieties of constitution and powers, ranging from Papal autocracy to the democratic assembly of a modern Dissenting congregation; but in each Church some one supreme tribunal wields the ultimate authority of the whole. The sentences on refractory members comprehend almost every grade of penalty up to the point of expulsion; expulsion being followed by more or less disagreeable consequences, according to the position and numerical extent of the Church, and the station, character, and opinions of the expelled.

So much appears to be essential to the idea of a Church. But this is not all. The purposes for which Christian Churches are established require, as indeed is the case with all societies formed for any practical object, that they should possess, that is, have the certain enjoyment of, property. They form common funds, and require places of worship to meet in. At two points, therefore, a Church comes into contact with the civil power; namely, in regard to its existence and internal regulations, and in regard to the tenure of its property.

Such a Church the State may treat in four different ways:—that is, it may persecute, tolerate, establish, or enforce it. Of persecution we need not speak. Toleration requires that the State should recognise the existence, the general character, and, if need be, the rules of the Church, and enforce them, so far as they have been made matter of civil contract. Farther, it seems to require that, by some means or other, a Church should be able permanently to enjoy property. ‘Establishment’ is a word of very ambiguous sense. Mr. Miall and some others would have us believe that it implies the persecution of other sects, and

vehemently insist that it necessarily involves a public maintenance. We are altogether unable to see how it can be defined otherwise than as denoting some recognition of the Church as the religion of the State, and therefore as a substantially true form of religion, and some security that the ministrations of the Church shall be so widely spread as to be attainable by the mass of the nation. It cannot be necessary to these purposes that the State should itself provide payment for the clergy. If tithes were abolished to-morrow, the Church of England would still be the Established Church of this country. The duties of the clergyman would remain, public worship be secured, and the State retain its religious profession, although the clergy were thrown for support entirely upon the voluntary offerings of the people. But 'establishment' seems clearly to imply some control by the State over the regulations of the Church;—such control as would secure the due ministration of its rites. If the State were to resolve upon the establishment of Wesleyan Methodism, nothing more would be necessary than that it should provide by law for the performance of Wesleyan services and ordinances in the different Circuits. No doubt such a provision, if properly carried out, would practically require that, when private liberality fell short, the State should see to it that these ministrations did not fail for want of funds; and it would also in fact draw after it a considerable interference with the arrangements, and possibly the discipline, of the Church. But all this would not in the least go to prove that the Wesleyan property was the property of the State, or that the Wesleyan Church had no separate existence, ready to continue alone its entire system, unfettered by civil oversight, whenever the State should dispense with its services. It would simply present the normal condition of an establishment,—that is, the State on the one hand, and the Church on the other, acting together on terms of alliance.

Thus far we fail to recognise anything fully answering to the ancient historical position of the British Parliament in relation to the English Church. We must therefore look further, and are led to ask whether in the actual history there be not some other conditions involved than the external influence of a civil government upon a religious community. A very slight glance will satisfy us that there are. As the Saxon kingdoms were one after another converted to Christianity, the growing Saxon Church flowed naturally into the orthodox mould. Bishops had the spiritual oversight of dioceses, and under their direction the inferior clergy dispensed the ministrations of the Church, at first by an itinerant, and afterwards, as the parish

churches were built, by a settled, pastorate. The appointment of the bishops appears to have been originally elective, or at least to have required the general consent of the clergy and people, but ultimately fell into the hands of the king;—the distinction between these modes being the less marked, that the popes soon succeeded in establishing their right of confirming the nomination. The offerings of the faithful were distributed by the bishops for the support of the clergy, the buildings, and the poor. The episcopal sees were endowed, probably by the State, and certainly by private individuals, with lands whose revenues were applied in much the same way. But before long the rise of papal influence began to draw tighter the doctrines of clerical dignity. The whole catholic Church of the Middle Ages was assumed to be not only the kingdom, but almost the private property of the clergy. The idea of the Church as consisting of the whole religious community, for whose benefit its property was held, seemed to be quite lost; and in its place we see an attempt to found, within the different civil states of Europe, an ecclesiastical state, with the pope for its king, the clergy for its citizens, and the laity for its slaves. How this attempt was resisted and finally defeated in our own country, we need not recount. In the conflicts of those days the Church means the clergy, and the State means the laity. The whole struggle was a contest between clergy and laity for the government of the common Church and State. In this struggle, the laity acted, as they had always been accustomed to act, in Parliament. The end of it was, as we all know, that at the Reformation the Parliament, sitting as the great congress of the body of the Church-members, and, under the king, the old common-law head of the Church, finally destroyed the clerical power, and took upon itself the whole administration of Church government. It is true that spiritual rites remain the exclusive duty of the clerical order; that that body is self-elective, and that it still possesses, in Convocation, an organization of its own; but when the doctrines, discipline, and ritual of the Church exist under the regulation of Acts of Parliament, it is difficult to see how the conclusion can be resisted that the Legislature has actually assumed into its own hands almost everything except the constitution of the Church itself.

Throughout this history we find no trace of the *establishment* of a Church, in the modern sense, no notion of a religious engine of government, of selecting a useful form of worship, (utility, of course, implying soundness,) and planting it up and down to secure order and religion,—no idea of a *clerisy*, as Coleridge calls it,—no plan of paying a government schoolmaster to teach



morals in every village. The basis of things is totally different. The scene is the interior of a church. The State is not an actor in the drama. It is the great National Church which, generally following, but sometimes leading, and always accompanying, the national revolution of religious ideas, changes her doctrines, discipline, and ritual. It is on this point, we think, that so many Dissenters make their greatest mistake. They are accustomed to represent the English Reformation as the arbitrary discarding by the civil government of one Church, which they call the Roman Catholic Church, and the adoption of another, the Protestant Church of England. Now we care not to show the substantial agreement of the Reformed with the primitive Anglican Church. The question of the identity of a Church is a question not of theory, but of fact. If a large community choose to alter its whole system, it does not, by so doing, lose its existence. The mistake proceeds, however, not unnaturally, from the fact that, in the Dissenting bodies, from the analogy of which these gentlemen draw their ideas, Church property is invariably associated with doctrinal or disciplinary trusts. We have shown that this is an accidental peculiarity of their tenure,—one which works well enough in practice, though logically anomalous. But its result is, that a congregational Church, having little or nothing to mark it beyond local associations, is so completely defined by its chapel, that it is practically defined by the trusts upon which the chapel is held, and with any such variation as violates those trusts forthwith loses its identity. It is those who stay by the old chapel, with its old trusts and doctrines,—not those, however numerous, who change their opinions and retire to a new building,—who continue, practically, the existence of the Church. It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, that Nonconformists who are trained under these conditions associate the continuity of a Church with its adherence to old opinions and practices, and can only conceive of Church property as held upon strict doctrinal conditions. The Church of England, as such, and as such equally whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, is to them a difficult conception. But that that conception alone answers to the plain fact there can be no question. Doubtless the change was a good deal forced; large bodies of the people were slow to accept the Reformed faith, and large numbers of the gentry never accepted it at all; but the main fact remains. The mass of the members changed their opinions; the authorities who were in power effected corresponding changes in Church forms, and the continuity of the whole was not for a moment interrupted. Protestant



Episcopalianism, as Mr. Miall well says, can lay no claim to the Church endowments. Neither can any other *ism*: it is the body of Church members to whom in substance and in equity these estates belong, and for whose benefit, as Christian communities, they must be administered. For it is the distinction of the property of the Church of England to be held upon no deeds of trust, nor upon any conditions of foundation narrower than the broadest basis of Christianity.

The position, then, of the Church of England, down to modern times, was strictly speaking not that of an established but rather of an enforced Church; and this is the reason why the civil power does not appear in our history as an external patron, but rather as an executive minister of the ecclesiastical system. For the law which enforces a Church,—that is, which enforces its sentences by civil sanction, compels membership, and persecutes all dissent,—must assume, in theory, that all loyal subjects are members, and the Church and the State co-extensive. So in England the idea was not that of a civil power employing a paid Church, but of the Church employing for its spiritual government civil agencies. The great inroad upon this principle was made by the movements which led to the Toleration Act. The existence and public utility of other lawful forms of worship once recognised, *the* Church descended to the status of *a* Church, enforcement was gone, and its position reduced to an establishment. True, Parliament was still an assembly, in fact, of members of the original Church; but it was no longer so representatively. In the persons of their representatives, the whole nation sat in Parliament; and the whole nation was no longer, in political theory, within the Church. It might not be considered safe, looking either to the civil guidance, or to the ecclesiastical policy, of the country, that any but a professed Churchman should actually have a seat in the legislature; but it was at least not then recognised, even if it be logically true, that the right to elect necessarily carries the right to be elected; and it is not the less true that the Parliament transformed itself, by the very Act of Toleration, into a body theoretically external to the Church of England. And when, in process of time, this theory developed itself into fact; when the union of Scotland and England had been consummated; and when, finally, Parliament came to comprehend all varieties of religious profession, the finishing stroke was put to the transmutation of the enforced Church of Christ into the established Church of England. Henceforth the question lies between Church and State, not between clergy and laity. Henceforth, when laws are made for the Church, they are the imposed

regulations of an external authority. Henceforth, the Church is not an independent and self-governed community, but a dependency upon a despotic rule. The position may be a wise and safe one, but it must be fully recognised. The Church is a body of persons ruled by another body of persons for their mutual benefit. As in all governments, the governors are trustees of their powers for the governed. The Church is governed for the benefit of the Church; that is the most indisputable axiom of modern morals; and though the benefit of the State is the object of its establishment, yet the benefit of the State is to be sought only in its establishment. So long as the good of the State can be advanced by the well-being of the Church, so long the government of the Church may reasonably be held by the State; but it is none the less held in trust to secure that welfare; and the moment the State is tempted to put its interests in opposition to those of the Church, that moment its position as Church-governor becomes morally untenable. The days are gone past when power was treated as a mere means of profit, and the sovereignty of a kingdom as the ownership of an estate.

The present position, therefore, of the Church of England is one of pure establishment. And that this is so, may, we think, be seen by considering the real powers which the State can exercise over its arrangements. We cannot imagine a repetition of the arbitrary measures of the Reformation now-a-days: if Parliament attempts internal changes, it is with the greatest deference to the opinions of Churchmen. It will be very careful how it touches the Prayer-Book. It will refer very much to the opinion of active Churchmen such questions as the increase of the episcopate, and the powers of the Ecclesiastical Commission. In all these matters it behaves as administrator, responsible to its Church subjects for its Church government. It is in controversies between Church and State that Parliament is really bold, and deals only with such fairness as can be obtained in a desperate party struggle. Here, indeed, there is danger lest the State betray its trust, and, being sole judge in its own cause, be warped from fair dealing by the strategy of parties. Here, indeed, the convenient theory may easily be edged in that the trust is a merely optional one, binding on no one, and an escape some day be too opportunely presented from a financial or party difficulty into a hasty and violent appropriation. For it is clear that, on the principles we have endeavoured to explain, the change in the character of Parliament can have no effect on the real ownership of Church property. If the governing body lost their Church-

manship, the governed did not; neither did their possessions. Nor can we look upon the great administrative power possessed by Parliament over Church affairs, (a power which, in its modern exterior position, never has been exercised, and never can be exercised, to its former extent,) as affording the slightest evidence in support of that most untenable proposition, that the Church of England exists, not as a real community, but only as an ecclesiastical system.

If, then, we can conclude that the Church of England has a definite status which enables it to appear, in the court of the legislature, as a holder of property, or a class of holders of property, we are in a position to turn to the second principal argument by which its possession is impeached. The State, says Mr. Miall, gave these lands, and the State, therefore, can resume them. They were given for reasons which have ceased to hold good, and for purposes which have ceased to be fully answered. And, with or without reasons, the State can undo its own work. The obvious treatment of this general proposition is by a flat denial. It is not generally true that the State can, without violating its most settled principles of action, resume its own gifts. No one would contend for a moment that such an interference could be allowed with property in private hands. Mr. Miall himself does not propose to touch the monastical demesnes which, at the English Reformation, passed into the possession of court favourites. No one would be found to justify the resumption of Strathfieldsaye from the Wellingtons, or Blenheim from the Marlboroughs. Moreover, in principle, as we have seen, all property bequeathed by will is the gift of the State. If the State therefore resumed Church property, it could not be in virtue of any general right to recall its own gifts. Nor do we think the act would be at all supported in the private cases we have instanced by the plea that the reasons for the original gift had ceased to operate. Neither, after the argument contained in the preceding pages, can we admit, for a moment, that the State grants to the Church of England were given upon any implied trusts for the State. Historically, it was not so. And if there were any implied trusts at all, they were for the Church.

Wherein, then, lies the difference—if difference there be—between a confiscation of private property, and of the property of ecclesiastical tenure? Simply, in the experience of the less dangerous apparent consequences of the two acts. Society could not exist without security for private property. It might, apparently, exist without the enjoyment of property by indeterminate classes of persons. But this difference is only com-

parative. Whatever becomes of the theoretical argument of this question on either side, it cannot be disputed by either that there stands in the way of any dealings with religious property a vast aggregate of long accumulated interests, not only of those few individuals who actually receive the profits, but of the whole crowd of Church members, for whose ultimate benefit the profits are received. The Liberation Society have, throughout their labours, recognised the claims of 'existing equitable interests,'—an ambiguous, and yet a dangerous, concession. Mr. Miall and others, following Sir James Mackintosh, have always provided, in their plans of confiscation, for the maintenance of the clergy actually in enjoyment of benefices. We are glad to find that Mr. Miall,—of whose honest adoption of any consequence which he perceives no one who reads him will doubt,—in a recent lecture,\* goes a great deal farther than this. He not only recognises the claims of expectant clergy,—a somewhat difficult provision to work,—but, feeling, no doubt, the absurdity of treating the clergy as the ultimate beneficiaries of their endowments, proceeds to propose the transfer of every church founded since the Reformation to the Churchmen of its parish. There lies, in embryo, the whole principle of prescription which we seek to establish. On what conceivable ground can any distinction be taken, for this purpose, between pre- and post-Reformation foundations? Is it the shorter or the longer enjoyment which gives the stronger claim to possession? If we were to grant that the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity constituted a new gift by the State of the parish churches to the congregations whose forefathers had worshipped there for centuries,—and argumentative concession could hardly go further,—on what equitable principle would such a gift do away with the title derived under the original popish or prepopish foundation? Does Mr. Miall mean to say that, even on his principles, a donation out of the Consolidated Fund stands on the same footing with the estates of a trust newly reformed by the Charity Commissioners? If private foundation be the test, how can the original consecrations be violated? And if private foundations are not all to be respected, what possible claim has any one to consideration short of the great right of prescriptive enjoyment? It would be vain to follow all the inconsistencies into which Mr. Miall's inaccurate and prejudiced notions lead him blindfold,—to point out how his sense of justice spoils his clearest conclusions, and his purely congregational Christianity imposes on him the necessity of

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\* No. 2 in the list at the head of this article.

constructing and endowing a new federal form of Church government. He would allow to bishops £2,000 or £3,000 a year, and to chapters enough to keep up the cathedrals and their services,—as if prescriptive interests could be held in a fraction and not in the whole. He proposes to hand over these allowances to the Church, whereas his whole argument proceeds on the fact that there is no Church to hand them to. He proposes to provide a body of electors for bishops, and establish a legislative and executive system;—to create a definite and exclusive membership, and to invent new tenures;—and all this the work of a knot of gentlemen whose ecclesiastical organization is comprised within the walls of a single chapel!

The fact is, that, wholly independent of titles and foundations, the law of prescription is quite sufficient to settle, by analogy, the whole question. It can never be a wise policy to turn the congregations out of churches which have represented, from the Saxon time, the religion of the community. Law must be strained, not clipped, to meet their case. Every belief in the permanence of the commonwealth, every sentiment of patriotism, every family tie, all veneration of the past, duty to the present, care for the future,—are involved in the associations of the established worship. Church and King, *Dieu et mon droit*,—the reason of loyalty, the responsibility of liberty,—are but different forms of expressing the same necessary connexion of civil and religious order. When Sir James Mackintosh asserts that prescription implies property, he forgets the equity upon whose type law is fashioned. We venture to set over against his dicta the eloquent appeals of a not less distinguished Whig constitutionalist. In the course of the debates on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill—a Bill to secure the possession of congregations, and not of private individuals—Mr. Macaulay founded the whole of his victorious argument upon the universal law of prescription:—

'I could never have imagined,' said he, 'that in an assembly of reasonable, civilised, and educated men, it would be necessary to offer a word in defence of prescription as a general principle. I should have thought it as much a waste of time of this House as to make a speech against the impropriety of burning witches, or of trying a right by wager of battle, or of testing the guilt or innocence of a culprit by making him walk over burning ploughshares. .... It is in every known part of the world; in every civilized age; it was familiar to the old tribunals of Athens; it formed part of the Roman jurisprudence; it was spread with the imperial power over the whole of Europe; it was recognised after the French Revolution; and when the Code Napoleon was formed, that very principle of

prescription was not forgotten. We find it both in the East and in the West; it is recognised by tribunals beyond the Mississippi, and in countries that had never heard of Justinian, and had no translation of the Pandects. In all places we find it acknowledged as a sacred principle of legislation. We have it amongst the Hindoos, as well as the Mexicans and Peruvians; in our own country we find it coeval with the beginning of our laws. It is bound in the first of our statutes; it is close upon our great first Forest Charter; it is consecrated by successive Acts of Parliament; it is introduced into the Statute of Merton; it is found in the Statute of Westminster; and the principle only becomes more stringent as it is carried out by a succession of great legislators and statesmen down to our own time.....Is it not clear that the principle of prescription is essential to the institution of property itself, and that if you take it away, it is not some or a few evils that must follow, but general confusion?

We do not accept the policy of that Bill. It was a contest between the respect due to founders on the one hand, and the respect due to possession on the other, in which the latter prevailed. We are disposed to rate as of the utmost importance to the stability of property the careful exercise of the duties which the State has undertaken in the administration of charitable trusts, and we lament that so fatal a precedent should have been set for the tampering with those trusts by the Legislature. But how much more powerful does the argument become when the firm hold of centuries is sustained, instead of being opposed, by those considerations which preserve inviolate the charitable dispositions of our forefathers,—when the two principles of justice unite their force against the injustice of an abstract and untenable theory! We consider the claims of long possession, whether by individuals or communities, as only second in sanctity to the responsibilities of a public trust; and Parliament has once solemnly declared them to be superior. The Dissenters' Chapels Bill is a signal instance of the deliberate sanction of prescriptive breach of trust; and, though Mr. Miall himself and the more orthodox Dissenters probably continue to protest against its principle, there are many stout champions of the spoliation of the Church of England who would do well to consider on what tenure their own endowments are held.

We have left ourselves but little space; but we cannot quit this subject without reference to the main topic of Mr. Miall's book—the nature and law of tithes. The fixed support of the institutions of the Church of England may be classed under three heads,—lands, rates, and tithes. On landed estates we have concluded our reply. Upon the subject of rates we do



not propose here to enter. It may be a question whether the right which the parish possesses to tax itself for the support of the sacred fabric can be a subject of property in the Church, now that the exercising that right has ceased, by virtue of the Braintree case, to be in practice a legal duty.\* A right to optional payments sounds a little anomalous. But tithes are in their nature as much a subject of property as land. It is impossible to draw a legal distinction. Even the distinction between charges on the person and on the land, if applicable in any way to tithes or dues, seems to us in principle utterly untenable. I am just as much owner, in law and in reason, of interest as of rents. The difference between taxes and other payments is, that the former go to the State for the general purposes of administration, and the latter do not. It is a confusion of ideas to call tithes a *tax*. If the State, by special enactment or general law, grant to one man a rent-charge out of the land of another,—if a court of law decree that A shall be accountable for one-tenth of the profits of his business to B,—we do not dream of a tax. Neither can any true analogy be drawn from the general liability upon landholders to pay. Property takes its definition from the hands in which it lies, not from the sources whence it is derived. Who ever heard of exemption by prescription from a tax,—of a *modus* of paying it, of private compositions between its payer and its receiver? If the State were to make a scheduled list of private persons responsible for the cost of a war, the fine would be properly a tax, though an arbitrary and unfair one; and so, conversely, until Mr. Miall has proved that the Church of England is simply a branch of the civil service of the State, no generality in the persons who pay can give to tithes the true character of public revenue.

Mr. Miall sets himself to prove that tithes had their origin, not in individual gifts, but in compulsory public law; and his positions may be briefly summed up thus. Christian tithes are first heard of as a theological opinion, and are traced through the stages of Church doctrine into canon law. Simultaneously with the great growth of the Popedom, we find them appearing in secular law; and our own records contain a series of compulsory provisions for their payment, dating from about the close of the eighth century. At the same time, early history is full of evidence that the greatest difficulty was encountered in carrying these various enactments

\* This is assuming the Braintree case to decide what it is generally supposed to decide. But there are serious doubts whether it goes so far as to leave Church-rates without a remedy.



into effect. Private gifts, again, must be gifts of something definite and fixed; but the whole law of tithes consists in the application to particular cases of a *principle* of demanding one-tenth of the profits of land,—a principle which can only have its origin in law. Further, it is since the times when we know tithes to have become a legal institution that the vast proportion of the present titheable property of the kingdom has come under cultivation, and therefore under liability to tithe. And although innumerable charters of gift of tithes are on record, and although there can be no question that, down to about the year 1200, landowners exercised the right of bestowing their tithes where they pleased, yet that does not by any means show that it was not obligatory to pay them at all.

We must congratulate Mr. Miall on having made out a strong case, and put it very well; but we fancy that the vehemence with which he has argued some of these points is somewhat Quixotic. The theory which ascribes the origin of tithes to private liberality does not propose to trace distinctly to such sources the special tithing of every kind of produce and of every acre of land. Undoubtedly tithes are paid on a principle; and the question is, whether that principle was carried out under civil compulsion or in obedience to ecclesiastical authority. Now we take the course of things to be tolerably clear. Wherever there stood a Christian church, offerings were presented by the worshippers. The duty of offering was vehemently preached; and by-and-by the indefiniteness of this teaching led, as it has led over again in our own day, to the doctrine that the offering ought to be in a fixed proportion to the income of the donor. Here is the step from the doctrine to the law. Once established as a law of the Church,—and a law of the Church was, in ancient theory, at least not far removed from a law of the Gospel,—it follows that it must be sanctioned by Church censures. And if the Church be an *enforced* Church, its censures are backed by civil power. This is what we mean by saying that the origin of tithes lies in private religion. The doctrine was obeyed by many long before any civil statutes came into force; there is no proof whatever produced that, in an age when ecclesiastical censures had more power than civil penalties, it was obeyed *in consequence* of those statutes; the State was a handmaid of the Church, and lent its aid, not to institute a new payment, but to enforce an old one; not to create interests, but to elevate them into property.

It is not necessary therefore for us to criticize minutely Mr.

Miall's historical statements;—to point out that the charter of Ethelwolf, which he produces with so much triumph, is pronounced by the best authorities to be spurious, or to notice the silence in which he passes over some of the greatest difficulties in the way of his theory of arbitrary consecrations. At the same time no man has a right to assume the tone of absolute demonstration in which this book is couched, until he has accounted for the appropriation of the tithes of each manor—for manors and parishes were in the main different names for the same district—to a church erected within its boundary. The clerical power, if we suppose it to have created tithe, by its own or the secular arm, was far more likely to have diverted them to the aggrandisement of its dignitaries, or of monastic houses, than to have placed them in the hands of the working clergy. Nor can we consent that Mr. Miall should take no account of the precedents which we have of grants of tithes to particular churches by royal and noble donors. Nor can we pass over, with the cool partiality which he displays, the ancient writ from Fitzherbert, which seems to point to tithes as a subject of collation, like a benefice, and on which Selden lays so much stress. But, setting these difficulties aside, all the facts seem to us to point, even on Mr. Miall's own showing, to a growth of customary payment;—produced, not by statute law, not even by canon law, (since the utter inefficiency of these to establish so wide-spread a practice is not only obvious at first sight, but abundantly proved by the fourth chapter of Mr. Miall's own book,) but by the power of the pulpit and the personal influence of the clergy. When the pious paid, and the godless did not deny their duty to pay, custom was not difficult to foster; and in those days custom was law. It is utterly futile, therefore, to show that most of the soil of England began to pay tithe in modern times. Tithes are a charge upon land:—that only means that their extent is measured and their payment secured by land. Every payment is made by an owner. A custom is a custom for the owner to pay. And though new land has been brought into cultivation, it is land the property of men who are bound, by descent from their fathers, by practice of their neighbours, to the custom. Custom, once established, binds the population, which never dies; and binds them to a principle which involves their future property.

Of course it may be replied that custom when enforceable is just as much a public law as statute. True; and in this sense tithes may be said to be the product of public law. All property exists as property by virtue of public law. It is only the

protection of law which attaches to it private ownership. But, apart from that, this is a sense of Mr. Miall's proposition which goes no way towards bearing out his conclusions. A customary payment, to which the State has, by its universal rules of property, attached legal rights, is no State gift. If the State is to undo its work, and withdraw its sanction from tithe-paying, it can do so only by violating, for this particular case, the fixed rules which govern the ownership of property. Why may not the law refuse to enforce the payment of fines on copyhold property? Their title depends on custom. And if this were got over, what would be the result? Simply the abolition if not the confiscation of tithes. What right would the State have—equitable and fair right, we mean—to enforce for its own purposes a payment which was founded, to some extent, as even Mr. Miall would admit, upon religious duty? Of course the State may tax any one to any extent; but what reason would there be for exacting this payment, destined for religious purposes, and leaving those purposes to be otherwise provided for? This is a question which Mr. Miall should have asked himself when he concluded to call tithes a tax. When the special object of a tax specially collected fails, we look, not for its appropriation elsewhere, but for its extinction. As the exaction of ship-money by Charles I. was illegal for any purpose outside the fleet, so the tax for maintaining the clergy, if tithes are such a tax, must fail with the clergy themselves, and any confiscation of it to secular ends would be the imposition of a new general income tax, at the rate of two shillings in the pound, and borne exclusively by the land-owners. If tithes be a tax, it is high time they were either abolished, or extended to mercantile incomes.

Before we conclude, we must find room for a few sentences from a leading article which appeared a short time ago in the *Freeman* newspaper (the organ, we believe, of the Baptist denomination). They will serve to show to what difficulties a logical mind is led by the extravagant premises of modern Nonconformity.

'But the difference is great, our friends will exclaim, between endowments created by the State, and endowments (every chapel is an endowment) created by voluntary subscription. We admit a difference, but one by no means so wide as the unreflecting may suppose. There is a good deal of voluntarism in the origin of the property enjoyed by the Church. Even its endowment by the legislature has a large element of the voluntary in it, seeing that an immense majority of the people were but too faithfully represented. Those who legally held the national property at the time freely gave

it to its present possessors. But what has always struck us as the chief feature of State-Churchism,—its forcible appropriation and retention of property for specified religious objects,—is equally present in almost all, if not all, Dissenting chapel deeds. It may be objected that the permanent retention of property, for religious purposes simply, would, logically, come under the same category. Be it so. Still, as public religious edifices are likely to be public wants as long as man is both a social and religious being, practically to defend the appropriation of a building to religious purposes coincides as nearly as possible with preserving it for public, as distinguished from private, purposes. It is therefore when the physical force at the command of the crown is invoked to secure the endowment of a chapel or a sum of money to the tenets which create and distinguish religious Churches, that the distinguishing characteristic of a State Church comes into full play,—the employment of the power of the State on behalf of religious worship and opinions.'

Although the questions we have had to discuss are of a difficult and abstract nature, we trust that some principles have been indicated which may assist our readers in forming a judgment on this wide controversy. We conclude that the reasons of Mr. Miall are mingled with so much fallacy as to render them altogether insufficient to sustain his positions. We cannot be surprised that a layman has lost his way in the mazes of legal theory;—still less that a vehement Dissenter has come to the conclusion he desired. Neither, if we consider the origin and history of Dissent, the various controversies with the powerful and dominant Church of England through which it has passed, and the manifold evils which are undeniably connected with the patronage of that richly endowed Church, is it a thing to be greatly wondered at, that such an organization as the Liberation Society should have arisen, and should maintain a strong hold on the advocates of congregational independency and pure voluntaryism. Nevertheless, we are convinced that Dissent itself suffers, that needful reforms in the Church of England are not hastened but hindered, that the entire Christianity of this country is more or less impaired in force and lowered in feeling, and especially that existing divisions are grievously embittered, by the mistaken and untenable position which the adherents of the Liberation Society have taken up,—the unattainable, or, if attainable, the destructive, issue which they have undertaken to bring about.

ART. II.—1. *Correspondence relative to the Fiji Islands.*

Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, May, 1862.

2. *Viti: An Account of a Government Mission to the Vitian or Fijian Islands in the years 1860–61.* By BERTHOLD SEEMANN, PH.D., F.L.S., &c. Cambridge: Macmillan.

3. *What is Fiji, the Sovereignty of which is offered to Her Majesty?* By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. Second Edition. London, 1859.

Most of our readers are acquainted with the Fiji Islands, first as the theatre of horrors which made them the darkest of 'the dark places of the earth,' and then as the scene of missionary enterprise and success to which the entire history of Christianity presents but few parallels. It is also generally known that an offer was some time since made to Her Majesty's Government, to cede the whole dominion of the Fijis, on certain terms, to Great Britain; and that recently, after full and sufficient inquiry, this offer has been declined.

All that is ever likely to transpire concerning this remarkable transaction is now before the public; and it becomes possible to examine and compare the reasons, so far as they appear, which have influenced the different parties to the negotiation. The official correspondence on the subject, together with the Report of a Commission of Inquiry, now forms a Parliamentary Blue Book, which we have named above in company with the interesting work of Dr. Seemann, the bold and intelligent scientific explorer who accompanied Colonel Smythe in the Commission.

While in the Islands, Dr. Seemann wrote several letters respecting them, which appeared in the *Athenæum*; and on his return to England he furnished various papers on Fiji to the Royal Geographical Society, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel*. The substance of these communications, with some additional matter, he has now published in his *Mission to Viti*; a volume in which the reader will find much original information concerning this far-off group and its inhabitants, mixed up with matter drawn from earlier works, and not always as carefully acknowledged as it should have been by the author. To those who would judge of the question of the refusal of Great Britain to accept Fiji, Dr. Seemann's book is of great interest, especially as his conclusions entirely differ from those of the Government commissioner, Colonel Smythe.

In February, 1859, the first direct offer was made, to transfer to Queen Victoria the 'full sovereignty and domain in and over' Fiji. That there was a sincere wish to make such a transfer was attested by the fact, that H.M. consul at Fiji, Mr. Pritchard, came to England at this time, bearing a formal deed of cession, signed by Thakombau as *Tui Viti*, or king of Fiji. The events which led to this overture should be clearly understood. First and foremost of its proximate causes was a serious American difficulty. Among the white settlers in Fiji was the late Mr. Williams, U.S. consul, who, with other foreigners, found himself engaged in frequent squabbles with the native chiefs, particularly in reference to the transfer and title of landed property. In the year 1849, Mr. Williams, who resided on the little island of Nukulau, celebrated the 4th of July, like a good and loyal citizen, by the firing of cannon and other festive demonstrations. While this was going on, his premises caught fire,—the natives said, accidentally; as Mr. Williams himself would have it, by the act of an incendiary. The conflagration brought together a great number of the people, who, no doubt, took full advantage of so rare an opportunity of indulging their love of plunder; and much of the consul's property seems to have been stolen. Of the amount of his loss Mr. Williams had such accurate knowledge that, on the arrival in 1851 of the U.S. ship of war 'St. Mary's,' he put in a claim for damages on the native chiefs, to the value of precisely five thousand and one dollars, thirty-eight cents. He did not do this without attempting to specify particulars. The claim was founded on an inventory of articles said to have been lost, though some of these it was afterwards proved had come again into his hands. The commander of the 'St. Mary's,' Captain Magruder, not choosing to enforce this charge without full inquiry, and being obliged to leave the group immediately, requested the Rev. James Calvert, a Wesleyan missionary, together with Mr. David Whippy, U.S. vice commercial agent, to look into the whole affair, and report to Washington, as well as to the next American commander who should visit Fiji. In 1855 arrived Commander Boutwell of the 'John Adams,' by whom the arrangement of his predecessor was entirely ignored. Meantime, however, the matter had become complicated by the burning of Levuka, a town on the island of Ovalau where most of the whites resided, and to the destruction of which Thakombau was unjustly accused of being accessory. This and the former affair were now to be investigated by Commander Boutwell, who was charged by his commodore to take nothing for granted, but submit every complaint to 'a close and thorough



examination, upon the strictest principles of justice.' What the commander's notions of justice were, cannot be ascertained; but they were evidently peculiar; for, on hearing one side only, he instantly sent a letter to Thakombau, demanding payment in full of the claim already made. Before an answer could be returned, the King received another epistle, informing him that the consul's claim had grown to 15,000 dollars,—no cents were mentioned this time,—and that other demands on the part of other U.S. citizens amounted to 13,500 dollars more. This remarkable missive closed thus:—

'As I have many claims on these and other islands to settle, and my time being limited, I must urge the authorities of Bau to act speedily, and not compel me to go after the so-called Tui Viti, or approach nearer Bau, as my powder is quick, and my balls are round.'

A respectful remonstrance sent by the chiefs was met by a contemptuous reply, in which Commander Boutwell refused to argue or to examine the subject, and which ended with another passage much too savoury to be withheld from quotation, matching as it does so worthily the specimen already given:—

'I have to request that you will write me no more letters, but forthwith pay the money, or give me ample security that it will be paid in twelve months. The brave never threaten, nor do the virtuous boast of their chastity. I therefore do not tell you of the consequences of a non-compliance with these requirements. I would, however, remind your teachers of ethics, that the golden rule is too often forgotten, and that the eleventh commandment has, by general consent, become binding on all those who keep the other ten.'

At this juncture Commander Bailey arrived in Fiji on board the U.S.S. 'St Mary's,' and, on receiving complaints of the transactions just described, remonstrated so successfully with Commander Boutwell, who was his junior, that this teacher of teachers immediately tacked on 15,000 dollars more to Williams's claim, alleging without shame as a reason the interference of his brother officer and the Rev. Mr. Calvert. The next step was to summon Thakombau on board the 'John Adams,' and bully him into putting his signature to a so-called treaty, whereby he bound himself to pay, within two years, the whole amount claimed, now grown to 45,000 dollars. As soon as he was safely ashore, the king signed a protest, declaring to the U.S. consul at Sydney, that he had signed the 'treaty' in fear, and disavowing the admission of 'indebtedness' which had been wrung from him.

Should the reader wish to have the whole history of this 'difficulty,' he is referred to the Blue Book on Fiji, where will be found a letter from an American citizen, Captain Dunn, for many years a trader to Fiji, giving all the particulars and correspondence *in extenso*.

Colonel Smythe's opinion of the case is given clearly.

'From all I can learn, one third of the sum demanded by the U.S. Government would be amply sufficient both as compensation for the loss of property and as a fine.'—*Blue Book*, p. 80.

A few dollars only of this most unrighteous award have been paid; and the discharge of the whole is utterly beyond the resources of Thakombau and his tributary chiefs.

Here, then, we find the first great motive for handing over the dominion of Fiji to Great Britain. And here, moreover, is the first condition on which the cession was proposed to be made, to wit, the payment of Commander Boutwell's impost of 45,000 dollars; in consideration of which, the king of Fiji pledged himself to convey to Queen Victoria 200,000 acres of land, to be selected by a commission.

There is certainly something very painful in the position of this island king, whose mark stands affixed to a document, by which he engages to pay a sum of money wholly beyond his means, or else, 'on the arrival of a ship of war of the American nation,'—so the 'treaty' runs,—'to resign the government of Bau, and to go voluntarily on board that ship, and submit to any punishment which it may be the pleasure of the commander to inflict.' His awkward bill is a long while over-due: and hence the main reason for seeking the protection of British power and justice.

Another source of uneasiness to Thakombau was dread of French interference, a subject to which but brief and cautious reference is made in Colonel Smythe's report. The Romish priests in Fiji, as in other South Pacific islands, are wont to make frequent use of the threat of a French man-of-war; and recent events in the Friendly Islands show with what arbitrary tyranny that threat may be carried out. But, with the example of Tahiti so near at hand, no other reason need be sought why the Bau king should have dreaded the power of France; especially when we remember that the resident consul was Mr. Pritchard, the son of the Rev. George Pritchard, well known as H.B.M. consul at Tahiti when France imposed her unwelcome *protection*, with force and cruelty, on the Christian Queen Pomare and her people.

One other source of uneasiness made it desirable that Fiji should no longer be exposed to the jeopardy of standing alone. It was dangerous to have enemies so near and so powerful as the Tongans; and it had proved to be scarcely less perilous to admit them indiscriminately as friends. There had been intercourse between the two races from a very remote period.\* The Fijians soon found their visitors to be valuable allies in their wars; and it suited the restless and enterprising spirit of the foreigners to allow themselves to be thus engaged. Gradually, however, these mercenaries came to acquire more solid recompense than rations and occasional presents. Land and even small islands fell into their hands; sometimes, no doubt, unfairly, but in other cases as a just payment for services they had performed. As was likely, trouble arose out of these relations; and particularly in connexion with the doings of Maafu, a Tongan chief of high rank, and a clever, bold, and ambitious man. Maafu had made himself necessary to many of the chiefs, and had been party to most of their feuds. He is said at one period to have held as many as three thousand Tongans under his command. As we shall have occasion again to speak of Maafu, and of the share which he had in originating the offer of Thakombau, we will only now add, that, after carefully reading Dr. Seemann's chapter on this Tongan chief and his countrymen, together with Commodore Seymour's despatch describing his part in the settlement lately effected, we cannot escape the conviction that Mr. Pritchard's anxiety to bring about the cession has led him to follow out in this direction a doubtful policy, as it has several times betrayed him into imprudence and rashness.

We are glad, however, to acknowledge the fairness and generosity with which Dr. Seemann clears the Wesleyan missionaries from the charge of guilty complicity in all that he denounces as evil in the dealings of Maafu.

It must not be supposed that the British Government was urged to take Fiji merely as an act of grace. It was further represented, that while the group contained several natural, spacious, and excellent harbours, indenting the two larger islands, it had extensive bays, with abundant water-supply; that the climate was salubrious, and fever almost unknown; that the soil was rich and deep, and offered a vast surface for

\* The name 'Fiji' contains two letters, F and J, which are not found in the alphabet of the native language. Both were introduced by the Tongans, who used the term 'Fiji' of the windward division of the group, as that nearest to their own. As the first close acquaintance which Europeans formed with these islands was through the same channel, this really foreign idiom found its way into our maps. The correct form, 'Viti,' is preferred and used by Dr. Seemann.

cultivation ; that timber was various, valuable, and abundant ; that malachite and antimony had been found on Viti Levu, while the presence of coal was suspected ; and that the people were strong, clever, and not hard to manage, being willing to work, if the fruits of their labour could only be guaranteed to them. Returns were furnished, showing that the trade of Fiji was already extensive, and that in American bottoms alone the exports for one year (1857-58), consisting of cocoa-nut oil, tortoise-shell, and bêche-de-mer, amounted to £20,000, whilst the imports for the same period, chiefly dry goods and hardware, muskets and powder, were as high as £32,000. It was further asserted on good grounds, that the trade in British vessels quite equalled these sums. At the same time a considerable trade was done by German merchants.

Besides all this, Fiji lay in the track of the great and important South Pacific whale-fisheries, which give rise to a trade in our own colonial vessels of large and increasing value. In Sydney this was fully appreciated. Dr. Seemann tells us in his preface, that 'the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, on the motion of Mr. M'Arthur, voted an address to the queen in support of' the proposed cession. 'Captain Towns, a patriotic citizen of Sydney, fully impressed, like many of his countrymen, with the importance of acquiring the islands, generously offered a cheque for the whole Fijian debt, in order to remove at least one of the possible obstacles in the way of the cession.'

It was also strongly represented to Her Majesty's Government, that Fiji would become a most important position, as soon as the line of mail steamers by way of Panama was established. The group is situated so near the direct track between Panama and Sydney, that steamers calling there for coals would lengthen their voyage by 320 miles only on a distance of 8,000 miles ; and vessels calling on their way from Vancouver Island to Sydney would but increase their length of voyage from 7,000 to 7,420 miles.

The Admiralty gave it as their opinion that 'several reasons would make it desirable to obtain possession of the islands,' and forwarded to the Government a report drawn up by their hydrographer, Admiral Washington, in which, after pointing out many advantages which the group possessed, he says :—

'An intermediate station between Panama and Sydney will be most desirable. Indeed, if the proposed mail route is to be carried

out, it is indispensable. One of the Society Islands, as lying half-way, would be a more convenient coaling station; but as they are under French protection, it seems doubtful if one could be obtained.

'The consul at Fiji, in the enclosed papers, hints at the possibility of coal being found in one of the islands: if this should prove to be the case, it would at once double their value as a station.

'In the above statements I have confined myself to answering the questions in the Colonial Office letter; but on looking into the subject I have been much struck by the entire want by Great Britain of any advanced position in the Pacific Ocean. We have valuable possessions on either side, as at Vancouver and Sydney, but not an islet or a rock in the 7,000 miles of ocean that separate them. The Panama and Sydney mail communication is likely to be established, yet we have no island on which to place a coaling station, and where we could insure fresh supplies.....And it may hereafter be found very inconvenient that England should be shut out from every station in the Pacific, and that an enemy should have possession of Tonga-tabu, where there is a good harbour, within a few hundred miles of the track of our homeward-bound gold ships from Sydney and Melbourne. Neither forts nor batteries would be necessary to hold the ground, a single cruising ship should suffice for all the wants of the islands; coral reefs and the hearty good-will of the natives would do the rest.'—*Blue Book*, page 11.

A despatch was also communicated to the Foreign Office by the Admiralty from Commodore Loring, on board Her Majesty's ship 'Iris,' at Sydney, in which he writes:—

'I have not as yet had time to visit these islands, but I have reason to believe that, from position and other advantages, they are very important; and the common belief in these seas is, that they must soon fall into the hands of one of the great powers.'—*Ibid.*, page 10.

Already the French hold the Society Islands and New Caledonia as military and naval depôts, in very inconvenient proximity to the Panama route. Should they take Fiji also, their ascendancy in these seas would be complete. Should America 'annex' the group, Fiji would become the centre of their southern whale fishery, and would soon draw to itself the bulk of this great trade to the serious damage of our own colony.

Yet one other fact was brought forward prominently by the promoters of the cession. It is said that Fiji can grow every variety of cotton, and to an extent which it is impossible to calculate. Dr. Seemann says:—

'If I understand the nature and requirements of cotton aright, the Fijis seem to be as if made for it. In the whole group there is scarcely a rod of ground that might not be cultivated, or has not at

one time or other produced a crop of some kind, the soil being of an average amount of fertility, and in some parts rich in the extreme. Cotton requires a gently undulated surface, slopes of hills, rather than flat land. The whole country, the deltas of the great rivers excepted, is a succession of hills and dales, covered on the weather-side with a luxuriant herbage or dense forest; on the lee-side with grass and isolated screw-pines, more immediately available for planting. Cotton wants sea-air. What country would answer this requirement better than a group of more than two hundred islands, surrounded by the ocean as a convenient highway to even small boats and canoes, since the unchecked force of the winds and waves is broken by the natural breakwater presented by the reefs which nearly encircle the whole? Cotton requires, further, to be fanned by gentle breezes when growing, and a comparatively low temperature: there is scarcely ever a calm, either the north-east or the south-east trade-wind blowing over the islands keeps up a constant current, and the thermometer for months vacillates between 62° and 80° Fahrenheit, and never rises to the height attained in some parts of tropical Asia, Africa, or America. In fine, every condition required to favour the growth of this important production seems to be provided, and it is hardly possible to add anything more in order to impress those best qualified to judge with a better idea of Fiji as a first-rate cotton-growing country.'

On Consul Pritchard's arrival in England in 1859, he presented specimens of cotton at the Foreign Office. These were transmitted by the Earl of Malmesbury to the Committee of the Cotton Supply Association at Manchester, who returned a valuation of the samples, with the following resolutions:—

'Resolved,—That the samples of Fiji cotton which have been submitted by the Foreign Office to the Committee of the Cotton Supply Association for examination are found to be of qualities most desirable for the manufactures of this country, and the Committee have formed an opinion in all respects favourable to these samples, and believe that such a range of excellent cotton is scarcely now received from any cotton-growing country which supplies this requisite raw material to Great Britain.

'Resolved,—That whilst this Fiji cotton ranges in value from 7½d. to 1s., the great supply received from the United States does not realise nearly so high an average value at present.'

Since these resolutions were passed, Fiji has sent to the Great Exhibition samples of Sea Island cotton, pronounced by the same authority to be 'the sort which, having the longest staple and fetching the highest price, was hitherto exclusively grown in perfection on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and a small part of Florida.'

Cotton is not indigenous in Fiji, any more than it is in the



American States ; but it has become so far naturalized in some of the islands as to grow in wild luxuriance. In America the plant is annual, killed by the frost. In Fiji it will bear for several years, requiring only to be pruned and kept free from creepers. Ripe pods are produced all the year round. Some idea of the rapidity of growth may be formed from the fact, that Dr. Seemann sowed New Orleans seed on his arrival at Somosomo, which yielded ripe pods within three months. Sea Island cotton sown at Rewa was up and the first two leaves quite open in twenty-four hours, in full bloom in two months and twelve days, and ready to gather in three months.

Already cotton is cultivated to some considerable extent in the islands, some of the white settlers having as many as fifteen acres planted. Dr. Seemann's assistant, Mr. Storck, was so convinced of the importance of the enterprise, that he remained behind to carry on cotton-growing on a large scale. The natives, too, have taken the matter up. When Mr. Pritchard returned to Fiji, with the valuation made by the Manchester Committee in his hands, some of the chiefs were at once persuaded to give orders for planting cotton. Dr. Seemann bears the following testimony to the good influence exerted in this direction by the missionaries. The fact represents many others of the same kind. He says that—

‘The Wesleyan missionaries, without any exception, zealously aided in these endeavours by recommending the cultivation, both personally and through the agency of their native teachers. Thus cotton has been thickly spread over all the Christianized districts, and imparts to them a characteristic feature, occasionally very striking in places having a mixed religious population. In Navua, for instance, that part of the town inhabited by Christians is full of cotton, whilst that inhabited by the heathens is destitute of it.’—  
Page 52.

Notwithstanding all these recommendations, Colonel Smythe reported that, in his opinion, it would not be well to accept the sovereignty of Fiji ; the Government took the same view of the question ; and the offered cession is declined. The reasons, so far as they appear in the report, which led to so important a conclusion, have respect to the value of Fiji (1) as a coaling station, (2) as a cotton-field, (3) as a position to be held for the sake of national policy. We leave our readers to judge whether the reasons, as given, are strong enough to bear so weighty a decision.

1. The commissioner objects to Fiji as a coaling station, because of the lengthening of the voyage caused by calling

there. Now, if there were another and desirable station offering itself in the proposed track, this objection would be valid. As all the authorities declare that such a station on the steam-packet route will be absolutely necessary, Colonel Smythe seeks for and finds a lone island on the map, called Oparo, or Rapa, which he recommends for the purpose, as being near the track and 'having good harbour and anchorage, and few inhabitants.' All the information, however, supplied about this island is contained in an extract from Findlay's *Directory for the Navigation of the Pacific Ocean* :—

'Oparo was discovered by Vancouver on the 22nd of December, 1791. He did not land, but saw nearly round it. He considered that anchorage might probably be found on both sides of its north-west point.....The natives, who appeared not to have seen Europeans before, resembled other of the great Polynesian natives. They are estimated to amount to about 1,500.'—*Blue Book*, pp. 41, 42.

The 'good harbour and anchorage,' therefore, amount to this, that Vancouver 'considered that anchorage *might probably* be found;' and that he saw two small bays where, it appeared to him, landing would be easy. This solitary little island would surely, in case of war, lie dangerously near to the French dépôt in the Society Islands. And as to accommodation for shipping, Admiral Washington's report is in remarkable contrast to the opinion just quoted. After mentioning several large harbours in Fiji, he says :—

'All the above harbours have been thoroughly surveyed by order of the Admiralty, and plans of them on a large scale are available when required. These natural harbours will not require any artificial development for naval purposes.'—*Ibid.*, page 11.

Furthermore, no suggestion is made as to how we might gain the requisite footing on Oparo, or whether the 'few' inhabitants are to have any voice in the matter; and if so, how they are to be dealt with.

Colonel Smythe insists, also, upon the dangers of navigating the Fiji group, and 'the occurrence of hurricanes at certain seasons.' We would ask whether this latter objection applies peculiarly to Fiji, as distinguished from all other islands in these seas. As to the other point, the navigation of the entire Archipelago, with its two hundred and eleven islands and intricate reefs, is no doubt difficult and dangerous. But it is not proposed that the mail steamers in passing should make a tour of all Fiji. As far as they are concerned, the difficulty and danger do not exist, or the Admiralty hydrographer could hardly affirm that—

'There is no present necessity for buoys, beacons, or lights; but, should trade greatly increase, or should mail-steamers call by night, a light would become necessary.'—*Ibid.*, page 11.

2. The only difficulty suggested on the cotton question would be very decisive if clearly shown to be real. The report states that, chiefly because of the uncertainty of labour,

'the supply of cotton from Fiji can never be otherwise than insignificant.'—*Ibid.*, page 32.

But what does Dr. Seemann say on this point?—

'The fact that cotton will grow, and will grow well, being established, the success of this and similar attempts will chiefly depend upon the supply of manual labour. Those best acquainted with the condition of the group, and the character of its people, confidently look forward to a steady supply of it.'—*Viti*, p. 55.

We feel great confidence that, ere long, our cotton market at home will be in possession of ample evidence that the commissioner's opinion was unfounded. Hitherto, where Christianity has not changed the condition of the people, the Fijians have never known what it is to work on their own account; and an exception to this rule would hardly be found even in the cultivating and gathering of the esculents and fruits on which they principally subsist. Their labour was for the benefit of their chiefs: and there has been no inducement for private persons to increase their store, where all property was at the arbitrary disposal of the great men. In some parts of the group, a better state of things has already set in; and the change will become more and more general as Christianity establishes itself more widely and firmly. When, in addition to the happy effects of the Gospel in re-adjusting the social relations of the people, they also find that there are purchasers, to whom they can dispose of small parcels of cotton as they are picked, it may be reasonably expected that in Fiji, as elsewhere, a labour-market will eventually come to be established. Even now, Dr. Seemann says that,—

'In Rewa, Ovalau, and other districts longest frequented by whites, the natives go round asking for employment. This is quite an innovation, and shows that the Fijian is gradually becoming accustomed to labour for fixed wages.'—*Ibid.*, p. 55.

3. The purely political reasons alleged as grounds for rejecting Fiji need but little notice. They evidently centre in a single source of alarm. It is not a proposal dating from the

offer of Thakombau, that Her Majesty's Government should possess itself of Fiji. Again and again it has been urged to avail itself of any favourable opportunity to do so. Besides the naval commanders already mentioned, Captains Fremantle, Durham, Erskine, and Sir Edward Belcher strongly recommended the occupation of the islands; and every application made to the several departments by Sir E. B. Lytton, brought him a similar recommendation. Why has the Government refused to make so valuable an addition to our colonial possessions? One fear has proved sufficient to overweigh all other arguments in favour of the scheme. In April, 1860, the Governor of New South Wales, Sir W. Denison, sent home a dispatch on the subject, which touched the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries at a point where they might be expected to be painfully sensitive. The Governor writes:—

‘I may, perhaps, without presuming too much on your grace's patience, or in any way attempting to forestall Colonel Smythe's report, call the attention of Her Majesty's Government to the present state of affairs in New Zealand, as indicative of the results which are likely to follow, should inducements be held out to a white population to occupy the land which it is proposed to cede to Her Majesty, in consideration of the liquidation by the British Government of the debt due to the Americans, or should permission be given to individuals to purchase land from the natives. I lay more stress upon this, as I see by advertisement in the Sydney newspapers that the consul at the Fijis is trying to attract white settlers to occupy land in the vicinity of the consulate, which he has transferred from the former site to one, I suppose, more favourable for settlement.

‘The inevitable result of the introduction of a white population, except under the strictest possible regulations, will be a war of races; and although the ultimate success of the European element would be certain, yet, as the Fijians are more numerous than the New Zealanders, and more concentrated, as the climate is less adapted to Europeans, the cost of an attempt to maintain the supremacy of the white population will be comparatively great, and the loss of life enormous.’—*Blue Book*, pp. 20, 21.

Here was a terror, which seems to have virtually decided the negotiation. With a colony in the same seas drawing heavily by its frequent disturbances on the national treasury, the ministers meanwhile being assailed with loud cries for a more economical expenditure, it was no wonder that they should hesitate to accept an offer which, it was represented, might involve them in similar, if not worse, embarrassments. While we can very well understand, however, how readily a fear like this might arise, and how powerfully it would operate,

we submit that the cases of New Zealand and Fiji are widely different ones. Indeed, we are disposed to think that the history of the Maori troubles should have exerted on the policy of the Government an influence precisely opposite to that to which it so willingly yielded. Had ministers attended earlier to the claim of New Zealand to become a British colony, and not left its occupation to be first brought about by private enterprise, thereby leaving the first acquisitions of land by the settlers so uncertain as to title and transfer as to lay up endless material for future quarrel, we doubt whether the history of the colony would have known anything of the wars that have caused the parent Government so much expense and dishonour. On the other hand, here was a new and promising field of enterprise,—one that had already drawn to itself some foreigners, and must soon attract many more,—offered to Great Britain by a deed of cession which made particular provision for the proper transfer of land, while it carefully defined the limits within which the native government was to act. Taken by itself, the first deed of cession, signed by Thakombau alone, was certainly not sufficient. In this matter, as in some others, Mr. Pritchard went too fast, and asserted too much. As the Rev. Thomas Williams explained four years ago,\* and as Colonel Smythe was not slow to discover, the Bau chief, though holding by far the greatest power in Fiji, and having nearly all the other chiefs as, in some sort, his vassals, nevertheless has no claim to the title *Tui Viti*, ‘King of Viti,’—an appellation by which he was addressed for the first time accidentally, and that by a foreign officer, about ten years ago. When this came to be known, could anything have more effectually thrown suspicion on a deed, than to begin it after this fashion?—‘Ebenezer Thakombau, by the grace of God, Sovereign Chief of Bau and its dependencies, Vunivalu of the armies of Fiji and Tui Viti, &c. ....to all and singular to whom these presents shall come, greeting.’† The argument in Mr. Pritchard’s despatch‡ would hardly tell in his favour, viz., that, because Thakombau had been addressed as such by ‘English, French, and American’ commanders, therefore his title of ‘King of the Fiji Islands’ was ‘unquestionable.’ The validity of this deed, however, was afterwards established by another, to which all the principal chiefs appended their signatures, acknowledging, ratifying, and renewing, on their part, the act of Thakombau.

To demand that the conveyance of land in Fiji should give

\* *Fiji and the Fijians*, Second Edition, vol. i., p. 33.

† *Blue Book*, p. 3.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 1.

rise to no dispute, would be asking more than we, with all our elaborate civilisation, can secure for ourselves at home. But there can be no doubt that the greatest evils may be avoided, by intrusting the British consulate to a wise and honourable man, in whom all parties can confide, and before whom every question of title may be examined; by securing many native witnesses living about the property in question to the conveyance; and by the formal registration of the contract in the archives of the consulate.

Altogether, therefore, we call in question the soundness of the commissioner's conclusion in this inquiry, and the wisdom of the policy adopted by the Government. At the same time, we bear willing testimony to the honourable and courteous way in which Colonel Smythe carried out the delicate and difficult task committed to him. If any evidence on this point were needed, it is supplied by the request sent home that, in the event of the cession being accepted, Colonel Smythe might be appointed as governor of the new colony.

But, after all, another side of the question presents itself, quite distinct from that just discussed. Has Fiji reason to regret on her own account the decision of the British Government? On the whole, we think not. Now that she is thrown upon herself, it is not improbable that her resources will be developed more fully and speedily than they could otherwise have been. At the same time there is ground of hope that she may escape the operation of that mysterious but seemingly inexorable law which dooms the aboriginal populations to disappear before foreign immigration.

The first steps towards independence and self-government will be the hardest. But with the countenance and help of Great Britain, assured by the residence of a suitable consul, and the aid and advice of those who have proved themselves the best friends of Fiji, there is no reason why her difficulties should not be surmounted. The doctrine will sound strange to Dr. Seemann and Mr. Pritchard; but we believe that the future stability of Fiji will greatly depend upon her forming a close alliance with Tonga. Were it only the choice between two evils, we hold it would be better to make friends of the Tongans, than to be exposed to the hazard of their constant hostility. But this is not the alternative. The Tongans, with all their faults, have many fine points of character in which the Fijian is wanting. Though less numerous than the Fijians, they are more accomplished, more united, more disciplined. And now that they have obtained the hold



they have in Fiji, it would be equally unjust and impracticable to expel them. A sound policy will encourage the blending of the two races. United, they will make a strong people. Separate, the one will consume the other, only to fall, in its turn, before the coming of civilised men.

In the framing of a government and laws, we foresee another danger. The friends of the Fijians, who are called in to help them in this important matter, will be likely to be tempted to make their work too perfect. We trust this error will be avoided. The material should be allowed, for the most part, to determine the form. Where the existing elements and appliances are not hopelessly identified with pre-existing heathenism and barbarity, the end contemplated will be best secured by simply seeking to animate them with right principles, and to put them in the way of natural and easy development into a better and stronger constitution.

Apart from the light which Dr. Seemann's work sheds on the main subject of this article, it possesses much to attract intelligent readers of all classes. The scientific, and especially the botanical, information which it contains, is large and valuable. Amongst other details, it gives a list of all the known vegetable productions of Fiji, including many types altogether new to Europeans. Our author's descriptions of the people of the islands are not less interesting than his accounts of their flora; though we cannot always follow him when he endeavours to trace to their causes the phenomena of which he writes. We find ourselves slow to believe, for example, that the strangling of widows, and the exposure and burying alive of the aged, are the pure fruits of affection. (Page 192.)

This passage, however, is to be explained, we suppose, by the almost enthusiastic admiration which Dr. Seemann conceived for the Fijians, an admiration which makes him their advocate wherever his ingenious kindness can find an argument in their favour. On this principle, in part, we account for his pleading, like Bishop Colenso, if not exactly on behalf of polygamy, yet in favour of admitting polygamists into Christian communion. Our author quotes with high approval the Bishop's opinion on this subject.\* Whatever may be

\* It is a little singular that, on another point, Dr. Seemann has followed the bishop of Natal. He calls in question the wisdom of the missionaries in the choice they have made of a native term for describing the true God. Instead of the generic *Kalon*, which they adopted, he would have them use *Degei*, (pronounced Ndeingei,) the specific title of the chief god of the native mythology. On precisely the same grounds as those on which his objection is founded, it might be argued that St. Paul, in bringing Christianity to Corinth, should have called the Most High *Zeús*, and not *Θεός*.

thought of Dr. Seemann's opinions on these and some other points, they show that in the testimony which he bears to the worth of the missions in Fiji he is no prejudiced or partial witness.

He found that there were no Protestant missionaries in the group but those sent from England by the Wesleyan Methodists; though a few French priests have, for some years, endeavoured, with little success, to establish Romanism in Fiji. On this subject our author says:—

‘Apart from any religious consideration, I should always support the Protestant missionary in preference to the Roman Catholic, because the latter attempts simply the conversion of the heathen, whilst the Protestant not only Christianizes, but at the same time civilises them. The quiet, well-regulated family life and cleanly habits which our Protestant missionaries set before the savage are of inestimable value to the people whom they endeavour to raise in the scale of humanity. It is quite wrong to suppose that savages do not notice whether a man wears clean linen and is well washed or not. They do notice it, and never fail to draw comparison in favour of those who, by means of their comfortable homes, are enabled to appear before them as good examples of cleanliness.’—Page 84.

On visiting Bau, the Fijian metropolis, Dr. Seemann writes:—

‘There being a rather strong south-easterly breeze, we arrived two hours after dark at Bau, thoroughly wet from salt water, and heartily glad to take shelter under the hospitable roof of Mr. Collis, a gentleman connected with the mission. Until 1854, Bau, which is the name of the metropolis, as well as the ruling state, was opposed to the missionaries, and the ovens in which the bodies of human victims were baked scarcely ever got cold. Since then, however, a great change has taken place. The king and all his court have embraced Christianity; of the heathen temples, which, by their pyramidal form, gave such a peculiar local colouring to old pictures of the place, only the foundations remain. The sacred groves in the neighbourhood are cut down, and in the great square where formerly cannibal feasts took place, a large church has been erected. Not without emotion did I land on this blood-stained soil, where probably greater iniquities were perpetrated than ever disgraced any other spot on earth. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; and instead of the wild noise that greeted former visitors, family prayer was heard from nearly every house. To bring about such a change has indeed required no slight effort; and many valuable lives had to be sacrificed,—for although no missionary in Fiji has ever met with a violent death, yet the list of those who died in the midst of their labours is proportionately very great. The Wesleyans, to whose disinterestedness the conversion of these degraded beings is due,

have, as a Society, expended £75,000 on this object; and if the private donations of friends to individual missionaries and their families be added, the sum swells to the respectable amount of £80,000.'—Pp. 77, 78.

When speaking of the apostasy of a town which had once professed Christianity, he remarks:—

'These and similar fluctuations must be expected in all attempts to introduce a new faith, but from which Fiji has been more free than many other countries similarly operated upon. Wherever Christianity was preached in the group, it took a quick and firm hold, and the ultimate conversion of the whole population is merely a matter of time and *£. s. d.* If the Wesleyan Society had more funds at its disposal, so as to be able to send out a greater number of efficient teachers, a very few years would see the whole of Fiji Christianized, as all the real difficulties formerly in the way of the mission have now been removed.'—Page 135.

The friends of the Fiji mission will acknowledge gratefully the sincerity of Dr. Seemann's convictions as evinced in what immediately follows:—

'On my representing the case in this light, His Majesty the King of Hanover was graciously pleased to subscribe as his first gift £100 towards so desirable an object, at the same time expressing his admiration for the labours of individual missionaries I named. If the Fijis should be taken by any European Government, the prosperity of the country would best be advanced by placing ample funds at the disposal of the Protestant missionaries for the Christianization of the natives, for which the machinery as now worked by the Wesleyans would offer the most efficient and readiest means.'

Many more extracts might be given, showing our author's just appreciation of the character and services of the missionaries and their native assistants. The following remarks are well worthy of attention:—

'The mission station at Lakemba is close to a great swamp, and cannot be very healthy. Many more salubrious spots might be found; but the missionary, in order to do the greatest amount of good, should live amongst his flock, and avoid every kind of isolation. He should mix with them as freely as he possibly can, and, on the principle that example is better than precept, exhibit as much of his daily family life as is compatible with necessary privacy. From that point of view, the place has been well chosen; but it is certainly a great deal to expect from an ill-paid missionary to expatriate himself, and to take up his abode in such localities as these. I felt the greatness of the sacrifice expected, on seeing here the widow of a poor fellow who had died only a short time before

our arrival. Though the climate of Fiji cannot be termed unhealthy, the Wesleyans have lost a great number of their labourers in this field. In some measure this calamity may be accounted for by their having selected men physically unfit to embark in such an enterprise. Excessive zeal should not be the only qualification. To expect from the Great Giver and Preserver of life, that it would please Him to grant a body constitutionally unqualified for the trying climate of the tropics perfect health and long life, would be a miracle, outside religious circles regarded as little short of impiety. Nor from an economical point of view would it seem wise to go to the expense of sending out men, whose lives, on their being transferred to the tropics, would in all human probability not be worth five years' purchase.'—Pp. 16, 17.

While acknowledging the sound wisdom of this judgment in the main, we can assure Dr. Seemann that the Wesleyan Missionary Society takes every possible precaution to ascertain and insure the physical fitness of its agents for the scene of their employment. Insurance offices know full well how often all such precautions are vain. The missionary, whose widow Dr. Seemann met at Lakemba,—the Rev. John Polglase,—was, up to the time of his sudden and fatal illness, one of the most vigorous men on the mission, and seemed likely to add many more to the ten useful years of active employment which he had spent in Fiji. It should not be forgotten, too, that the 'excessive zeal,' without which these missionaries would not be the men Dr. Seemann declares them to be, fails not to tell upon the most vigorous constitution in the ratio of its own intensity.

All who cherish an honest wish for the spread of Christianity must feel, on the whole, well satisfied with the published results of the late Fiji commission; and, on this ground at least, the decision of Government to put the offer from the far south into the category of its rejected addresses can hardly cause disappointment. We heartily agree with Colonel Smythe's opinion, that,

'looking solely at the interests of civilisation, the forcible and immediate suppression of the barbarous practices of the heathen portion of the population might appear a very desirable act; yet in beneficial influence on the native character, it might prove less real and permanent than the more gradual operation of missionary teaching. The success which has attended the missionaries in Fiji has been very remarkable, and presents every prospect of continuance. The principal tribes at present without missionaries or native teachers are waiting to receive them, and there appears nothing wanting but time and a sufficiency of instructors to render the whole of the inhabitants professing Christians.'—*Blue Book*, p. 32.

We are prepared to go further than this, and to maintain that missionary operations would be more hindered than helped by the colonisation of Fiji: for, whilst so great a change would check some of the evils which oppose them, it would increase others of a far more trying and difficult kind. It is a grievous fact, too well known in other missions also, that, as Colonel Smythe says of Fiji, 'the great hindrance to the progress of civilisation and Christianity among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands is the conduct and example of the whites residing or roving among them.' This adverse influence would certainly have received large and sudden reinforcement had Fiji been made a British colony.

Before closing our review of this now terminated negotiation, we are glad to acknowledge the wisdom and justice of that part of the official instructions given by the Duke of Newcastle to the Commissioner, which refers to the missions.

'10. The missionaries, who have for many years been established in the islands, chiefly, as I am informed, of the Wesleyan persuasion [*sic*], have contended against the evil practices of the people with their usual courage and devotion; and it is satisfactory to know that their efforts have been successful to a far greater degree than many would have expected. Mr. Pritchard states, that one third of the population has embraced Christianity, while he estimates that nearly an equal number have renounced their heathenism, but without as yet definitely attaching themselves to the Christian congregation.

'11. The services of these missionaries cannot be too highly appreciated; they have brought the truths of religion within the reach of this wild and distant people, they have abated inhuman customs of very inveterate power, and they have, in addition, secured an amount of safety and freedom previously unknown for the Europeans who traffic or settle among these islands; these are benefits which all must acknowledge, and which Her Majesty's Government, who have it in contemplation to avail themselves so largely, for the advantage of the public, of the results of the labours of these devoted men, are especially bound to acknowledge; but I must caution you not to suffer your sympathy for the missionaries, or your admiration of their achievements, to affect your judgment upon the questions of policy into which you are commissioned to inquire; these must be treated as wholly distinct. Her Majesty's Government must continue to intrust the propagation of the Gospel in the distant parts of the earth, as their predecessors have intrusted it, to the piety and zeal of individuals. The hope of the conversion of a people to Christianity, however specious, must not be made a reason for increasing the British dominions. The question, therefore, whether or not the Fijis ought to be added to the numerous colonial possessions of this country, must be deter-

mined by the same motives of ordinary expediency which direct the general national policy.'—*Blue Book*, p. 25.

If the Secretary of State, in these instructions, implies that the missionaries joined in urging the cession of Fiji with a view to bring about a direct increase of success to their own work, he has, in this particular, missed the exact truth; the fact being simply, that they had come to feel so deep an interest in the welfare of the islanders, that they endeavoured to effect this arrangement as being in their judgment the most speedy, if not the only effectual, mode of delivering the people from very serious political difficulties and perils. They, and their friends at home, and in Australia, are following up the great work which God has done by them in Fiji, with as fresh a zeal and faith as ever. Not an individual has yet fallen in this high enterprise, but has had a trophy of many triumphs for his monument. Men are now living to watch over flourishing churches in places where they themselves formerly witnessed horrors, the telling of which—though they never durst tell all—brought into suspicion their credit for truth, with even thoughtful and well-informed Christians at home.

Let the Gospel but prevail throughout this magnificent Archipelago, and let a healthy civilisation but continue to spread and develope, and, as we venture to believe, Fiji will not follow the fortunes of the races that are vanishing away, but in her beautiful home of many isles will yet furnish another notable illustration of the truth, that 'righteousness exalteth a nation.'

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ART. III.—*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest Period to the present Year, 1616.* Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and copious Notes. By JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Barrister at Law. Second Edition. 7 vols. 4to. Dublin. 1856.

'In one respect,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'Irish history has been eminently fortunate. The chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their



legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language; they have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of these chronicles.' Perhaps this is saying more than can be fairly admitted. We may reasonably doubt whether any part of the annals thus alluded to was committed to writing so early as the second Christian century. At the same time the general truth of the documents in question remains indisputable.

For the preservation of these documents we are indebted to the 'Four Masters;' a title given to the compilers by those who cherished their memory and reaped the fruit of their labours. Following the mediæval fashion, their friends styled them 'Masters,' because they proved to be such in their chosen vocation; they were equal to their calling, adepts in the science of sifting Irish traditions in search of truth; masters in the art and mystery of interpreting the manuscript treasures of their native language. The name is given them in print for the first time in the preface to Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, published in 1645.

The personal history of the 'Four Masters' connects itself with a spot in the neighbourhood of the town of Donegal. Near this town, on the right of the road to Ballyshannon, and at the point at which the open harbour of the bay narrows into the more sheltered creek, a monastery once claimed to be guardian of the adjacent waters and cultivated lowlands. It was founded by an O'Donnell, in 1474, for the benefit of Franciscan Brothers of the Strict Observance. Like many houses of that order, it had a profitable and pleasant site. The friars could rejoice over the southern outstretch of their glebe and garden ground. Eastward their borders looked upon wide prospects of green valleys and hills. The ocean lay open on their left. They could find easy access to river banks, and might wander through the quiet upland retreats of Loch Rask; while within sight, on the opposite side of the inlet, there was the verdant swell of Drumcliffe Hill, eloquent with traditions of successive coronations of the great O'Donnells. Then beyond, away towards the wild north, there was a stern wilderness of rugged heights, fantastic mountain heaps, and bold headlands, with strange interweavings of bay and loch, hollow and brook, of torrent, terrace, and rock-girt strips and patches of arable and

pasture land. To crown all these advantages, the monastery of Donegal contained what was deemed in that age a well stored library; and the monks had the credit of being equally able and willing to make effective use of it. Here the Annals of Ireland, the *Annales Dungallenses*, as they have been called, were prepared by the 'Four Masters.'

From the year 1474, to the opening of the seventeenth century, the good friars of Donegal had little or nothing to disturb the peacefulness of their meditations, to break the weekly order of their preaching plan, or to check their tribute of prayers for the House of O'Donnell. All this while the chant and song of the forty brethren had been kept up day and night. The primitive garments had gone on to improve both in texture and ornament. Only two of their many silver vessels remained without gilt lining. Their household furniture had become valuable; and their church could boast of many comforts and decorations. But amidst the struggles of their patron, Red Hugh O'Donnell, against the policy and arms of our English Queen Bess, they were doomed to share the misfortunes of their party; and on the festival of St. Lawrence, 1601, five hundred English soldiers took possession of the monastery. The sacristan, Father Mooney, has left us a plaintive account of the event. The brethren had timely warning of the danger, and fled into the woods, carrying with them the best of their property. 'Then in one and the same hour (by Divine appointment, as some think) a fire seized the building, and consumed many of the soldiers with it; while a vessel which was entering the port with provisions for them was dashed upon the rocks.' Neither church, cloisters, nor cells were ever restored. When Rory O'Donnell came into possession of the land which his brother, the Red Hugh, had abandoned for the pleasant asylum he sought among the grandees of Spain, he made an effort to rebuild the monastery; but he soon found it necessary to leave Ireland and his friars to shift for themselves. Some of the scattered brethren took refuge in other convents; while others crept back to their desolated home, and were permitted to set up a few cabins not far from the blackened walls of their former sanctuary. In one of these huts the pages of the 'Four Masters' were written.

Of the persons so called, three were O'Clerys, that is to say, Michael, Conary, and Cucogry. The fourth scribe was Ferfeasa O'Mulconry. The O'Clerys, like most decent people belonging to their generation and corner of Keltica, claimed to be of royal descent. They were reputed branches or suckers

from the stock of Guaire Aidhne, called by some 'the hospitable king of Connaught,' who flourished somewhere about the seventh century. For several ages the line of ambition among the leading members of this family ran chiefly in the way of respectably heading the clan, both at feast and a-field. But their native versatility showed itself in other directions as soon as they were honoured with a visit from the English. No sooner did they made the acquaintance of De Burgo, *alias* William Burke, than their faces were simultaneously turned towards literature. The name of O'Clery lost its virtue as a battle or skirmish cry, and became a synonym of scholastic power and renown. From this time it belonged to the lineage of antiquaries and book-worms. About the year 1382, one of the family was found at Tirconnell, cultivating a learned friendship with the monks and clerics of Assaroe, near Ballyshannon. By them he was employed as professor of civil and canon law, and was introduced in this capacity to O'Sgingin, the O'Donnell's chief chronicler; who, in hope of keeping the honours of the chronicle department in the family, gave his only daughter to O'Clery, without insisting on his parental claim on the bridegroom for *Tinnsra*, or 'Tin.' In case of his having a son, however, it was understood that he should inherit the office of household historian to the chief. A boy was born of the marriage, whose name was Gilla-Brighde. Gilla-Brighde, the *Ollav*, or history-maker, was the father of another history-maker called Gillareagh, whose son was Dermot O'Clery, surnamed, 'of the three schools.' Whether these schools were 'hedge schools,' or 'high schools,' does not appear. They were 'grammar schools,' as matter of course; one was a school of 'general literature,' another a 'school of history,' and a third a 'school of poetry.' O'Clery's popularity as a schoolmaster secured for him a grant of land from the chief; and some stony fragments still linger on the grounds of Kilbarron to tell of a castle and other dignified dwellings in which his three grandsons once enjoyed the reputation of being hospitable, learned, and wealthy. From the eldest of these grandsons, in the fourth degree, sprang Cucogry, one of the Four Masters; and from the second brother, in the third degree, came the other annalists, Conary O'Clery, and 'Teige of the Mountain,' otherwise Brother Michael.

Michael was chief of the Four Masters, the leading spirit in the quaternion. He was the great collector of historic material, the superintending composer and scribe; and through him especially the 'Annals of Ireland' are for ever associated with

the brotherhood of St. Francis and the abbey of Donegal. He was born near Ballyshannon, probably in the year 1575. His baptismal name was Teigeán-tsleibhe (Teige of the Mountain); but, on his admission to the lay brotherhood among the Franciscan friars, he dropped his cognominal finery, and became Brother Michael. His monkish profession was not inconsistent with his hereditary calling as an antiquarian and historian. Rome makes use of all the material which comes in her way. Michael was sent back to Ireland from Louvain to collect Irish manuscripts, perhaps also to gather up any traditions which might serve in writing the lives of Irish saints. He pursued his work for fifteen years; and, while he transmitted the manuscript results of his toil, he compiled several distinct works: the *Reim-Reioghraidhe*, or, 'Catalogue of Kings,' the 'Genealogies of Saints,' and the 'Irish Calendar,' which was finished in the convent of his order at Athlone, on November 4th, 1630; the *Leabhar-Gabhala*, or 'Book of Conquests,' written at Lisgool, near Enniskillen; and *Annala Rioghachta Éireann*, 'Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland,' of which he says in his dedication, 'On the twentieth day of the month of January, anno Domini, 1632, this book was commenced in the convent of Dun-na-Gall; and it was finished in the same convent on the tenth of August, 1636, the eleventh year of the reign of our King Charles over England, France, Alba, and over Éire.' In addition to these volumes, he wrote a Glossary of difficult and obsolete Irish words, which the celebrated Lhwyd incorporated with his Irish dictionary. This, his last production, was printed at Louvain during 1613, the year in which he died.

The second annalist, Conary O'Clery, seems to have acted as a mere copyist, under the direction of Michael. He was an unpretending layman, whose learning was his wealth; and who performed his life-task for the benefit of after generations, without a single care about the perpetuation of his own memory and name.

Cucogry, the third Master belonging to the O'Clery family, was the head of the Tirconnell section of his clan; a position which would scarcely have saved him from oblivion, had he not been in practice, as well as by birth, a literary chief. He acted as historian to the house of O'Donnell, and wrote memoirs of Red Hugh, from which passages were transcribed into the *Annales Dungallenses*. In the judgment of the 'Royal Inquisition Office,' however, neither his Irish blood, said to be *royal*, nor his Irish learning, could give him right of property in Irish soil. As the court at Lifford ruled, he was

'a meere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or surname;' how, then, could he be 'encumbered' with an Irish 'estate'? 'Let him be disencumbered, and let the king have the advantage of his relief.' And so it was. The poor 'Master' had to quit his fields in Donegal, and migrate into Mayo, with a broken remnant of the O'Donnells. True to his instincts and calling, however, he carried his books with him; and when he died, in 1664, these made up just all the fortune that came to his sons. 'I bequeathed the property most dear to me that ever I possessed in this world,' says the plaintive scholar, 'namely, my books, to my two sons, Dermot and John. Let them copy from them, without injuring them, whatever may be necessary for their purpose; and let them be equally seen and used by the children of my brother Carbry, as by themselves;.....and I request the children of Carbry to teach and instruct their children.'

The last of the 'Four Masters,' Ferfeasa O'Mulconry, has left no memorial but his undefined share in the original transcript of the annals; nor any material for biography, except the fact that he, too, was born of antiquarian caste, somewhere within the borders of Roscommon.

Such, then, were the 'Four Masters.' To these, the Fathers of the Franciscan Order, who met at Donegal on the 10th of August, 1636, award their approbation, and 'bear witness that it was Fearghal O'Gadhra that prevailed on Brother Michael O'Clery to bring together the chroniclers and learned men by whom were transcribed the books of history and annals of Ireland (as much of them as it was possible to find;) and that it was the same Fearghal that gave them a reward for their writing. The place at which it was transcribed, from beginning to end, was the convent of Dun-nau-Gall, they supplying food and attendance.' Some of the materials which Michael O'Clery spent so many years in collecting, and in the copying and arranging of which he and his three companions were employed from January, 1632, to August, 1636, are still in existence; but, for the most part, the originals are lost, and of many of the manuscripts the names alone remain. For example, there was 'The Book of *Cluain-mic-Nois*,' 'blessed by Saint Ciarau, son of the carpenter,' and now known only through a translation executed in 1627. Then there was 'The Book of the Island of Saints' in Loch Ribh, no longer to be found; 'The Book of *Seanadh Mic Maghnusa*,' now known as 'The Annals of Ulster,' or sometimes as *Annales Senatenses*, from their being composed by Mac Manus on the island of Seanadh, the modern Ballymacmanus,

or Bell-isle, on Loch Erne; 'The Book of the *Clann-Ua-Macchonaire*,' lost to us; 'The Book of the *O'Duigenans* of Kilronou;' 'The historical Book of *Lecanmic Fírbesegh*,' also passed into oblivion; 'The Book of Cucogry O'Clerigh,' the great grandfather of the annalist, who wrote about the year 1537, but whose manuscript has disappeared; 'The Book of *Mac Bruaideadha*,' no longer extant; and 'The Book of *Lughaidh O'Clerigh*.' 'All these books we have seen,' say the Franciscan Censors, 'with the learned men of whom we have spoken before, and other historical books beside them.' As might be expected, the Irish text of the annals affords evidence of diversity in the age and character of its materials. The orthography is not uniform; and there are occasional indications of variety of dialect. But the changes of style which have marked the history of Irish literature, ranging as they do from the rigid simplicity of earlier times to the wordy pomp and swell of the later self-important ages, are still more striking features. Here the powers of the translator have been called into exercise; but he proves himself equal to the occasion, and furnishes the English reader with a good general idea of the multifarious manner of his originals.

We have no means of accurately fixing the date at which the oldest of the Masters' documents were written; nor can we be certain whether they were framed as bardic tradition, or compiled from some still older-written records. The earliest existing Irish manuscripts belong to the seventh, or, as some say, to the ninth century of our era. We admit the earlier date, and put them on the same chronological shelf with the oldest remnants of German, Anglo-Saxon, and ancient Norse. Ireland, however, can boast of monumental stones whose testimony is even more venerable than that of her parchments. One of the oldest of these is the memorial pillar of Lugnaedon in Loch Carrig. It is in memory of St. Patrick's nephew; and the inscription on it, which is in Roman characters of the fifth century, proves that a literature of some sort existed in Galway two hundred years, at least, before the date of the earliest known manuscripts. Other evidence carries us back still further.

Somewhere about the year 412, St. Jerome seems to have perfected his practice of recommending his own pages by well begriming the personal character of his critics; and just then, by way of introducing one of his commentaries to the Christian world, he said, or would have said if he had written in plain English, 'An ignorant slanderer has lately started up to find fault with my commentaries on the Epistle of Paul to the



Ephesians. What does he know about commentaries, lumpish as he is with Scotch porridge?.....Dumb enough himself, he barks through a great, fat, Albinum dog, who can make much more to do with his heels than with his teeth. He has a Scotch brood, like another Cerberus, and must be well cudgelled, till, with his master, Pluto, he for ever holds his peace.' The wrathful commentator alludes to the celebrated Pelagius, or his disciple Celestius, or to both; and as the term *Scoticæ* could, in his time, be applied to no other than the Keltic population of Ireland, he awards to the Irish the honour of being so far advanced in literary culture as to give to the world one, at least, of the great heresiarchs of the day. Little did Jerome think, when he mixed his dose of hard words and Scotch porridge for the benefit of his own generation, that he was providing a delectable morsel for the nourishment of Keltic history, and for the fond use of modern Irish antiquaries. His philippic against Celestius certifies us, at any rate, that the Irish generation to which Celestius belonged was not ignorant of letters. Gennadius of Marseilles, who continued Jerome's list of 'Celebrated Ecclesiastical Writers,' speaks of Celestius with more courtesy, and furnishes information which throws agreeable light on a still earlier stage of Hibernian learning. While the young Irishman was yet in his monastery, he tells us, and before he came under the teaching and influence of Pelagius, he wrote three letters to his parents in old Scotia. They were in the form of small books. There was no trace of heresy in them; they contained simply instructions needful for those who wished to serve God. These letters were probably written from the monastery of St. Martin of Tours, A.D. 369. We may presume that the persons to whom they were addressed could read; and the fact that the father and mother of Celestius were capable of appreciating their son's pages, argues that at the beginning of the fourth century there were some, at least, among the Irish who might be called bookish. Indeed, from the manner in which Chrysostom boasts of the power of the truth over the outside ocean tribes, and of the Christian Churches and altars that were found in the British Isles, it seems clear that Ireland, as well as Britain, must have been brought under Christian instruction long before his day,—probably as far back as even apostolic times. This involves a certain familiarity with written language. The first Christian missionaries, like their modern successors, were at once evangelists and schoolmasters. If it could be proved decisively that Ireland received Chris-

tianity as early as the second century, we might venture to date her earliest written chronicles from that period.

As to Irish claims to a Pagan literature, we are more than doubtful. What foundation is there for such a claim? Sir W. Betham's theory of the Phœnician lineage and civilisation of the Erse rests upon the assumption that the Keltic dialects are Shemitic—an assumption which the strong voice of comparative language has now for some while determined to be a dream. Nor do those stand upon firmer ground whose opinions in favour of such a literature base themselves on bardic tradition. Some of the most zealous bard worshippers seem unable to make any higher boast as to the antiquity of Irish literature, than that before the Christian era Ireland could really say her A B C, or more correctly her B L F; for so, they say, the old Pagan alphabet began. This alphabet, taking its name, like our own, from its first three letters, was known as the *Bobel-loth*. Another arrangement began with B L N, and was called the *Beth-luis-niou*. The bardic story has it, that Fenius Fersaidh, the ancestor of the Irish, being the great-grandson of Japheth, the son of Noah, set up a school on the plain Shennar, and there composed 'the first alphabets of the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Latins, and also the *Beth-luis-niou* and *Ogham*,' attaching to each letter the name of some leading master in his school. We cannot now stay to inquire whether the great grandson of Noah's first-born was truly and properly an Irishman; nor must we speculate on the depths of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew obligation to the Irish alphabet-maker; neither will we seek to ascertain how the abundant alphabetical capital of the Irish came to lose every visible shred of its literary fortune. It is sufficient for us, that when Christianity found the race, they had nothing of their own to show for their *Bobel-loth*. No one can tell what the letters of the old alphabet were like. The most ghostly outline of a single shape cannot be called up; but surely, if Christianity had found any traces of them on the ground, some traditional picture of their forms would have still remained. We may be reminded, indeed, that if Ireland cannot tell the shapes of her *Bobel-loth*, she can boast of a *Beth-luis-niou*. And what if her second alphabet has left no impress upon leaf, stone, or national memory? She can boast that all her letters had names, and that these were taken from trees and shrubs of every kind, from the reed to the hazel and the oak! This curious legend really has an air of antiquity, or shall we say of romance, about it: unfortunately, however, for the reputation of the *Beth-luis-niou*, it has eight letters too many; four of

these being necessary in Latin, but useless in Irish, and the other four being diphthongs, and so not to be classed as distinct letters either in Irish or Latin. The builders of this overcrowded system evidently had the Latin alphabet before them. And when to this patent fact is added the circumstance that the earliest written testimony to its antiquity dates from the fifteenth century, we need not labour to show that, so far as evidence from this source is concerned, the pyramid of a pre-Christian Irish literature rests upon a point. If the story about these alphabets is worth notice at all, it is as probably showing that the first Christian teachers of the Irish tribes found some difficulty in adapting the Latin alphabet to the tongue of their converts; and that, by the same or by different persons, several modes of representing its elementary sounds were invented and used before Irish orthography settled into its present form. However this may be, not a word of any written language is now to be found in Ireland which does not bear the impress of Latin Christianity.

Hitherto we have said nothing on the famous Ogham characters. In the absence of any veritable relics of a true Pagan alphabet, what account is to be given of them? The writing which bears this name occurs on rocks and stones, and has been supposed to answer to the symbolic records of Egypt and Assyria. Now, if Ireland can produce monuments of undoubted Pagan antiquity, bearing contemporary Ogham characters, and can verify from them any alleged facts belonging to the traditional history of her Pagandom, her claims to the honour of ante-Christian literature must be granted. But what are the facts? It is not enough that bardic voices are said to have sung that the Ogham forms were composed by the great grandson of Japheth, nor that certain old manuscripts describe among the variety of Oghams the Din-Ogham, with the titles of its letters taken from the hills; the En-Ogham, or bird characters; the Dath-Ogham, named from colours; and the Cell-Ogham, which owes its birth to churches. It is not enough that the 'Annals of Clonmacnoise' declare 'Morish O'Gibelan a master of art, one exceeding well learned in the new and old laws, civil and canon, a cunning and skilful philosopher, and excellent poet in Irish, an eloquent and exact speaker of the speech which in Irish is called Ogham.' All this is only so much evidence in favour of Dr. Ledwich's opinion, that 'the Northerns wrote their runes in every possible form,—in circles, in angles, from right to left, and *vice versa*; that in the German *Buchstab*, drawn sometimes in horizontal and sometimes in perpendicular lines, we have probably the original of the Irish Ogham Craobh;

and that, in a word, these wonderful Irish Oghams were nothing but a stenographic, or steganographic, contrivance common to the semi-barbarians of Europe in the middle ages, and very probably derived from the Romans.' The final appeal on this question must be to existing monuments. Where are they? We do not doubt the existence of many an 'Ogham on the stone;' what we want is one, at least, free from Christian marks, and indisputably contemporaneous with the older Paganism. Popular opinion leads us to the county of Clare for the object we seek; and there, on the Callan mountain, it is true there is an old stone with writing on it, which looks out upon the wilderness of waters, and keeps watch and ward, they say, over the sleeping dust of Conan, one of the last Irish worshippers of the Sun! We would fain be reverent on such a spot; but when there is reason to believe that one poetic antiquary forged the inscription, and when another of the brotherhood stands convicted of creating the fragment of an old poem to sustain the honour of the sun-worshipper's grave, we are forced to join in the laugh of a somewhat merciless iconoclast, and to say after him, 'Can it be imagined that the Callan inscription has stood so many centuries in a naked and wild situation, uninjured by the tooth of time?' Perhaps the venerable Druid who performed the funeral rites to the manes of Conal Colgach not only pronounced the '*Sit terra letis*,' but washed the stone with a magic composition of mistletoe, semolus, and selago, and in a fine prophetic frenzy predicted the amazing discoveries of modern Irish antiquaries! The county of Kerry, however, can boast of Oghams, some of which, at least, are not of modern manufacture. The cave of Dunloe is chief among them. Nor will the wonder-loving tourist to Killarney fail to excuse the pride with which his guide introduces him to this chamber of the mighty dead. 'This cave of Dunloe,' he is told, 'must be regarded as an ancient Irish library lately disinterred and restored to the light. The books are the large impost stones which form the roof. Their angles contain the writing. A library of such literature was never heard of in England before, and scarcely in Ireland; and yet it is of the greatest antiquity. The discovery opens a new page concerning the hitherto disputed question touching the acquaintance of the ancient Irish with letters.' This new page is soon read. It happens in this case, as in many others; that 'he that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.' The discriminating O'Donovan follows our eloquent Killarney guide, and speaks thus:—

'The only monument with an Ogham inscription yet discovered which exhibits all the apparent features of a Pagan monument, is an artificial cave near the Castle of Dunloe, in the county of Kerry. It was discovered in 1838 by the workmen of Daniel Mahony, Esq., of Dunloe Castle. In constructing a sunk fence in one of the fields of the demesne, they broke into a subterranean chamber of a curved form, which proved to be the termination of a gallery. The sides of the cave are constructed of rude stones, without any kind of cement, and the roof is formed of long stones laid horizontally. An upright stone pillar extends from the centre of the floor to the roof, and is evidently designed to support it. This pillar-stone is inscribed with Ogham characters, as are four of those which form the roof, in such a manner as to impress the conviction that they had been inscribed before they were placed in their present position. In the passage were found many human skulls and bones, which clearly indicated the sepulchral character of the monument. I examined this cave in the year 1841, and can testify that the inscriptions are not fabrications; but whether the monument be Pagan or early Christian, I will not take upon me to decide.'

This is cautious. The writer would, if possible, keep the balance from turning against the Pagan claims; but those who find it hard to decide whether the characters are signs of names or numbers, may perhaps be allowed to think that these Oghams will not sustain the literary claims of Irish Pagandom, especially when it is remarked that they bear a puzzling resemblance to the hieroglyphics which bargemen and coalheavers use in marking their tallies. The one fact, that, though no one can tell the meaning of all the strokes on the stones at Dunloe, there are Christian crosses among them, is conclusive against the theory which connects the inscriptions with purely heathen times. Thus ends the Ogham case.

On the whole, we are satisfied that the literature of Ireland dates from the time of its first Christian evangelists. Whoever these evangelists were, they brought with them the scientific use of the pen, and were the first to give to the Erse a permanent place among the written languages of Europe.

Quite distinct from the question we have now discussed is that of the antiquity of the Irish tongue. On this subject there can be no doubt. It is a living representative of those mysterious formative processes through which human speech passed in the first ages of the world. It is the eldest of the older or Gaelic branch of the great Aryan stock of languages. The ancestral pride of our Welsh cousins may demur to this; but facts are stubborn, and no feeling can alter them. The Gael never sold their birthright. Let not the Kymri affect what belongs to the firstborn. 'The Principality' is not degraded

because comparative grammar shows that her children have a rather more juvenile tongue than some of her relatives; nor even if historical facts should dispose us to agree with Mr. Wright, that Welsh is the language of those who emigrated from Armorica to Wales after the Romans had evacuated Britain. All the Keltic dialects have suffered from the lapse of time; but the Gaelic of Ireland, more plainly than any of its household, retains original family features.

The 'Annals' before us confirm our view as to the absence of a national literature in Ireland prior to the Christian period, by the insight which they give us into the moral and social character and condition of the Irish tribes during the early centuries of our era. The frequent notices of bloody strife, the catalogue of violent deaths, and the occasional allusions to the style of living, the treatment of women, and some of the favourite juvenile amusements of the people, all tend to discourage our giving the Gael of those times credit for any semblance of refinement, and most certainly bar their claim to all mental culture or literary accomplishment. It is amusing, though not uninteresting, to see how the thorough-bred old Irish historian Keating manages his arguments against those who fix the social standing of ancient Ireland low:—

'Camden asserts,' says he, 'that the people of Ireland made no account of matrimony, except such as lived in cities, and in the civilised part of the kingdom. This is an accusation, not only false and invidious, but highly reflecting, not only upon the nobility and gentry, who are natives of the island, but upon the English who have settled and obtained possession in the country. I confess, indeed, that some of the meaner sort are of a wild and untractable nature; and, like the populace in all parts of the world, are not to be restrained by any laws either civil or ecclesiastical.'

He proceeds:—

'There are authors in being of some antiquity, who are very solicitous to blemish the character of the ancient Irish; particularly Strabo, who in his fourth book asserts that they were cannibals, and lived upon human flesh. In answer to this opprobrious charge, it is to be observed, that Strabo had no opportunities to inform himself of the disposition and manners of the Irish, nor is there any chronicle relating to that nation, which gives the least encouragement to this opinion, or any instance of this practice to be found in the ancient records, except of a lady whose name was Eithne, daughter to a king of Leinster, that was nursed in the county of Deisies, in the province of Munster, whose fosterers fed her with the flesh of children in order to prepare her for marriage.'



This reminds us of Jerome's assertion, that in the fourth century, when he was young, he saw the Attacotti, '*gentem Britannicam*,' in Gaul, feeding on human flesh; and that though they had swine and cattle enough in their forests, they preferred the flesh of men and women at a feast. Ireland had its Attacotti, '*giganteam gentem*,' at the beginning of the Christian age; perhaps akin to the cannibals of the continent. At all events, they were not averse to blood; as the annals record their wholesale murders, under the command of Cairbre Ciuncait, 'the cat-headed;' 'so called because he had ears like those of a cat.' Glimpses like these into the wild and gloomy scenes of old Gaelic life, remind us of that beautiful saying of a modern commentator, 'A certain subdued light, a *chiaro-oscuro*, is well befitting the earliest deeds and sufferings of mankind.'

It is quite in accordance with our argument that the first notice of Christianity in the traditions preserved by the annalists is linked with the first mention of letters. 'The age of Christ 227,' say the chroniclers, was 'the first year of Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the hundred battles, as king over Ireland;' and in 'the age of Christ 266,' they add,

'Forty years was Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn, in the sovereignty of Ireland, when he died at Cleiteach,' (on the banks of the Boyne,) 'the bone of a salmon sticking in his throat, on account of the Siabhradh,' (Genii,) 'which Maelgenn, the Druid, incited at him, after Cormac had turned against the Druids, on account of his adoration of God in preference to them. Wherefore a devil attacked him, at the instigation of the Druids, and gave him a painful death. It was Cormac who composed Teagusc-na-Righ' (a princely institution) 'to preserve manners, morals, and government in the kingdom. He was a famous author in laws, synchronisms, and history; for it was he that established law, rule, and direction for each science, and for each covenant according to propriety; and it is his laws that have governed all that adhered to them to the present time. It was this Cormac, son of Art, also, that collected the chroniclers of Ireland to Teamhair, and ordered them to write the chronicles of Ireland in one book, which was named the Psalter of Teamhair. In that book were' (entered) 'the coeval exploits and synchronisms of the kings of Ireland, with the kings and emperors of the world; and of the kings of the provinces with the monarchs of Ireland. In it was also written what the monarchs of Ireland were entitled to' (receive) 'from the provincial kings, and the rents and dues of the provincial kings from their subjects, from the noble to the subaltern. In it also were' (described) 'the boundaries and meares of Ireland, from shore to shore, from the province to the cantred, from the

cantred to the town-land and from the town-land to the traighidh of land.'

This Cormac, son of Art, seems to have been the first Christian chief of Ireland who distinguished himself as a patron of letters; and if we allow for the somewhat ante-dated chronology of the four masters, and assign his reign to the year A.D. 279-320, we shall not be far wrong in concluding that Christian missionaries of the second century brought letters into Ireland along with their holy doctrines, and were the fathers of alphabetical writing among its Pagan tribes.

The earliest Irish manuscripts corroborate this conclusion. Their characters are undoubtedly Roman. The author of some 'Observations upon the Gaelic Language,' published in the 'Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,' with more genius than logic makes mediæval Europe, if not Rome herself, dependent upon the Irish for their A B C. 'The small alphabet used in early ages all through Europe,' says he, 'was borrowed from the Irish.' Not so, Mr. M'Elligott, not so; it would have been truer to say, that an unprejudiced student of the old manuscripts, still extant in various parts of Europe, must be convinced that the literary remains of several distinct races and nations have come to us in characters which clearly show a common origin, rather than mutual imitation; and that that common origin is obviously Roman. The most distinctive letters of the old Irish MSS., even those which belong rather to Saxon than to Keltic literature, are to be found where they could never have been touched by Irish influence, nor affected by any Gaelic associations whatsoever. There are forms of prayer, for example, belonging to the ninth century; there are homilies of St. Gregory and the works of Isidore of Seville, written during the two preceding ages, and preserved in the library of St. Remigius at Rheims; there are the Divine Institutions of Lactantius, and the works of Virgil, executed during the fifth century, and treasured at Turin and Florence; with various ancient charters and other documents, all bearing silent but convincing witness that the many-tongued multitudes who spread themselves over the desolated scene of the old Roman dominion learned from those on whom they trampled how to give form and grammatical consistency to their own rude speech. Some of the Keltic tributaries of Rome had been among the earliest to adopt the well known Latin letters; and the Irish did this, as we believe, under the guidance of their early Christian teachers,—to whom the language of Ireland is indebted for that comparative fixedness which it has since retained.

If we may judge from what Irish grammar now is, the task of its original builders was not an easy one. We do not endorse the doctrine of a prejudiced critic, and say that they found a language without alphabetical sounds, words for ideas, orthography, or syntax; nor will we quote as an authority a playful bishop, who declares that 'the Irish language is a barbarous jargon, in which all the discordant sounds to be heard in the farmyard are mixed up; there is the drawling running of one note into another of the cock's crow, the squall of the peacock, the cackle of the goose, the duck's quack, the hog's grunt, and no small admixture of the ass's bray.' It is very evident, however, that it taxed the ingenuity of the authors of its grammatical system to the uttermost; the difficulties of their task being greatly heightened, too, by the dialectic rivalries of the race. It was hard indeed to fix a written standard amidst a host of claimants to the palm of antiquity, purity, and music.

The zeal of the earliest Irish chroniclers and dealers in tradition for establishing historical links between the ancestors of the Gael and Bible characters and scenes indicates very clearly the close relation they bore to the infant Christianity of the island. Those of the first generation of converts who had literary power naturally exercised it in seizing and giving written form to the national bardic stories which floated around them. Naturally, too, some of these would be thrown into scriptural forms, and be made to change their pagan for more sacred names. Thus the traditional portion of the Irish 'Annals' would be composed. From whatever depths of the past the mythological fragments may have sprung, and whatever processes of transformation they underwent before they took their final shape, the annals of Ireland come to us from the hands of collectors and scribes who belonged to an early Christian period.

Not that bardic Christianity was able to counterbalance the wonderful inventive power which appears in the pages of the annalists; especially in their records of the most ancient times. This will be quite intelligible to the modern traveller, who has become familiar with the scenes and people of the Emerald Isle. Let him but recall a few instances of that magnifying talent which, by the help of tradition, secures for many a miserable cluster of cabins the honourable title of 'town,' or 'townland;' let him remember how the claims of Irish royalty have been advocated by ragged clansmen in favour of old vagabond chieftains; let him reproduce to himself these wonderful guides who knew how to brighten the dreariest journey by legendary

fictions as suitable to the taste of the tourist as they were rich in wit, humour, and everything that makes a story good, except its truth; and he will cease to wonder at the fact, that Irish bards and annalists were on intimate terms with Irish personages and events belonging to the antediluvian period of the world's history. Our 'Annals' begin with 'the age of the world, to this year of the deluge 2242;' and inform us that 'forty days before the deluge Ceasair came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men, Bith, Ladhra, and Fintain their names. Ladhra died at Ard-Ladhrann,' (Ladhras hill on the east coast of Wexford,) 'and from him it is named. He was the first that died in Ireland. Bith died at Sliabh Beatha,' (Bith's mountain near Clones,) 'and was interred in the Carn of Sliabh Beatha, and from him the mountain is named. Ceasair died at Cuil-Ceasra, in Connaught, and was buried in Carn-Ceasra. From Fintain is' (named) 'Feart-Fintain, over Loch Deirghheirc' (Fintain's grave over Lough Derg). 'From the deluge until Parthalon took possession of Ireland was 278 years; and the age of the world when he arrived in it, 2520.' The compilers of the annals reject certain chronological particulars given by the bards, as that Ceasair, who was the grand-daughter of Noah, landed 'on the fifteenth day of the moon, being the sabbath;' and that Parthalon disembarked on the coast of Kerry 'in the month of May, the fourteenth day of the moon, on a Wednesday.' They also omit some curious garnishings of the story; for example, the troubles of the three men arising out of the number of their lady companions, and the tragic death of Ceasair, who died broken-hearted when the only surviving man of the establishment ran away in despair. Those who wish to follow the richly branching veins of Irish legendary lore, may place themselves under the guidance of good old Geoffry Keating, himself a living plenitude of bardic tales that fit and refit, unfold, and vary, like the forms and colours of a kaleidoscope. As to the minute chronology affected by the ancient retailers of tradition, it has been useful chiefly to those who have blindly contended that the ancient history of Ireland, transmitted by her poets and story-tellers, rests upon accurate calculation. On this subject Dr. O'Donovan quietly remarks that 'it never seems to have occurred to them to ask the simple question, How were the age of the moon and the day of the week at the landing of Ceasair and Parthalon handed down to the Irish writers? seeing that, according to those writers themselves, Ceasair and her followers perished in the flood, and that Parthalon and his colony were *all* carried off by the plague. The bardic historians reply by getting still deeper into fiction, and

relating that Fintain, the son of Bochra, who accompanied Ceasair into Ireland, after having passed through various trans-migrations, at length assumed the human form in the time of St. Patrick, and lived down to the time of St. Finian of Magh-bile, to whom he narrated all the events that had taken place in Ireland up to that period!.....This way of proving the authenticity of Irish chronology only damages true history.' We quite agree with the wary editor, and are decidedly of opinion, that Irish history is not the only history which has suffered from the like cause.

Let it not be supposed, however, that, because of the uncertainty we speak of, the pages of the 'Four Masters' do not contain authentic history. From the opening of the Christian era, perhaps even, as the editor seems to think, from the reign of Cimbaeth, seven centuries before Christ, the flimsy shadows of mythology may be seen resolving themselves into the definable forms of historic fact. Yet much of the earlier portion of their work must be acknowledged to be a chaos. There are half-viewless shapes of darkness and light, intermingling and interchanging, melting into one another and re-appearing to deepen the confusion and strife. Voices of truth are to be distinguished; but they seem to die away, every now and then, into unintelligible sounds. There is a potent witchery in all this, if there be nothing else. We sit and watch the passing shadows of early migrations from the East, and the successive arrivals of new comers on a soil from which more ancient colonists have perished. We see the sweep of the pestilence as it issues from the primitive swamps; or hear the dull sounds of mortal contention for ground on which to plant new settlements; or mark the mysterious formation of volcanic lakes, or the gradual opening of river courses, or the conflagration of ancient woods. Then, at the call of the bardic annalists there come the ancient visions of Fírbolgs, followed by the Tuatha-De-Danaim; and these again by the sons of Milidh, with their family lines of rude chieftains and savage kings. The voice of blood rises from river side, and bog, and hill. Old barrows heave with the memory of sanguinary feuds. Cairns and cromlechs tell the deep and often fatal meaning of their names. With the roll of the centuries from early Christian times towards the middle ages, the yearly record is made up, here of jottings, and there of details concerning 'hastings,' battles, cattle-lifting, violent deaths of chief men, mutilations of captives, martyrdom of monks, deaths of saints, translations of bards and distinguished women, the establishment of fairs and boxing matches, violations of relics,

burning of churches, murders for the glory of God, and saintly miracles in revenge for blood. Often the pages are like bills of mortality, decorated and interlined with tales about showers of blood, showers of corn, showers of precious metal, golden-toothed whales, clean-toothed friars, black-toothed princes, mermaids, speaking wolves, fiery steeples in the air, and mischievous flights of infernal blackbirds. At intervals we meet with fine poetic touches, delicate outlines of personal character, romantic stories, memorials of the good and true, valuable allusions to passing manners, song of various merit relating to the battle field and the burial of the fallen chieftain, or the consecrated grove of the virtuous and the wise. Who would not linger to sing with Flann Mainistrech to the memory of St. Patrick and his family of saints?

'The family of Patrick of the prayers, who had good Latin,  
I remember—no feeble court [were they]—their order, and their names.

Sechnall, his bishop, without fault; Mochta, after him, his priest;  
Bishop Erc, his sweet, spoken judge; his champion, Bishop Mac-  
cairthin;

Benen, his psalmist; and Coemhan, his chamberlain;

Sinell, his bell-ringer; and Aithcen, his true cook;

The priest Mescan, without evil, his friend and his brewer;

The priest Besena,—sweet his verses—the chaplain of the son of  
Alprann;

His three smiths, expert at shaping, Macecht, Laebhan, and Fort-  
chern;

His three artificers, of great endowment, Aesbuite, Tairill, and  
Tasach;

His three embroiderers, not despicable, Lupaid, Erca, and Cruim-  
thiris;

Odhran, his charioteer, without blemish; Rodan, son of Braga, his  
shepherd;

Ippis, Tigris, and Erca, and Liamhain, with Eibeachta;

For them Patrick excelled in wonders, for them he was truly  
miraculous.

Carniuch was the priest that baptized him; German his tutor  
without blemish.

The priest Manach, of great endowment, was his man for supplying  
wood.

His sister's son was Banban, of fame; Martin, his mother's brother.  
Most sapient was the youth Mochannae, his hospitaller.

Cribri and Lasra, of mantles, beautiful daughters of Gleaghrann.

Macraith the wise; and Erc,—he prophesied in his three wills.

Brogan, the scribe of his school; the priest Logha, his helms-  
man,—

It is not a thing unsung,—and Machni, his true foster-son.



Good the man whose great family they were, to whom God gave a crozier without sorrow ;  
 Chiefs with whom the bells are heard, a good family was the family of Patrick.  
 May the Trinity, which is powerful over all, distribute to us the boon of great love ;  
 The King who, moved by soft Latin, redeemed us by St. Patrick's prayer.'

Nor will our readers refuse to join us while, in the language of the old bard, we pay our tribute at the last resting-place of St. Brighit, 'the virgin abbess of Cill-dara, who died in the age of Christ 525. It was to her Cill-dara was first granted, and by her it was founded. Brighit was she who never turned her mind or attention from the Lord for the space of an hour ; but was constantly meditating and thinking of him in her heart and mind, as is evident in her own life, and in the Life of St. Brenainn, Bishop of Chuain-fearta. She spent her time diligently serving the Lord, performing wonders and miracles, healing every disease and malady, as her Life relates, until she resigned her spirit to heaven, the first day of the month of February ; and her body was interred at Dun, (Downpatrick,) in the same tomb with Patrick, with honour and veneration.'

We should be glad to follow the course of Irish events, marked by the annalists' crowded notes and succession of brief chronicles, all through the terrible struggles of the island tribes with the ever-swarming Northmen down to the age of final deliverance from the Danish plague. It would be interesting to show how the annals of Ireland illustrate the history of the Anglo-Norman Conquest, beginning with the year 1170, when Robert Fitz-Stephen and Richard, son of Gilbert, that is, Earl Strongbow, came over from England 'to disturb the Irish of Ireland in general,' to the flight of Hugh O'Neill and Rury O'Donnell, the last of the Irish chiefs. Of these last the annalists say, under date of 1607, that 'the sea had not supported, and the winds had not wafted from Ireland, in modern times, a party of one ship who would have been more illustrious or noble, in point of genealogy, or more renowned for deeds, valour, prowess, or high achievements, than they, if God had permitted them to remain on their patrimonies until their children should have reached the age of manhood ;'—a different account from that of our King James I., who declares that 'their condition was to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression ; and therefore 't were unreasonable to trouble

them for religion before it could be perceived by their conversation that they had any.' We may not hope to arbitrate successfully between English royalty and the 'Four Masters;' but had we space to deal with the history of the period in question, it would be seen how the annalists unconsciously represent the Hibernian family character; and how, without intending it, perhaps, they furnish us with means for fairly estimating the race whose final predominance secured for Ireland her brightest and most rational hopes. But we have reached our prescribed limit. We cannot now do justice to the learned editor's 'Appendix' of Irish 'Pedigrees,' or to his voluminous and valuable notes, in which he takes so much pains to identify all the places of any historical interest, and makes us free of a wonderful museum of fable, legend, and fact. Our last line shall record the hope that those who take an interest in old Erin will look at her in company with the 'Four Masters.'

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- ART. IV.—1. *Correspondance de BÉRANGER, recueillie par PAUL BOITEAU.* 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris: Perrotin. 1860.  
 2. *Œuvres de P. J. DE BÉRANGER.* Nouvelle Édition, contenant les dix Chansons publiées en 1847. 2 Vols. 18mo. Paris: Perrotin. 1858.  
 3. *Dernières Chansons de P. J. DE BÉRANGER, 1834 à 1851. Avec des Notes de BÉRANGER sur ses anciennes Chansons.* Troisième Édition. 1 Vol. 18mo. Paris: Perrotin. 1859.  
 4. *Ma Biographie.* Par P. J. DE BÉRANGER. 1 Vol. 18mo. Paris: Perrotin. 1858.

TIMES have changed in England since Thomas Wharton boasted that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms; for, though Lord Macaulay sententiously observes, that 'the success of the song of "Lillibullero" was the effect, and not the cause, of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution,' yet the fact that a man could make such a boast without appearing utterly ridiculous, shows what a powerful political engine a song could be in the days of James II. Now, though we still sing on almost every imaginable subject; though we have popular melodies innumerable, and comic songs in every key of silliness and vulgarity; the political partisan song, the faction song of the

hour, is a thing completely of the past. It is gone, probably never to return. A few favourite songs of the Reform agitation,—long since forgotten,—and one or two stirring Irish songs of a later date, are almost the only instances to the contrary for fifty years past.

Many causes have contributed to this result. For upwards of a century we have enjoyed in this country an immunity from revolutionary struggles and civil war. The Government, notwithstanding occasional strains and excitement such as those which attended the first French Revolution and the passing of the Reform Bill, has been gradually settling down into an easy, leisurely kind of existence, affording no stirring matter for song. What poetical capital would it be possible to make out of an ordinary Parliamentary session?

But for the last seventy-five years the Government of France has been one of constant and restless change. The wretched old world dying in fearful agonies, the new world taking birth in blood and crime, the military glories of the first empire, the folly and bigotry of the Restoration, the reign of the middle classes and of the citizen-king, the rule of the talkers and visionaries, and the advent of a second empire, less bloody, but not less tyrannical, than the first—what materials for the poet who should make politics his theme!

Another fact, to which Béranger himself drew attention, should also be observed; viz., that it is only when a country is divided into two distinct camps, that this kind of weapon can be used with advantage. In our present England opinions shade off too much into one another to allow any extreme verses to be acceptable to a very large body of the public; and without making them extreme it is scarcely possible to give them point.

Besides, the cast of the French mind, and consequently the genius of the French language, is wonderfully adapted to give full effect to the political song. The language is neither copious nor powerful; it will not for a moment bear comparison in these respects with German or English; but in no other tongue is it possible to utter a sentiment in a neater or more epigrammatic form, or to give an equally refined edge to a sarcasm. And this is exactly what is needed to make a good political song, which must of necessity be short and telling, and should have for its burden a stinging jest. Accordingly we find that the French have always been adepts in this art; for, even under the old régime, their Government was well described as 'an absolute monarchy, tempered by songs.'

Thus three things united to make song-writing and song-singing so pre-eminently successful in France during the first half of this century; viz., the political agitation of the country, the peculiar aptitude of the language to the service of these trenchant verses, and the love of the people for singing them. If England had unfortunately gone through the same vicissitudes, we should probably have had many political song-writers; though they would hardly have equalled those of our neighbours, either in wit or power.

These few remarks are necessary to explain what might otherwise appear almost inexplicable in the influence which both friends and foes ascribe to the songs of Béranger.

'I came into the world,' says Pierre Jean de Béranger in his autobiography, 'on the 19th of August, 1780, in the house of my good old grandfather Champy, who was a tailor in the Rue Montorgueil.....It was in this street that my father, who had till then been clerk to a provincial notary, first began life in Paris as book-keeper to a grocer. But being desirous of embarking in business and settling in life, when he had attained the age of thirty he began to think of getting married. A pretty, graceful, lively girl passed the grocer's door every morning in going to the milliner's shop where she was employed. My father fell in love with her, proposed, and was accepted by the tailor Champy, who had six other children. The only marriage portion he gave his son-in-law was a useful connexion, from which the latter might have derived many advantages; but, far from doing so, after six months of married life and extravagance, my parents separated, my father to go into Belgium, and my mother to return to her old home. There she worked at her former trade, and never particularly regretted the absence of a husband for whom she had never felt much affection, though he was good-natured, amiable, good-tempered, and possessed of an agreeable exterior.'

If the boy's mother did not love her husband, neither did she ever love her son; he was put out to nurse away from Paris, and remained there for three years without anybody's taking the slightest trouble to find out whether he were well or ill cared for. The good woman, however, to whose care he had been confided, behaved better to him than his mother; though very irregularly paid, she brought up the child with attention and tenderness, and it was even with some difficulty that she at last submitted to give him up to his grandfather.

On leaving his nurse's care, the child remained under the charge of his grandparents till he had attained the age of nine years. He says of them, that though they had showed

small tenderness towards their own children, they did their best to spoil their grandson, humouring all his whims, and allowing him to play truant as he liked at the little day-school which he nominally attended. Meanwhile his good-for-nothing mother had gone to live alone; and the boy sometimes went to stay with her for a few days. On these occasions she was in the habit of taking him about to the small theatres, public balls, and other places of amusement which she frequented. It should be noted that his grandparents had imbibed the sceptical notions that prevailed at that time. His grandmother was constantly reading and quoting 'Monsieur de Voltaire,'—though her grandson unfilially observes, that he subsequently had his doubts whether she understood much of what she read. Such were the pernicious influences under which Béranger passed his first years. The whole family may stand as a type of the upper *ouvrier* class at the time of the Revolution. It had lost all, or nearly all, religious faith; and, as a natural result, all the ties of affection were loosened, and selfish pleasure alone was aimed at. It had no earnestness of thought or feeling; and finding nothing to respect in the classes above it, it respected nothing. All this should be remembered when we sit in judgment on the many serious faults of Béranger's writings, their generally irreligious and even occasionally blasphemous tone, their frequent obscenity, and the absence, for the most part, of high and ennobling thoughts. As if to show how much of this was due to his earlier training, the farther he advanced in life, the more these defects fade from his pages; his posthumous poems are almost free from them.

In the beginning of the year 1789, that terrible year in the annals of France, the child's father returned to Paris for a short time; and it was decided that he should be sent to a school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. It has been said, though it is difficult to believe it, that even during the reign of terror many of the inhabitants of Paris scarcely knew that anything unusual was going on. Be this as it may, on one or two occasions the course of public events broke in upon the monotony of school life; for Béranger remembered climbing on to the roof to get a distant view of the taking of the Bastille. He further recollected,

'that on one of his holidays, in October, 1789, as he was crossing the street with one of his aunts, they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a crowd of men and women terrible to behold. They were carrying about on pikes the heads of the *gardes-du-corps* killed at Versailles. I felt such horror at the sight, that even now, when

I think of it, I see before me one of those bleeding heads that passed quite close to us. I have thanked Heaven that I was away from Paris during the reign of terror.'

For his father soon grew tired of paying his small school expenses, and sent him off to Péronne, a town in Picardy. This was the father's native place, and he had a widowed sister living there. It was to her care that the child was to be confided; but the elder Béranger, an easy-going, improvident man, had never taken the trouble to inform her of his intention, so that when the poor little fellow (whom she had never seen) reached her dwelling under the care of an elder cousin, she received him with considerable hesitation, and, after reading his father's letter, said, 'It is impossible I should take charge of him.' This might have been expected, for she had nothing to live on but what she gained as hostess of a small country inn. It was a most critical moment in the child's life; he wrote, many years afterwards, when he was an old man:—

'That instant is still present to my mind. My grandfather, struck with paralysis, had retired on an insufficient income, and could not keep me; my father would not bear the burden, and my mother did not care for me. I felt abandoned by every one. What was to become of me?'

The poor boy must have been a pitiful sight, as he stood in the kitchen of the country inn that winter day, feeling that there was not one soul in the world to love or care for him. His aunt, in her perplexity, happened to look into the tearful face, and yearned over the pretty, desolate child. She drew him towards her, pressed him to her bosom, and cried, 'Poor little forsaken one, I will be a mother to thee!' 'Never,' says Béranger, 'was promise better kept.'

From the picture left by her grateful nephew, this aunt seems to have been a noble-minded, enthusiastic woman, with what was, for her station in life, a very well cultivated understanding. She herself became the boy's reading-mistress, and took care that he should be instructed in writing and arithmetic; nor did she neglect his religious education, although at the time nearly all religion had died out in the country. She took him to church as long as the churches remained open, and even constrained him to act as chorister-boy, or attendant on a priest whom she happened to know. But he never could manage to get the Latin service by heart, and altogether went through his duties so very badly, that the priest, though he had



every desire to be indulgent, was at last compelled to dispense with his services. The immediate cause of his dismissal was, that one day when the reverend gentleman was saying mass, he found there was no wine left for the consecration. In a fit of wrath he hurled an epithet at the boy which Béranger declares to have been anything but sacramental; then, hurrying through the remainder of the service, he declared that the young reprobate should never again be allowed the honour of serving the altar.

Béranger tried two or three trades; for his aunt was unwilling for him to remain as servant at the inn. So, first he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, from whom he learnt nothing. Then he went to a new kind of school, organized like a republic, with its mimic legislative assembly, army, and magistracy. Our hero, probably a sharp lad, was always elected president of the assembly; and it was on him that the duty devolved of making the public addresses to those members of the National Convention who happened to pass through Péronne. It was he, also, who was called upon to compose the written addresses despatched on great occasions to the Convention itself or to Robespierre. With all this, as might be expected, study was very much neglected at M. de Belenglise's academy. From under the care of this amiable enthusiast he passed into the workshop of a printer, with whom he remained two years, and whose son first taught him the rules of prosody, though not the love of poetry; for as a boy of twelve he had already made his first steps in the poetical career. But happily unconscious that there was such a thing as melody, or a prescribed number of feet in verse, he conceived that he fulfilled all the rules of art by making two straight lines down either side of his paper, and taking care that no word should pass beyond them.

Towards the year 1795 or 1796, Béranger returned to Paris. His father, who, notwithstanding his very humble origin, had a great idea of the nobility and antiquity of his race, had just been imprisoned for some months as a royalist. He was now carrying on business as a stock-jobber and money-lender, and also as a secret agent to the exiled royalists. In all these employments his son, who was naturally quick at figures, was a great assistance to him; but Pierre Jean, who had been educated as a strict Republican by his aunt, and whose sympathies all lay in this direction, was a most unwilling coadjutor in the conspiratorial part of his father's affairs; though he whimsically excuses himself on the ground, that the persons to whom he carried the gold transmitted from

England seemed generally to use it much more for their own pleasures than in machinations against the State. The unsettled condition of affairs, and the great depreciation of the currency, made this a very favourable time for all merely speculative transactions, and for some time the elder Béranger was a prosperous man. In 1798, however, the catastrophe which his son's acuteness had foreseen, came upon him, and he failed. Béranger says of this point in his history :—

'Brought up by my aunt in principles of rigorous honesty, I was in danger of falling ill with despair at the idea of a catastrophe, which I had only been able to delay, and for which I was afraid of appearing responsible. Such, indeed, was the case..... Most of the capitalists with whom we had dealings thought they had a right to upbraid me in a way which I did not in any sense deserve. If my father, naturally extravagant, spent much, I was certainly not a heavy burden on his exchequer. I lived in a garret where there was no fire, and where the snow and rain often wetted my camp-bed. My tastes were not extravagant..... My aunt had said, "Thy father's opulence will not last;" and I had regulated my conduct accordingly.'

The father took the matter very easily; but the young man felt so ashamed, that he would gladly have hidden himself from the whole world, and used to ramble off for long walks in the country. Such was the disgust he felt for stock-jobbing, that though some of his father's creditors, seeing from his conduct and demeanour that he was innocent of what had happened, offered to lend him enough to set him afloat again, he declined their proposals. It was at this time that he began to write poetry, probably as a means of deadening his misery.

Soon afterwards, with what money it is impossible to conjecture, the elder Béranger purchased a reading-room, and his son became his assistant; but it is not stated how long he acted in this capacity, nor is it very distinctly shown, either in the correspondence or in the somewhat unsatisfactory autobiography, how he spent the next few years. He says, in speaking of this time :—

'Yet there was some sweetness in my cup of poverty. I lived in an attic on the sixth story in the Boulevard St. Martin. What a beautiful prospect I enjoyed! How I loved at night to overlook that great city when the sound of some great storm was blending with the murmur that constantly rose from below! I had installed myself in this den with unspeakable satisfaction; I was without money, and without any certain prospect, but happy in being at last delivered from so many disagreeable matters which had done nothing

but offend my feelings and my tastes ever since my return to Paris. To live-alone, and to be able to write verses as my fancy dictated, seemed to me to constitute bliss. And then my youthful wisdom was not of that kind which banishes all pleasures : far from it.'

From which we may infer that, as far as his very limited means would allow, Béranger was a fast young man. His philosophy at about the same period was summed up in the following lines, contained in a letter which he wrote to a friend in the year 1803 :—

' De son talent se faire un jeu,  
Se mettre au-dessus de la gloire  
En ne la cherchant point ou peu,  
Préférer vivre en paix à vivre dans l'histoire,  
Aimer à chanter, rire, boire,  
D'eau ne jamais noyer son vin,  
Rompre tout nœud vieilli qui nous lasse à la fin,  
N'estimer de l'amour que le plaisir qu'il cause,  
Bien manger, bien dormir, voilà ce qui suppose  
Le destin le plus doux, si ce n'est le plus beau.  
Qui l'éprouve fait mettre un jour sur son tombeau,  
" Sans s'être fatigué, ci-gît qui se repose." '

We have given these lines, as they are among the first of Béranger's composition which we possess, and because they contain the same shallow Epicurean philosophy which he professed all his life. Not that he always acted upon this philosophy, for he was one of the few writers who are better than their writings; but it re-appears in all his works, and contributes not a little to give them their offensive character.

At the beginning of 1804, his pecuniary affairs were in the worst possible condition; but fortunately it was the darkness that precedes the dawn. The event which proved to be his first step in the upward course may be described in his own words :—

' My gold watch and the few other relics of the days of our ephemeral prosperity were at the pawnbroker's; my wardrobe was composed of three old shirts, which a friendly hand wearied itself in mending, of a thin, well-worn coat, of a pair of trousers with a hole at the knee, and of a pair of boots which were a subject of despair to me, because in cleaning them every morning I never failed to discover some new mishap. I had just posted four or five hundred lines of verse to M. Lucien Bonaparte; but I had revealed to no one this last attempt made after the failure of so many others. Two days had gone by, and I had received no answer; but in the evening the best friend I ever had, the good Judith, in whose society

I am ending my days, amused herself by telling my fortune on the cards, and predicted that I should receive a letter which would fill me with joy. Notwithstanding the little faith I had in the science, I felt, on hearing this prophecy, the beginning of the joy which was being announced to me: poverty is superstitious. When I got back to my miserable lodging, I went to sleep, dreaming of the postman. But on awaking, farewell to all illusions! my cracked boots stared me in the face, and the tailor's grandson found it necessary to patch his own trousers. My needle in hand, I was ruminating some very misanthropical rhymes, when my *portière* came running in, quite out of breath, and gave me a letter in an unknown hand. Rhymes, needles, trousers, all went out of my mind together; in my emotion I scarcely dared to open the letter. At last I managed to unseal it with a trembling hand. The Senator Lucien Bonaparte (the brother of the First Consul) had read my lines, and desired to see me! Let all young poets who are in the same circumstances imagine my happiness, and describe it if they can. It was not fortune that I thought of first, but fame; the tears came into my eyes, and I rendered thanks to God, whom I have never forgotten in my moments of prosperity.'

We shall have further occasion to mention the Judith spoken of in this extract. In the two interviews which Béranger had with Lucien Bonaparte, (afterwards Prince of Canino,) the latter gave him a great deal of literary advice, showed him much kindness, and promised to watch over his destiny. Soon afterwards he left for Rome; but from there he sent his *protégé* what was probably more useful than his advice,—viz., an order to draw his honorarium as a Member of the Institute. This assured to Béranger an income of £40 a year, which, be it remembered, is a much larger sum in France than in England, and, to a man accustomed to live on nothing, must have seemed something like wealth. Three years' arrears were paid to him at the same time, the greater portion of which Béranger gave to his father. Nor did the benefit he derived from Lucien Bonaparte's patronage end there; for through it he obtained employment which brought him in £72 a-year, in writing descriptive text for an illustrated work on the pictures and statues in the Louvre. Our hero was now on the highway to comparative prosperity.

But fearing to build his future entirely on such an uncertain foundation as literature, he applied by letter to Arnault, a friend of his patron, with the view of obtaining some permanent employment. Arnault, who was one of the literary grandees of that period, and the author of several works in prose and verse that can scarcely be said to be living now, did not disdain the application of the humble tyro. His want of

credit with the Government prevented him from obtaining a place for the young man till three years afterwards; but in the mean time he showed him every mark of interest, and introduced him into the literary world. He wanted him to write for the papers; but Béranger, who all his life hated restraint, and therefore feared the regularly recurring duties of journalism, and who besides did not wish to abandon his dreams of poetical glory, would not listen to the suggestion. During this period he tried his hand at several literary undertakings. Filled with a kind of quasi-religious zeal by Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, which had just appeared, he meditated writing a poem on Clovis; he nearly completed a pastoral poem, and then wrote a considerable number of idyls. He next attempted several comedies; but, on re-reading Molière, the genius of that great writer terrified him, and he abandoned all idea of writing for the stage. Thus matters remained till 1807, when he lost his employment for the painter Landon, as the work on the collections of art in the Louvre was nearly completed. He would now have fallen deeply into difficulty had it not been for the help of one of his old Péronne friends, M. Quenescourt, who generously enabled him to bridge over this period of comparative poverty; and in June, 1809, he obtained a place, worth £60 a year, in the offices of the Imperial University of France, which had just been founded. He had at first been offered a place with £120 a year (which is high pay in a French public office); but as the duties were very onerous, and would scarcely have left him any time to himself, he had intimated that he should prefer a little less work with less pay, and that a place worth £80 a year would suit him better. What was his surprise, when the list of new appointments came out, to find that his name was not among them! His friend Arnault, who had helped him materially in the whole matter, was amazed and indignant. He went off to Fontane's, the grand-master of the University, and almost compelled him to give Béranger a place. The real reason for this neglect was that the grand-master, a time-serving man, who owed part of his advancement to Prince Lucien, did not like to seem to favour a friend of his old benefactor, now that the latter had fallen into disgrace with his imperial and imperious brother.

The following curious passage occurs in the Biography, immediately after the account of the events described in our last paragraph:—

'No sooner had I obtained this post than a new burden was imposed on me by Providence. I accepted it as I have accepted all  
c 2

those that it has sent me. In this one I might have found some consolations for my old age; but it was not destined to be so, and I bear it still' (this was written in 1840) 'without compensation, but without a murmur.....My confidence in God sustained me, and it is not my fault if those in whose fate I have interested myself have not known how to profit by the privations I have undergone in order that they might escape the deep ruts in the road which I myself have traversed. I often groan over it; but what heart has not its sorrow?.....The only happiness I have ever desired has been the good of others,—at least, of those who were round me; but my prayers are far from having been answered.'

What does the reader think is the event referred to in this highly pious and moral strain? Simply this: his cousin, Adelaide Paron, had been sent to Paris by her parents in 1798 to learn some business, and had been placed under the care of Béranger's father. She was pretty, but worthless. She had, however, apparently a great talent for engaging the affections of those with whom she was brought into contact; for she subjected the father so entirely to her influence that at his death, which happened on the 1st of January, 1809, he seems to have left her all his little property, and nothing but his debts to our hero. Some years earlier she had borne Béranger himself an illegitimate son; and the fact to which he alludes in the extract we have quoted, is, that in 1809 the mother refused any longer to provide for the child's support and education; and the nurse to whose care it had been confided sent it to Paris. This naturally put our poet (who was living in his bachelor's garret) to considerable inconvenience,—from which he was partially relieved by the kindness of Mademoiselle Judith Frère, his constant friend, who undertook the task of bringing the boy up. As might be expected from such a parentage, this child turned out badly, and seems to have remained through life an idle, good-for-nothing fellow. His name re-appears at distant intervals throughout his father's correspondence, and always in a way that redounds but little to his credit. He was a constant source of anxiety and expense to Béranger; and, even after he had attained the age of thirty-six, we still find him appealing to his father for assistance.

This matter naturally gives rise to two or three observations. It affords a strange insight into the morals of the time and country, that, throughout the family correspondence, of which several specimens are given in the first volume of the Letters, there is never any question of Béranger's repairing by marriage the wrong he had done his cousin. Then, that even after the birth of the child he seems to have gone



freely to Péronne among his and her relatives, without any fear of being upbraided for his conduct; nor is there any trace of their having expressed any indignation against him. His father gave her his confidence and affection, even after what in England would be considered her disgrace. Next, we cannot but remark the highly moral and self-satisfied tone in which Béranger speaks, both in the extract we have given, and in two or three of his letters, of his taking charge of the child; as if it had not been his manifest duty to do so. And lastly, who can tell the pernicious effect on a young man like Béranger of having for his first love a woman who was in every possible way what she should not have been? His mother's early heartlessness must have had a very evil influence upon him, and the worthlessness of his first love was well calculated to finish the work thus begun.

For the next three or four years no very remarkable event occurred in Béranger's life. He wrote poems and songs, and studied hard to perfect his style. But the result did not please him; for he tells us that he burnt about a volume of his productions; adding,

'It is said that nothing gives so much light as the flames of the manuscripts an author has had the courage to throw into the fire; in that case, I ought to be able to see very clearly. I have known authors who had never lost a line of what they had written. I have not kept more than a quarter of mine, and yet I feel that I have retained too much.'

He was now between thirty-two and thirty-three years of age, and yet even in his own estimation he had done nothing worth preserving, or even worth publishing. His early youth and its dreams of fame had fled together; when suddenly that which he had ceased to hope or expect happened, and he became famous. Some of his earlier songs had circulated in manuscript, and obtained some success among the many admirers of that kind of writing in France. One of them, especially, entitled, the '*Roi d'Yvetot*,' had obtained considerable notoriety, and had even had the good fortune to attract the attention of the police, as its pacific and Epicurean sentiments were supposed to contain a satire on the bloodthirsty government of the first Napoleon. We shall not quote it here,—though it formed the foundation-stone of our hero's future glory,—because it is perhaps the best known of all his songs, and we prefer to reserve our space for some that are less known. The '*Roi d'Yvetot*,' as Béranger says, is a piece of very

moderate satire; it certainly is very different from some of the pungent verses he wrote against the government of the Restoration; and, as he probably felt that he had nothing to fear from acknowledging its authorship, and indeed was rather proud of his offspring, he took measures to let the police authorities know that no further search for the writer was necessary. The Government very wisely left him alone. Several of his other songs, which had been originally written for friends, had been circulated by them in manuscript. Two or three happened to fall into the hands of Desaugier, the president of a convivial society, called the *Caveau*. He was struck with the felicity of the writing, and expressed a strong desire to make the acquaintance of the author. A dinner was arranged for the purpose, and the result was that Desaugier so far overcame Béranger's natural shyness, that he promised to meet the *Caveau*. He went accordingly, and sang many of his songs. Every one seemed surprised that, though so rich in productions of the kind, he had never thought of publishing. 'He must be one of us,' was the cry of all; so, to obey the rules of the club, according to which no candidate could be elected while present, they placed him behind a door with a glass of champagne and a biscuit in his hand. He there extemporized a few couplets in token of thanks, and sang them amidst loud applause. This event was the parent of great results in our hero's life: he says that from that day forth his reputation as a song-writer spread through Paris and the whole of France. And probably that night's success had a great deal to do with making him abandon for ever all the higher forms of poetry, and keep exclusively to that for which nature had more particularly fitted him. Much, however, as he had been gratified by his reception, he soon found that the society of the *Caveau* was not to his taste; and when the last convulsions of the empire, and especially of the 'hundred days,' had sown the seeds of discord in the society as they had done in the rest of France, and the members began to turn towards the rising sun of the Bourbons, he left them.

Béranger was between thirty-three and thirty-four years of age when the Bourbons again endeavoured to take root in the soil of France. He had just laid the foundation of a popular reputation, and was a most formidable enemy for any Government that might incur his dislike; for, though hitherto he had scarcely done more than sing sensual verses 'in honour of wine and women,' yet he had it in him to do much more.

The peculiar power he wielded was one that made itself immediately felt, and penetrated farther than any other. A political treatise may produce great effects; but it only does so among the educated classes: a clever journalist addresses a wider audience, but still one restricted to those who can read: but in France the song-writer addresses the educated and uneducated, and gains access to the hearts of men who are far beyond the reach of the philosophical statesman and the 'able editor.' He addresses especially that great body of workmen which, during the last seventy years, has so often made itself master of Paris, and exercised so enormous an influence over the destinies of France. It is a strange phenomenon, that in a city which is inferior to none for intellect and civilisation, a mob of untaught and half-taught *ouvriers*, issuing from its dens in the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, should have overturned Government after Government. Of the power of that mob there can be no doubt, when it is recollected that only the strong military despotisms of the two Napoleons have been able to keep it in check. Such is the terror it inspires, that the present emperor in all his metropolitan improvements has taken good care to make it next to impossible for the populace to withstand the regular troops. Now with this Parisian mob, which is pre-eminently sharp, witty, satirical, impatient of authority, and fond of songs, Béranger had naturally great influence.

Never did any Government lay itself more open to this peculiar kind of attack than that of the Restoration. It was a Government imposed by foreign armies on a high-spirited nation proud of its military glory; a Government founded on Divine right when the history of the last twenty years showed that the theory of Divine right was an absurdity; a Government carried on by an aristocracy which endeavoured to rule those who loved, and ever have loved, equality more even than liberty. The men who stood at the helm, and held positions of trust and responsibility in every department of the State, were either renegades from their old political faith, or men utterly unused to power, ignorant of public business, and incapable of understanding the new order of things which the great events of past years had called into existence. The reins had fallen from the mighty hands of Napoleon into those of a king, witty indeed and clever, but scarcely capable of grappling with the immense difficulties that surrounded him and his dynasty. France at that time wanted a ruler who should be something better than a witty epigrammatist. Even the personal appearance of

Louis was against him ; his bloated features and unwieldy carriage, his gluttony and his gout, excited the keen French sense of the ridiculous. Add to this that, like James I., he always needed a male favourite on whom to lavish his little marks of affection ; a thing which nations have ever found it very difficult to bear. But all this was comparatively tolerable : the worst grievance of all was the crowd of emigrant nobles and priests who returned with him, making up for their diminished wealth by their contempt and insolence towards all new men and new things ; affecting to believe, and acting as if they really did believe, that the events of the last twenty years were naught ; insulting, sneering, bustling, intriguing, misunderstanding, doing everything to call down on themselves and their order ridicule and dislike. Nor did matters mend when Louis XVIII., the man who believed too little, was gathered to his fathers, and Charles X., the man who believed too much, took the reins of government into his nerveless hands. It had mattered little to the France of that day, which, thanks to the unwearied efforts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the philosophers of the godless eighteenth century, had been nurtured in almost total unbelief, that its king should have faith in nothing ; but it did matter to the country very materially that it should be under the thumb of an obstinate, weak-minded bigot. A government of Jesuits and priests, with their deep-laid, immoral schemes for the glory of God, combined with the government of an aristocracy altogether unfit to govern—this France could not bear, and it soon indignantly shook itself free from all such trammels.

It was against such rulers, and such a dominant class, that for fifteen years, from 1815 to 1830, the unwearied slinger hurled his missiles. Now he turns into well-merited ridicule the censorship of the press. Now he points the finger of scorn at the Anglo-mania which the refugees had brought back with them ; selecting certainly a very vulnerable point for his attack, namely, our prize-fighting, which some foolish persons had attempted to introduce into France. Now, in the character of an old-clothes merchant, he makes game of the ancient fashions which the nobility were endeavouring to revive. Again, alluding to the affection for foreign manners which they had brought back with them, and to the fact, so bitter to the French palate, that the Bourbon dynasty had been restored by foreign arms, he says,—

‘Non, d’aucune chevalerie  
Je n’ai le brevet sur vélin,

Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie...

Je suis vilain et très-vilain...

Je suis vilain,  
Vilain, vilain.\*

In this song, which is entitled '*Le Vilain*,' he congratulates himself on his humble origin, and recapitulates some of the wrongs done by the old noblesse. The following, levelled against the absurd feudal notions of the old nobility, is said by Béranger to have had an immense success:—

**'LE MARQUIS DE CARABAS.**

'Voyez ce vieux marquis  
Nous traiter en peuple conquis;  
Son coursier décharné  
De loin chez nous l'a ramené.  
Vers son vieux castel  
Ce noble mortel  
Marche en brandissant  
Un sabre innocent.  
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!  
Gloire au marquis de Carabas!

'Aumôniers, châtelains,  
Vassaux, vavassaux et vilains,  
C'est moi, dit-il, c'est moi,  
Qui seul ai rétabli mon roi;  
Mais s'il ne me rend  
Les droits de mon rang,  
Avec moi, corbleu!  
Il verra beau jeu.  
Chapeau bas! etc.

'Pour me calomnier,  
Bien qu'on ait parlé d'un meunier,  
Ma famille eut pour chef  
Un des fils de Pépin le Bref.

---

\* These lines are thus translated in Mr. John Oxenford's '*Illustrated Book of French Songs*:'—

'No patent sign'd by royal hand  
On stately vellum can I show,  
I only love my native land,—  
O, I am low-born—very low.'

As the beauty of Béranger's songs depends in a great degree on the ease and grace of the language, it is exceedingly difficult—we had almost said impossible—to translate them; and it is but justice to say that Mr. Oxenford's versions of the few he has rendered into English, seem to us singularly happy.

D'après mon blason,  
Je crois ma maison  
Plus noble, ma foi,  
Que celle du roi.  
Chapeau bas ! etc.

' Qui me résisterait ?  
La marquise a le tabouret.  
Pour être évêque un jour,  
Mon dernier fils suivra la cour.  
Mon fils le baron,  
Quoiqu'un peu poltron,  
Veut avoir des croix :  
Il en aura trois.  
Chapeau bas ! etc.

' Vivons donc en repos ;  
Mais l'on m'ose parler d'impôts !  
A l'état, pour son bien,  
Un gentilhomme ne doit rien.  
Grâce à mes créneaux,  
A mes arsenaux,  
Je puis au préfet  
Dire un peu son fait.  
Chapeau bas ! etc.

' Prêtres, que nous vengeons,  
Levez la dime et partageons ;  
Et toi, peuple animal,  
Porte encor le bât féodal.  
Seuls nous chasserons,  
\* \* \* \*

' Curé, fais ton devoir ;  
Remplis pour moi ton encensoir.  
Vous, pages et varlets,  
Guerre aux vilains, et rossez-les !  
Que de mes aïeux  
Les droits glorieux  
Passent tout entiers  
A mes héritiers.  
Chapeau bas ! etc.' \*

\* The following is Mr. Oxenford's translation of this song :—

' Yon proud old marquis see,  
A conquer'd race, he thinks, are we.  
His steed has brought him home,  
Once more amongst us has he come.  
To his old château  
Only see him go :

How the noble lord  
Wears his bloodless sword !  
*Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !*  
Hail to the marquis of Carabas !



Soon afterwards, in a song entitled, '*Paillasse*,' or '*The Clown*,' he satirises those poets who had sung for every party as it came into power. Then he composes some verses, supposed to be sung at a dinner given by the Royalists to celebrate the anniversary of the first entry of the allied armies into Paris. In another song, entitled the '*Capucins*,' which was written when several individuals dressed in the peculiar garb of the mendicant orders had shown themselves in France, he takes the opportunity of giving the Roman Catholic Church several sly thrusts. This was specially mentioned at his trial, of which we shall have further occasion to speak. The '*Vivandière*' had very great success among the lower classes; so much so, that the police thought it necessary to put a stop to its being sung in the public-houses. It is difficult to imagine why they should have taken that trouble, except that in one or two of the verses there is an apparent allusion to the neglect suffered by Napoleon's old soldiers, and to a subject dear to Béranger and to all Frenchmen,—the national military glory. In another song, the chorus of which is, '*Speak low, speak low, I have*

'Hear me, ye vassals all,  
Castellans, villains, great and small;  
Through me, through me alone,  
The king was set upon his throne.

If he should neglect,  
All the deep respect  
Which I claim, to pay,  
Then the — I'll play.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

'Though to calumniate  
My name, they of a miller prate;  
My lineage I trace

To one of little Pepin's race;  
By my arms I know,  
There is none can show  
Such a pedigree,—  
Not his majesty.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

'Who can resist me, pray?

My lady has the *tabouret*,†  
My younger son is sure,  
At court, a mitre to procure;

Then my noble heir,  
Who a cross would wear,  
Though not over brave,  
Three at least shall have.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

'In peace I mean to live,  
Let none a hint of taxes give;  
A gentleman, we know,  
Can nothing to his country owe.  
Snug in my castle, I  
Shall all the world defy:  
The prefect soon will find  
That I can speak my mind.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

'Your battle, priests, we fought,  
And so in equity we ought  
Your tithes with you to share:  
The burden let the people bear.

To us belongs the chase;  
The vile plebeian race  
For nothing else is fit  
But simply to submit.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

'Your duty do, *curé*,  
To me with incense homage pay;  
Ye lackeys, do your best,  
And see the rabble's jackets dress'd.

My great forefathers gave  
The privilege I have,  
And e'en my latest heirs  
Shall boast that it is theirs.

*Chapeau bas, &c.*

† The right of sitting in the presence of the queen.

seen Judas standing near, I have seen Judas,' he casts a dart at one individual, and, through him, at that ignoble class of men, unfortunately then, as now, so numerous in France, viz., the spies. In 1817, there being some prospect of a 'Concordat,' our poet placed a history of past Concordats in the mouths of a parish choir, with this chorus:—

' *Gloria tibi, Domine!*  
Que tout chanfre  
Boive à plein ventre;  
*Gloria tibi, Domine!*  
Le Concordat nous est donné.'

Then in some lines addressed to Mathurin Bruneau, an impostor who pretended that he was the real Louis XVII., commonly supposed to have died in the prison of the Temple, he takes the opportunity of recounting several of the silly and wicked things that the king had done, and piquantly informs the poor man at the end of every verse, that he had better stick to his trade as a maker of wooden shoes. In another song he introduces one of the deputies giving an imaginary account of the Session of 1818 to his constituents, of which the following is the chorus:—

'Quels dinés,  
Quels dinés,  
Les ministres m'ont donnés!  
Oh! que j'ai fait de bons dinés!'

In the same strain the deputy informs his unfortunate constituents how much he has done for the country and for them; how he has placed two of his brothers, obtained appointments for his three sons, and received a hundred invitations to dinner for the next session. Béranger says in one of his notes that this song had great success. We can well believe it, especially as he adds, that there was scarcely a single department that could not recognise in it the portrait of one of its deputies. Again, the 'Missionaries' (sent forth by his satanic majesty) are described as receiving much the same instructions which Béranger supposes the Jesuits to receive from their superiors. After instructing them to do like the 'foxes of Ignatius,' and hide their tails, he tells them to sow discord in families, to subject the king to their influence, and to see that intolerance revives, inasmuch as the Protestants have not yet been able to find a cure for burning. He goes on with a fierce attack on the Jesuits:—

'Hommes noirs, d'où sortez-vous ?  
 Nous sortons de dessous terre.  
 Moitié renards, moitié loups,  
 Notre règle est un mystère.  
 Nous sommes fils de Loyola ;  
 Vous savez pourquoi l'on nous exila.  
 Nous rentrons, songez à vous taire !  
 Et que vos enfants suivent nos leçons.  
 C'est nous qui fessons,  
 Et qui refessons  
 Les jolis petits, les jolis garçons.

\* \* \*  
 Nous sommes, nous sommes Jesuites,  
 Français, tremblez tous ; nous vous bénissons.  
 Et puis nous fessons,\* &c.

Elsewhere we have a letter purporting to be addressed to a young lady, called Mary, on her birthday ; but owing to a fear that a political interpretation will be put on what he says, he professes to find great difficulty in proceeding. These lines are, in our estimation, among the neatest and prettiest in his works. Soon afterwards some law was passed against singing clubs. This was a blow which Béranger thought himself specially called upon to resent ; so he wrote a song professing to inform a spy of the secret meaning of the principal words used in *refrains*. This is the explanation of the words used in the burden of the song itself :—

'Biribi veut dire en latin  
 L'homme de Sainte Hélène.  
*Barbari*, c'est, j'en suis certain,  
 Un peuple qu'on enchaîne.  
*Mon ami*, ce n'est pas le roi ;  
 Et *faridondaine*  
 Attaque la foi.  
 Que dirait de mieux Marchangy,\*  
 Biribi,  
 Sur la façon de barbari,  
 Mon ami ?'

Then we have a young recruit inquiring of an old soldier what are the prospects of the army : the following verse may serve as a specimen of the old fellow's answers :—

'Notre ancien, quel s'ra not' partagé ?—  
 Mon p'tit, les coups d'cann' reviendront ;  
 Et puis, suivant le vieil usage,  
 Les nobles seuls avanceront.

---

\* Marchangy was the name of the *Avocat Général* who conducted prosecutions for the Crown.

Oui, s'lon notre origine,  
 Nous aurons pour régal,  
 Nous l' bâton d' discipline,  
 Eux l' bâton d' maréchal.'

In natural irritation at his trial, he lets off a sparkling song on that subject too; then, on being incarcerated, he whimsically declares himself a convert to the notions of the Government, and expresses his abhorrence of liberty. Next, in an imaginary letter to his lady, he throws some well-deserved contempt on the police for their habit of opening private letters. Soon he declares that, like many others, he has turned court poet, and informs the fair one to whom the song is addressed, that, as she had always prompted him to sing in honour of freedom and patriotism, he really cannot write for her any more. Then, under the title of the 'Coronation of Charles the Simple,' he makes some allusions anything but flattering to the coronation of Charles X. In a piece called '*La Mort du Diable*,' he describes the monks and priests as lamenting over that event because henceforth they will not be paid by anyone to be delivered from Satan's clutches; but Loyola bids them cease their wailing, inasmuch as he himself now intends to occupy the place of the deceased as the universal pest, from whom mankind will henceforth pray to be delivered. Again, we have a song against the celibacy of the clergy,—vile in many of its details, but with an argument substantially true. The king's obstinate bigotry explains the number of songs written against the clergy in the latter part of his reign.

But Béranger's hatred and contempt for the legitimist branch of the Bourbons did not cease with the expulsion of that imbecile race; for even the volume of songs published in 1833 contains several against the exiled prince, and those by no means the least stinging. But in exculpation of what might otherwise appear ungenerous in thus striking a fallen foe, it must be noted that all such songs were written before the Revolution of 1830, and that most of his earlier works were published in a separate form long before they appeared in any of his successive volumes. So that it is probable some of these lays were sung in the streets of Paris both before and during the great 'three days,' and that they even contributed their mite to the downfall of the effete dynasty. In one of these, entitled '*Mes Jours gras de 1829*,' he describes his enforced restraint from the pleasures of the Carnival, (he was then in prison,) and concludes every verse

with '*Vous me le paierez, mon bon roi!*' 'You'll pay me for it, my good king!' The next is an ode in honour of the 14th of July, the anniversary of that great day in the annals of France when the Bastille was taken. Soon afterwards, we have a song on the fine of 10,000 francs, or £400, which he had been condemned to pay. Here he wittily describes the various evil uses to which the sum will probably be applied by the Government.

Though we are very far from having exhausted the subject, we have said enough to explain the peculiar kind of warfare which Béranger carried on against the Government of the Restoration. To an English mind this species of opposition may seem rather mean; we can scarcely understand a man under the influence of any strong feeling against the Government of his country, exhaling his indignation in witty couplets. We should expect him to fire into angry eloquence, and to bear down on his enemies with the weight of his reasoning, and the loftiness of his rhetoric. Of such noble anger there is not a trace in Béranger's works; in none of them do we find the same passionate scorn as Victor Hugo displays in some of his poems against the present emperor. And this unquestionably points to a certain inferiority in the former, both as an author and as a man: he was a witty and a biting song-writer, not a lofty and soul-stirring poet—a man of consummate talent, but not of great original genius. He certainly did not belong to the 'earnest school.' But it should at the same time be remembered, that in consequence of the peculiar character of the people for whom he wrote, his songs were likely to produce much more effect than if they had been written in a grander strain. And of the influence which they did exercise there can be no room to doubt; it is attested by men of the most opposite opinions. The evidence of two or three will suffice: Guizot, who, as the advocate of constitutional monarchy and constitutional liberty, is not inclined to over-estimate the services of the republico-Napoleonic song-writer, says in his *Memoirs*:—

'At the same time a man of the people, a poet by nature, and even more by art, excited, honoured, and animated by his songs the popular passions against everything which brought to mind the old régime, and especially against ecclesiastical pretensions and ecclesiastical dominion. In the bottom of his heart, Béranger was neither a revolutionist nor an infidel; he was better and more sensible than his songs; but being a democrat by conviction as well as taste, and being thrown by the democratic spirit into lawlessness and short-

sightedness, he attacked pell-mell everything that was displeasing to the people, not caring for the consequences of his blows, and regarding the success of his songs as a national victory; he loved both the Revolution and the Empire better than liberty, and forgot with vulgar levity, that faith and respect are nowhere more needed than in a free and democratic country. I believe that he perceived this at last, when he found himself face to face with the passions excited by his songs and with his dreams grown into realities. He then, with a prudence in which he was never wanting, hastened to quit the political arena, and almost to retire from the world; not that his opinions were changed, but that he was sad and anxious with reference to the consequences of the strife in which he had taken so much part. He was under the Restoration full of confidence as of ardour, and modestly intoxicated with his popularity; and though he exaggerated his importance and his political intelligence, yet he unquestionably had more real influence than any song-writer had ever had before.

This extract is interesting, not only for our immediate purpose, but also as giving the opinion of a great thinker on the subject of this article. Sainte-Beuve, loving art for art's sake, and of no very particular political opinions, says, 'Béranger's songs were sung in the fields, in ale-houses, in gin-shops,—everywhere.' And Emile Montégut concludes a long article, that appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* shortly after Béranger's death, with the following words, which are the more remarkable as the article is by no means favourable to the poet, and has given great offence to his admirers:—'His name will lose some of its importance in our literature, but it will remain attached to the history of the nineteenth century; for without this docile instrument of the popular passions we may be allowed to think that the history of that century would be somewhat different from what it is.' Let these quotations suffice to show the influence exercised by Béranger's songs. We cannot illustrate it more forcibly than by requesting our readers to imagine that the popular melodies sung and whistled about our own streets, were suddenly endowed with the political power of *The Times'* leading articles.

But we must now return to Béranger's personal history, which, in this review of his political works, we have considerably anticipated. It was towards the latter part of the year 1815, that he published his first volume of songs, under the ironical title of *Chansons Morales et autres*. It contained comparatively few political songs, the great bulk of the volume being composed of filthy staves in honour of drunkenness and impurity. Most of them are cleverly turned and neat in



expression; but seldom has talent been more completely thrown away in the glorification of what is vile. There is scarcely a line calculated to raise one high or ennobling sentiment in the reader's breast. It is worthy of remark, as exemplifying the character of a man who in the main meant right, though often with a fearful ignorance of what right was, that in none of his subsequent works or correspondence did he ever express regret for his obscenity; here and there he offers a lame and feeble excuse for it, but nothing more. Many years afterwards, when the Archbishop of Paris requested him to suppress the unclean passages in his writings, he refused, saying that he could not consent to burn his children merely because they were deformed. The volume was well received by the public; and its publication did not jeopardise his position in the offices of the University. 'Much must be forgiven to the author of the *Roi d'Yvetot*,' is said to have been the remark of Louis XVIII., who was a great admirer of our poet, and is reported to have died with a copy of this most impure work by his bedside.

For the next five or six years, Béranger continued to produce songs entering more and more into the domain of politics, and containing gradually less obscenity, though still a great deal too much. Many of these were published in the newspapers, and he was in the habit of singing them at the convivial meetings he frequented; his position as song-writer to the Opposition had opened to him all the doors of that portion of society which was adverse to the Government, though it must be said to his credit that in his rise he never forgot the humble friends of his youth, or became in any sense a time-server. He sang on occasion, however, to all kinds of hearers: one morning the Prefect of Police received a report, probably from a spy, informing him that Béranger had been singing some of his revolutionary verses at a dinner given by a certain M. Bérard. The Prefect laughed heartily; he had been one of the guests.

On the 28th of October, 1821, Béranger published his songs, new and old, in two volumes. This was tantamount to resigning his appointment. On the appearance of his first volume he had been informed that if he wrote anything more he must consider himself as dismissed; and the very next day he received his discharge. This left him without any resource except what he could gain by his pen; for he had lost the income given him by Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a few years before. Even before this allowance was stopped by the Government, Béranger had ceased to derive any benefit from it; in 1813 he had made it over, with his usual generosity,

to the prince's father-in-law, who was in comparative want. But fortunately the sale of his book was far greater than he expected; and soon, to his utter amazement, he found himself in possession of 15,000 francs. Scant time was, however, allowed him to rejoice over his success; for within a very few days the *procureur du roi* commenced proceedings against him for having outraged decency, morality, and religion, and insulted the person of the king. He was tried on the 8th of December. The crowd of spectators was so great that the judges were compelled to enter the court through the window, and the accused had the greatest difficulty in getting to his place, notwithstanding his repeated assurances to the public that it was quite impossible to begin without him. The judges seem to have regarded the proceedings in the same jocular spirit; for one of them expressed his regret that the necessary gravity of a public tribunal would not permit of the songs being sung in court. The jury acquitted the prisoner of having outraged morality, though the songs specially mentioned in the charge are of the vilest description; they also acquitted him of insulting the person of the king; but they found him guilty of disrespect to the religion of the State, and he was accordingly condemned to undergo three months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds. Altogether, considering these writings themselves, and the temper of Governments at that time, (not excepting the English,) Béranger escaped very easily. In his biography he indignantly declares that he had never spoken unworthily of the Supreme Being; but that what he attacked under that name was only the imaginary God of bigots and old women. Even giving him the full benefit of this distinction, there is yet something horrible in the ignoble uses to which he has put the sacred name in his writings. We dare not show what we mean by transferring any of his blasphemy to our pages.

The punishment inflicted was by no means severe. Let no one picture to himself the man pining in solitary confinement, or broken by hard labour. The following is the description of his condition, as given by himself:—

‘I have known people who were afraid of a prison; it could have no terrors for me. I inhabited at Sainte-Pelagie’ (the name of the prison) ‘a room that was warm, healthy, and sufficiently furnished, while that I had come from was bare, empty, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and possessing neither stove nor chimney. In this room, at upwards of forty years of age, I had had nothing but frozen water to wash with, and an old counterpane to keep

myself warm, when in the long winter nights I took it into my head to string a few rhymes together. Unquestionably I was much better off at Sainte-Pelagie; and I sometimes wrote, "The prison will certainly spoil me."

His friends, too, seem to have had constant access to him; so that the three months of his captivity passed very rapidly.

For the next seven years, his life pursued a pretty even course. He says that he lived much among the chiefs of the Liberal party, and so was enabled to convince himself how much more intelligent and advanced the people are than their leaders. But he enters into scarcely any details concerning this very important period, so that we are left in the dark as to what personal part he took in the great Liberal battle that was being waged. In 1828 he published another volume; and, being fully convinced that it would again call down upon him the thunderbolts of the law, he determined to take his fill of air and liberty while he could, and went off to visit one of his friends, a Liberal deputy, at Havre. While there, he learned that what he had expected had come to pass, and immediately returned to Paris. His friends, and especially M. Jacques Laffitte, the great Liberal banker, fearing the effect of confinement on his health, wished him to accept some kind of compromise. But as this would have prevented the odium which this kind of trial always brings on Governments, he refused; the letter to M. Laffitte, containing his refusal, is a model of manly honesty, but it is too long to quote. He was again charged with much the same offences as on the former occasion, and found guilty. And here our sympathy will not be so entirely on the side of the judges: in the judgment not a word is said of the obscenity of his works,—the only cause, besides that of libel or malignant blasphemy, that can justify the judicial notice of a book. He is merely condemned of turning into derision the religion of the State, throwing doubt on the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, and exciting hatred and contempt against the king and his Government. The sentence was, that he should pay 10,000 francs, and undergo an imprisonment of nine months. The fine was paid by public subscription; but the imprisonment had to be undergone in person: it was, however, softened by the visits of his numerous friends, and of many of the rising men of the time, such as Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, &c. He soon afterwards formed the acquaintance of Chateaubriand also. When the time came for his

release, the police authorities were afraid that there might be some tumultuous demonstration of public feeling; so they determined to discharge him very early in the morning. Being a very modest man, and hating all noisy recognition of his merits, he was by no means displeased with this arrangement.

Soon afterwards the object of his life was attained, and the Government of which he had been neither the least active nor the least dangerous enemy, fell to the ground. And yet, strangely enough, he says very little either in his Biography or in his Letters of the Revolution of 1830. He seems to have regarded it with pleasure, as being the triumph of the popular will; but the Government which followed it only met with half his approbation. As far as his Napoleonic feelings would allow, he was a republican; but still he had the sense to see that France was not ripe for a Republic. He therefore tolerated constitutional monarchy as being, to use his own favourite expression, the bridge over which the country should march to a democratic republic. But though the Government of Louis Philippe did not realise his ideal, he never wrote against it; all the radical songs in his later works are on general subjects, such as custom-house duties, game laws, &c., and might have been written under a republic. He says in his Biography, that, 'being in constant intercourse with the chiefs of the Liberal party, he had contributed as much as they had done, and even more than a great many of them, to the events of the Revolution;' but he is quite silent as to what practical steps he had taken beyond writing his songs. M. Montégut blames him very justly for this reticence. It was surely the most important period of his life, and, as such, deserved a prominent place in his Biography; but, as in the correspondence, there is a strange blank as to all really important periods. We have already seen how lightly he treated the period from 1815 to 1830, the period of the battle, and we now see how cavalierly he deals with the period of victory. It was the same with the Revolution of 1848, and the *coup d'état* of 1851. His Biography was written in 1840, and he cannot therefore be blamed for not alluding in it to what happened subsequently; but in his correspondence, which is voluminous on all sorts of utterly unimportant questions, there is scarcely more than a passing reference here and there to these two great events.

After the Revolution of July, 1830, his friends, who were now, of course, in power, wished him to accept some place, and made him most honourable proposals. They also wished

to introduce him to Louis Philippe, who had manifested a desire to make his acquaintance. But he constantly refused all these proffered honours, having no taste for sinecures, and feeling a strong dislike for the drudgery of regular work. Then, too, he was naturally timid and retiring, and probably felt that neither his education, nor his turn of mind, had fitted him for great employment. His works had been successful beyond his fondest expectations; and, being a man of very moderate tastes, he could easily manage to live on what they brought him in. Besides,—and this is a reason which does him credit,—he felt that if it was seen that great dignities were attainable by song-writing, the people would begin to doubt the purity of the writers' motives, and that the field which he had cultivated with such singleness of purpose would fall into the hands of a tribe of adventurers and charlatans. For the same reason he refused, though frequently urged by Chateaubriand and others, to put himself forward as a candidate for that highest of the honours to which a literary Frenchman can aspire,—one of the chairs of the Academy.

For the next eighteen years, from 1830 to 1848, there are few events in his life which call for special notice. Othello's occupation was gone; as he himself said: 'In dethroning Charles X. they have dethroned me.' Nevertheless, in 1831 he published a few songs to be sold for the benefit of the insurgent Poles, and two years afterwards the last volume of his poems which appeared during his lifetime (with the exception of about a dozen songs published in 1847). The volume of 1833 is dedicated in a beautiful letter to Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino; the poet thus paying a very graceful tribute of gratitude to his first patron.

It was in 1834 or 1835 that he took his old friend Judith Frère under his roof to look after his household. He says in a letter written to a friend in 1835, that she would have starved had he not then given her the same assistance that she had given him in his earlier days. And truly she deserved this and much more at his hands, having been his most faithful and devoted friend through life. That she had helped and strengthened him in his early manhood, is shown by a letter dated the 16th of March, 1809, where he speaks of her as urging him to work, and exhorting him to strive for glory. Further on we have seen how she undertook the task of bringing up his son. It was to her that the following lines had been addressed—perhaps the only love-poem in which Béranger displays any true depth and purity of feeling:—

## 'LA BONNE VIEILLE.

' Vous vieillirez, ô ma belle maîtresse ;  
 Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus.  
 Pour moi le temps semble, dans sa vitesse,  
 Compter deux fois les jours que j'ai perdus.  
 Survivez-moi ; mais que l'âge pénible  
 Vous trouve encor fidèle à mes leçons ;  
 Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,  
 De votre ami répétez les chansons.

' Lorsque les yeux chercheront sous vos rides  
 Les traits charmans qui m'auront inspiré,  
 Des doux récits les jeunes gens avides  
 Diront : Quel fut cet ami tant pleuré ?  
 De mon amour peignez, s'il est possible,  
 L'ardeur, l'ivresse, et même les soupçons ;  
 Et bonne vieille, etc.

' On vous dira : Savait-il être aimable ?  
 Et sans rougir vous direz : Je l'aimais.  
 D'un trait méchant se montra-t-il capable ?  
 Avec orgueil vous répondrez : Jamais.  
 Ah ! dites bien qu'amoureux et sensible  
 D'un luth joyeux il attendrit les sons ;  
 Et bonne vieille, etc.

' Vous, que j'appris à pleurer sur la France,  
 Dites surtout aux fils des nouveaux preux,  
 Que j'ai chanté la gloire et l'espérance  
 Pour consoler mon pays malheureux.  
 Rappelez-leur que l'aquilon terrible  
 De nos lauriers a détruit vingt moissons :  
 Et bonne vieille, etc.

' Objet chéri, quand mon renom futile  
 De vos vieux ans charmera les douleurs :  
 A mon portrait, quand votre main débile  
 Chaque printemps suspendra quelques fleurs,  
 Levez les yeux vers ce monde invisible  
 Où pour toujours nous nous réunissons ;  
 Et bonne vieille, etc.\*

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\* The following English version of these beautiful lines is extracted from a translation of two hundred of Béranger's songs made by Mr. William Young, and published at New York in 1857.

## 'THE GOOD OLD DAME.

'Thou, my fair mistress, wilt be growing old ;  
 Thou wilt grow old, and I shall be no more :  
 Time seems for me, so swiftly hath he roll'd,  
 The days I've lost to reckon doubly o'er :



Mademoiselle Frère remained with him till her death, which happened only two or three months before his own. Lamartine says that they were privately married; but of this there is no evidence of any kind.

And here, among the many things in Béranger's life and writings which we have found to condemn, it is pleasant to record his great disinterestedness and generosity in all money matters. In his earlier years, when he had been often in want, he was not too proud to accept help from those he loved; and in his after life, when fame had brought its usual accompaniment of gold, he was liberal to all. His fair, not to say generous, dealings with his publisher, Monsieur Perrotin, with whom all his transactions were conducted rather as matters of friendship than of business, prevented him from ever realising a large fortune by his writings. Indeed, except for the purpose of giving it away, he never seems to have cared for money; but so far as his limited income would go, it was at the service of his friends, his needy relatives, and of any one else who was in want. His own personal expenses were always rigorously kept

Survive me, thou! but let thine age of pain  
Still, still my lessons faithfully retain:  
And, good old dame, in chimney corner seated,  
Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated!

'Beneath thy wrinkles when the eye would trace  
Charms that to me could inspiration lend—  
Fond of soft tales, when some of youthful race  
Bid thee describe thy much regretted friend;  
Paint thou my love, if thou canst paint it true,  
Ardent,—nay, madden'd—nay, e'en jealous too;  
And, good old dame, &c.

"Was he worth loving?" one perchance would know—

"I loved him well," thou wilt not blush to cry:

"Signs of a mean, base spirit did he show?"

"Never!" methinks I hear thy proud reply.

Ah! say that he, to love and feeling prone,  
Of joyous lute could softer make the tone;  
And, good old dame, &c.

'Thou whose warm tears for France I taught to stream,

Let new-made heroes' sons fail not to hear

That hope and glory were my chosen theme,

That my sad country I with these could cheer.

To them recall, how the dread north wind's might

Could twenty harvests of our laurels blight;

And, good old dame, &c.

'Ah, dearly loved one, when my poor renown

Shall haply soothe the sorrows age must bring;

When thy weak hand my portrait still shall crown

With the sweet flowers of each revolving spring;

Then lift thine eyes to the world we may not see,

Where we for aye shall re-united be;

And, good old dame, &c.'

down; nay, he often put himself to great inconvenience by his liberality, being reduced to move from larger to smaller houses, and from houses to apartments. Nor was this the common generosity of a man who when his feelings are worked upon gives away in charity what ought properly to go to his creditors; for it does not appear that he ever ran into debt. And he was not more liberal of his money than of his time. The four volumes of his letters contain multitudes of answers to people who had asked him for some favour, and of letters written for the same people to those who could help them better than himself. Here we have letters to men in office on behalf of persons who sought employment; here on behalf of persons who had been wrongfully condemned and imprisoned; here letters of advice to workmen and poor people who had sent him their manuscripts. For Rouget de Lisle, the neglected author of the *Marseillaise* hymn, who was in the deepest poverty, he obtained a pension and the cross of the legion of honour, and even organised a national subscription. He corresponded at great length with one lady who was desirous of writing a tragedy, and wanted him to find her a subject. A poor landscape-painter was starving, and Béranger took the greatest trouble to obtain orders for him from the Government. People resorted to him for advice on all kinds of subjects; he even declares that one man consulted him on the advisability of becoming a candidate for the papacy; and all such correspondents were answered kindly and courteously, and often at great length. Moreover, the benefits which, to the extent of his means and ability, he showered on all who applied for his services, were rendered with the greatest delicacy. The letters in which they are spoken of are models of graceful tact; he never spoiled the gift, as well-intentioned people so often do, by the manner of the giving.

And this leads us naturally to speak of his correspondence, which has been collected and edited with great care, though at considerably too great length, by his friend Paul Boiteau. The first thing that strikes us with reference to these twelve hundred letters is their exceedingly beautiful style: we do not recollect to have seen such perfect specimens of French for a very long time. They exhibit a neatness and elegance of expression, and a delicacy and purity of idiom, which are quite remarkable, especially in a man who had never received any regular education. Their style is not nineteenth-century style; it is the very opposite of rhetorical, being simple and chaste, and never disfigured by a touch of inflation or bombast. Cowper's correspondence is, perhaps, the English work to which they bear most resemblance in their easy simplicity and graceful wit. We

regret that our already voluminous quotations will not permit our giving a specimen of these letters. The next thing that strikes us is the general absence of any deep and original thought. They are kindly, pleasant, *spirituel*; but in no single place do they exhibit that insight into the very heart of a subject that marks at once the master-mind. They wander agreeably enough over the surface of things; but they never explore any of the more hidden recesses, and never show that the writer had looked at any question in all its bearings, and understood it truly and thoroughly. Nor can it be objected that these are familiar letters, written here and there to private friends, and therefore not likely to exhibit much effort of mind. There are letters on almost every subject, to nearly every great writer who has made himself a name in France during the last fifty years, as the following list will show: Royer-Collard, Casimir Delavigne, Rouget de Lisle, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, General Lafayette, Chateaubriand, Villemain, Lucien Bonaparte, La Mennais, Armand Carrel, Madame Tastu, Henri Martin, Prosper Mérimée, Louis Napoleon, George Sand, Edgar Quinet, Michelet, Alexandre Dumas, Madame Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, and Jules Jasmin. Besides, very many of the letters are written to thank authors who had sent him their books, and contain his opinions on their productions; but his observations and criticisms, as a rule, are not superior to those of second-rate reviewers. It is not often he attempts to discuss any deep question; and when he does, his treatment of it suggests the idea that he would have done better to leave it alone.

Between 1830 and 1848 Béranger had moved several times from place to place, always striving to escape from his fame, and from the concourse of people it brought with it. First he had gone to Passy, then further off to Fontainebleau, then further still to Tours, and finally back again to Paris, where he was when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. The electors immediately manifested a strong desire to elect him a member of the '*Assemblée Constituante*.' But if public life had been distasteful to him in 1830, when he was eighteen years younger, what must it have been now that he was sixty-eight, and that his passion for retirement and independence had grown stronger with his growing years? He wrote a touching letter, requesting his fellow citizens to spare him the proffered honour; but 204,471 electors recorded their votes in his favour. Such an appeal it was impossible to refuse, and he accordingly entered the Assembly anxious and ill at ease. A few days afterwards, feeling that he was useless

and out of his element, he besought the Assembly, in another touching letter, to allow him to retire; but it refused to accept his resignation. He then had recourse to urgent prayer and entreaty, saying that for the first time in his life he had asked a boon of his country, and that he hoped it would not be refused him. There is something pathetic in the old man thus praying to be relieved from duties for which he felt himself unequal. We believe his request was acceded to.

The Revolution of 1848 had not excited his enthusiasm; for he did not think the country yet ripe for his favourite scheme of a republic. Besides, he was soon disgusted with the faults into which the Liberals of every shade fell, and with the mistakes which they made. Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, naturally enough, offended him still more, though he had certainly done his best to bring it about by his songs, which had contributed to keep alive that national infatuation for the great emperor which made the success of the second possible. He was in this, as in several other things, one of the worst teachers the French populace could have had, being endued with all its prejudices to the backbone—worshipping Napoleon, hating the English,\* and having great faith in the *vox populi vox Dei*. He, however, with his usual benevolence, did all he could to alleviate the miseries of the political sufferers of 1851, using all his time and credit in their service.

When La Mennais was dying in February, 1854, and would not consent to receive those last sacraments to which the Church of Rome attaches so much importance, the priests had recourse to Béranger, requesting him to induce his friend to reconcile himself with the Church. But it was scarcely to be expected that a man of Béranger's religious opinions would take any steps in such a matter. These opinions are shown by his poetical works, and by his letters, to have been a vague kind of deism, not resting apparently on any particular grounds, but animated by a sort of expectation that all would somehow be right in the end. In his letters they are occasionally ennobled by being placed in conjunction with the duty of doing the greatest possible amount of good to one's fellow-creatures—a duty which, to do him justice, he never neglected. The highest expression to which this religious sentimentalism could attain is contained in a letter addressed by him to a lady who had

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\* In one of his letters he says, 'I have always had a horror of England and the English; their Government is a thousand times more hypocritical than that of Austria.'

just lost her husband. We shall give the following extract in French to serve as a sample of his more serious style :—

‘Tâchez de faire pénétrer dans le cœur de ses chers enfants les sentiments de foi raisonnable dont Jules’ (her husband) ‘parlait peu, mais qui brillaient, comme malgré lui, dans toutes ses conversations sérieuses. Il ne s’agit là ni de cette dévotion de tradition, ni de cette bigoterie affectée qui ne se rend raison de rien ; il ne faut que par le cœur se rapprocher de Dieu, ce souverain consolateur des affligés, qui ne regarde pas à la forme des croyances, mais à leur sincérité, à leur simplicité, et se cache aux yeux des métaphysiciens et des théologiens. Ce sentiment, j’en suis sûr, vous l’avez en vous, et aujourd’hui plus que jamais vous y puisez la force dont vous avez besoin, force que la raison, et moins encore le raisonnement, ne pourrait vous donner. Cultivez bien en vous ce sentiment qui est la richesse du pauvre et le repos du malheureux. Ne vous a-t-il pas déjà dit que Jules a reçu sa récompense, et que vous le reverrez un jour ?’

It does seem strange that, in their contest with the dying but still rebellious priest, the clergy should have endeavoured to enlist the services of a man who had constantly professed these opinions.

But within a very few years Béranger himself was summoned to give an account of his works, deeds, and opinions before the Great Tribunal. Judith Frère, the friend of his long life, had died on the 8th of April, 1857 ; and he was then so weak and ill that he could accompany the funeral no farther than the church, and was compelled to return in his sorrow to his solitary apartment. His friends, of whom he had many, endeavoured to cheer him ; but it was soon evident that he was sinking fast. He appeared suddenly to forget when any one was speaking to him, and to fix his mental gaze on invisible things ; occasionally, too, he seemed to wander. But when any of his old friends, such as Odillon Barrot, Thiers, Mignet, or Cousin, came to see him, his spirit was roused, and he would talk to them with feeling and cheerfulness. His only sister, who many years before had entered a nunnery, obtained the archbishop’s permission to come and see him. She came and kissed her brother, but does not seem to have been able to obtain the necessary authority to return, though she sent every day to inquire after his health. The parish priest, who was an old acquaintance, visited him frequently. On the last occasion, when he offered the sick man his hand, Béranger said :—

‘Your character gives you a right to bless me ; I also bless you. Pray for me and for all who are unhappy. My life has been that of

an honest man; I do not remember having done anything for which I shall have to blush before God.'

A strange saying in the mouth of one who had written such songs as he had written.

The 16th of July, 1857, was a hot, close day; not a breath seemed to stir the heavy atmosphere. On an arm-chair in the centre of his room sat the dying old man, more than half unconscious, muttering strange words, and seeming to see strange visions, as his eyes fought with the darkness that came on them from within. His friends stood around him weeping. Soon the storm that had burdened the air burst in fury over the house. But Béranger never heeded the tumult; he did not even seem to perceive it. A little later the increasing freshness of the atmosphere appeared to revive him, and it was thought he might still live for a few days. But at two o'clock the agony of death came on, and at half-past four he had ceased to breathe.

At the news of his death a strong and deep emotion was felt through Paris. The Government was afraid that some Liberal demonstration might be made at his funeral, and a notice was accordingly posted up announcing:—

'That France has just lost her great national poet. The Government of the Emperor has ordered that public honours should be rendered to the memory of Béranger. This pious homage is due to the poet whose songs have helped to perpetuate in the hearts of the people a fond remembrance of the imperial glories.'

The proclamation then proceeded to say that the deceased poet himself had requested that his funeral should be conducted as simply and quietly as possible, and that the Government would endeavour to comply with his request; and as it was understood that some badly-disposed persons intended to take advantage of the event to create a disturbance, the Government would take strong measures to prevent anything of the kind. These fears proved groundless. The immense concourse of spectators that thronged the streets of the capital to see the funeral procession, respected the dead man's wishes, and the day was one of quiet but deep mourning. His autobiography and the last volumes of his poems were not published until a few months after his death.

And now we have only a few words more to say concerning the literary character of Béranger's works. Was he, as his



admirers assert, a splendid genius? The first poet of the nineteenth century, as M. Paul Boiteau declares? Or does the following extract from the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which we have already referred, contain a true verdict on his poetical powers?—

‘The muse of Béranger was not one of those birds of magnificent plumage and thrilling song made to inhabit grand nature and sonorous forests. It was originally a poor little Parisian sparrow, free, rakish, unabashed, knowing nothing of nature beyond the gardens of the suburbs, making love on the gutters of houses, and singing, nevertheless, with its shrill, scoffing voice, on its easy pleasures, the beautiful sky, on spring, and on liberty.’

Although we differ from such judges as Chateaubriand and Lamartine, not to mention many others, we must yet concur in the opinion thus expressed by M. Emile Montégut. Béranger was not a man of great and original genius; his works contain none of those grand images which at once mark the poet, and which we meet with continually in the works of Victor Hugo; they contain none of those burning words that illumine like a flash of lightning, revealing whole landscapes instantaneously; they contain none of those deep thoughts that linger in the mind for ever. For exquisite gracefulness of imagination, and even for delicacy of language, Alfred de Musset is incomparably his superior; for tenderness of feeling and grand harmony of verse, Lamartine stands far above him. From the works of these three great poets it is easy to gather grand and original ideas, which it would be very difficult to do from the poems of Béranger. He was a man of great talent, of keen wit, of considerable fancy, but especially and above all things of great and unwearied industry. Song-writing was his art, and the object of his life; and to do him justice, he studied it with lifelong zeal. Many of his songs, he tells us, took him months to compose, and were polished and repolished again and again, till they had attained the perfection necessary to satisfy the exacting artist. He informs us, also, that he seldom wrote without consulting a dictionary, so that every word might convey precisely the meaning he intended. The wonder is, that with all this toil his verses are not stiff and laboured; on the contrary, one of their great beauties is their ease and simplicity; for few men have better understood the maxim, ‘*Ars est celare artem.*’ Not that he ever surpassed the great French master of the art of being perfect without effort; but the following lines will show that even Lafontaine himself

need not have been ashamed of his disciple. The song is one of those that relate to Napoleon :—

**'LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.**

' On parlera de sa gloire  
Sous le chaume bien longtemps.  
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,  
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire ;  
Là viendront les villageois  
Dire alors à quelque vieille :  
Par des récits d'autrefois,  
Mère, abrégez notre veille.  
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,  
Le peuple encor le révère,  
Où, le révère.  
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'-mère ;  
Parlez-nous de lui.

' Mes enfans, dans ce village,  
Suivi de rois, il passa.  
Voilà bien longtemps de ça :  
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.  
A pied grimpant le coteau  
Où pour voir je m'étais mise,  
Il avait petit chapeau  
Avec redingote grise.  
Près de lui je me troublai !  
Il me dit : Bonjour, ma chère,  
Bonjour, ma chère.  
—Il vous a parlé, grand'-mère !  
Il vous a parlé !

' L'an d'après, moi, pauvre femme,  
A Paris étant un jour,  
Je le vis avec sa cour :  
Il se rendait à Notre Dame.  
Tous les cœurs étaient contents :  
On admirait son cortège !  
Chacun disait : Quel beau temps !  
Le ciel toujours le protége.  
Son sourire était bien doux :  
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,  
Le rendait père.  
—Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'-mère !  
Quel beau jour pour vous !

' Mais, quand la pauvre Champagne  
Fut en proie aux étrangers,  
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,  
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.

Un soir, tout comme aujourd'hui,  
J'entends frapper à la porte :  
J'ouvre. Bon Dieu ! c'était lui  
Suivi d'une faible escorte !  
Il s'assoit où me voilà,  
S'écriant : Oh ! quelle guerre !  
Oh ! quelle guerre !  
—Il s'est assis là, grand'-mère !  
Il s'est assis là !

' J'ai faim, dit-il ; et bien vite  
Je sers piquette et pain bis.  
Puis il sèche ses habits ;  
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.  
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,  
Il me dit : Bonne espérance !  
Je vais, de tous ses malheurs,  
Sous Paris, venger la France.  
Il part, et comme un trésor  
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,  
Gardé son verre.  
—Vous l'avez encor, grand'-mère !  
Vous l'avez encor ?

' Le voici. Mais à sa perte  
Le héros fut entraîné.  
Lui qu'un pape a couronné  
Est mort dans une île déserte.  
Longtemps aucun ne l'a cru ;  
On disait : " Il va paraître.  
Par mer il est accouru ;  
L'étranger va voir son maître."  
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,  
Ma douleur fut bien amère,  
Fut bien amère.  
—Dieu vous bénira, grand'-mère,  
Dieu vous bénira.'

It is difficult by any comparison to give an adequate idea of Béranger's poetical powers to the English reader, for the simple reason that there is no English poet to whom he bears any great resemblance. His wit is particularly French in its character ; that is to say, it is keen and sparkling, and better fitted to raise a satirical smile than a true laugh. In this respect he was like Pope, who, perhaps more than any other of our poets, admired and imitated the poetry of our neighbours on the other side of the channel. For varied melody of verse, and for the faculty of writing songs that have a tune in themselves independent of the music, Béranger may very aptly be compared

to Tom Moore. Both poets wrote patriotic, Bacchanalian, and sensual songs; and they both were in the habit of singing their own strains with voices which, if not remarkable for power or quality, had yet a wonderful influence over the feelings of all who heard them. But Moore's songs have much more the character of impromptus than those of Béranger, and do not bear evidence of the same patient toil; and this perhaps explains why the verses of the former have decreased in popularity to a far greater extent than those of the latter. Moore's songs, again, are chiefly national; those of Béranger political. Some, such as '*Jacques*,' '*Le vieux Vagabond*,' &c., describe the miseries of the lower classes, and the ills incident to poverty; and this naturally suggests a comparison with the English poet Hood. But, strangely enough, the man who had himself been a workman sinks very much below the man who only knew the life of the poor from observation: though there are some beautiful passages in Béranger's poems on these subjects, (as, for instance, where the poor woman offers her husband her wedding-ring to obtain some wine, thinking that he is only ill when he is dead,) yet they contain nothing equal to the matchless '*Song of the Shirt*.' He could not write pathetic lines like those, because, with all his industry and skill, he had not the deep and tender feelings which alone could inspire such lines. We do not think he ever even soared as high as Mrs. Browning's '*Song of the Children*.' The comparison naturally suggests itself with another poet of our own, who sprang like himself from the ranks of the people, and whose life and works were stained as his were by sin and sensuality. Gifted by nature with less common sense than Béranger, Burns was never able to draw the same advantages from his genius. The former never suffered his convivial and Bacchanalian propensities to overcome him, but worked and worked till he had earned fame and a respectable position; the latter allowed himself to be conquered by his passions, and never rose as he should have done in the social scale. And yet he had far more original genius, and a far truer knowledge of what was right. For his grand, God-fearing Scotch education had made it impossible for him to remain in the same state of spiritual and moral darkness as the French song-writer. And how beautifully in his more solemn moments the influences of that education show themselves in his works! Béranger could never have imagined '*The Cotter's Saturday Night*.' Our poet's compatriots were fond of comparing him with Horace; and not unjustly: there is in both the same delicacy of wit, keenness of satire, force and purity of language, and finish of

versification; and there is, besides,—what perhaps originally suggested the comparison,—the same Epicurean philosophy, and the same gay view of life.

Our chief difficulty in writing this brief notice of the events and labours of Béranger's life has been to avoid painting the picture either too light or too dark; to avoid making him appear either worse or better than he actually was. Many of his poems, and especially his earlier ones, were impure; and there is but too much reason to believe that his life during many of his earlier years was immoral, though not by any means to the extent that his poems would lead us to imagine. He was as far as possible from being a Christian: he was scarcely even a man of any religious sentiment, and often spoke most unworthily and blasphemously of things which all pure minds love and honour. In passing deep moral censure upon him, however, we must not altogether forget the time and the country in which he lived, and the circumstances of his education; nor should we throw a veil over the fact that he was generous, unselfish, and politically disinterested during a period of very general corruption.

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ART. V.—*Christiāni Pragnyapti. The Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion: in Singhalese.* By the REV. D. J. GÖGERLY, C.M.R.A.S. Colombo: Wesleyan Mission Press. 1862.

THE East has ever been to the West a region of interest and wonder. In the earliest ages, warriors fought their way thither, that they might win, on this wide field, their richest conquests. Philosophers accompanied them, that they might gain from Brahman and Sramana an insight into the mighty thoughts to which speculation had given birth in these mysterious regions. These were followed by the men of commerce, who found here the goodliest pearls, the most fragrant spices, and the most costly products of the loom. The spirit of marvel was stimulated and heightened by the scantiness of the writings that alone recorded these wonders; and the long intervals, through which all intercourse was broken off between the two races, afforded opportunity for the wildest play of the imagination. The refusal of the Macedonians to cross the Hyphasis was a severe trial to the ardent mind of Alexander; but the disappointment of the

arrested conqueror has been the still greater loss of all subsequent ages, as the golden gate of India was then closed, not again to be opened, until nearly two thousand years had been added to the age of the world.

The fairest appanage of India is Ceylon, even there regarded as 'the resplendent,' and extolled as peerless among the islands of the earth. Poets and painters have vied with each other in their illustration; the naturalist has fascinated us by his descriptions of its fauna, and of its glories of tree and flower. And if travellers from this favoured land are to be believed, the reality is equal to the representation. It is not difficult, perhaps, to account for the interest with which Ceylon has ever been regarded, from the first mention of its name in ancient legend to the glowing pages of its last and most trustworthy historian. Upon the continent of India there is more of the wonderful; but it is too vast for the mind to compass without painful effort. Its towering mountains have not been scaled by man, and probably never will be; the sources of its rivers are difficult of access, and have been visited by few; it is a continent rather than a country, its nations being many, speaking different languages, professing divers faiths, governed by monarchs of distinct races; and its old stories are so endless and involved, that the mind becomes faint before it has traversed the half of their wearisome length. The island offers none of this immensity, nor does it impose this tax upon the strained attention. The loftiest of its hill-tops are easily gained, and from their summits can be seen, at the same time, both its eastern and western shores; every rood of its water-shed is well known; the people that inhabit its principal provinces are one, speaking the same language, and practising the same religious rites, as their forefathers did in the far-away time when the name of Britain had scarcely appeared upon classic page; and its records, authenticated by inscription and monument, are not more extended than the ancient annals of our own land. We seem able to understand all about Ceylon with ease; India is an impenetrable mystery.

About twenty-five years ago the attention of orientalists was attracted to the history of this country, by the publication of a portion of the *Mahawanso*, translated from the Páli, by the Hon. George Turnour; a chronicle which, with additions that have been made to it from time to time, contains an uninterrupted list of one hundred and sixty-five kings who reigned successively in the island, and which records the arrival in 543 B.C. of a prince from the valley of the Ganges, with five hundred followers, from whom



the Singhalese are said to be descended. There is partial corroboration of some parts of this strange story, in the fact, that the language of the people is closely allied to the idioms spoken in Northern India; whilst there comes between them, like an abnormal stratum in geology, the territory occupied by the millions who speak the Dravidian, or South-India, languages, which are of an entirely different type, and are not, like the former, closely allied to the Sanskrit, but of Scythian origin. The statements in relation to the power of the earlier kings are confirmed by the ruins of immense tanks and gigantic tumuli that still exist, but around which is now heard only the scream of the paroquet, or the tread of the wild elephant as he breaks down the trees of the thick forest. Like that of nearly all other nations, their history is a continued record of tyranny and war; and the Kandian, until the memorable year of Waterloo, when the English took possession of the interior of the island, was able to look proudly from his mountain fastnesses, and say that, though army after army, like the restless billows of an encroaching sea, had come up from the continent to subdue his people, no enemy had succeeded in gaining permanent possession of the country, and that they were still an unconquered nation.

The unchangeableness which belongs to their race belongs also to their religion. The architectural remains to which we have referred—the mightiest upon the face of the earth, with the single exception of those solemn structures that still cast their shadows on the sands of Egypt as when the Pharaohs reigned—are all connected with Buddhism, as monuments of priestly piety or kingly beneficence. The literati of the European continent wonder at the apathy of the English, who, with the facilities they enjoy, have done scarcely anything to explain the mysteries of this ancient system; whilst they, who can only look on from a distance and take up such MSS. as chance may throw in their way, have translated and published works equal in number to the volumes of a moderate library. We are not about to test the patience of our readers by a disquisition on oriental mythology, nor shall we enter this dreamland at all; but the teachings of Gótama Buddha have been so extensively received, and have produced effects so powerful and so real, that they necessarily must have some interest even for the most general student.

The first thing that strikes us, when we turn over the translations to which we have access, is the great similarity between many of the rites and aims of Buddhism and those of Romanism. The life of Buddha, stripped of its eastern imagery, would be regarded as that of some ancient monk, who

had retired from the world that he might more easily free himself from its corruptions. In his youth, like other princes, he led a life of pleasure; but, from seeing certain pitiable objects, his spirit was depressed, and he became anxious and thoughtful. Then, disgusted with the vanities of the palace, after a severe struggle, he resigned his royal privileges, forsook his wife and new-born child, and retired to the wilderness. Though he there sought for power over evil in every possible way, he failed in the pursuit; until he had one day a contest with demons more dreadful than ever assaulted St. Antony or any other ascetic whose mental conflicts have been recorded in western hagiology. The evil ones passed away, leaving him unconquered and unmoved; and after this all passion was destroyed from within him, and in the same night, according to the legend from which we quote, he became possessed of a Divine illumination that enabled him to know all things, though not properly omniscient. The propagation of his doctrines soon afterwards commenced; they were ultimately taken by his disciples and their successors to every part of the East, and almost everywhere received.

There is a strange contrast between the scantiness of the Buddhist creed, and the multitude and complexity of the ceremonies, austerities, and sacred acts prescribed by the Buddhistic religion. The books deny that there is any spirit in man, or any Supreme Intelligence in the universe, or any eternal being whatever; and yet they are ultra rigid in their morality, and most severe in the modes of penance they enjoin on those who are seeking what they regard as the highest privilege of sentient beings, *nirvána*, or nihilism.

The names and descriptive titles of the Sramana priests are synonymous with those of the monks of the Latin and Greek Churches. The rules of their novices, and the requirements to which they must attend, are almost literally the same as those of the more modern novitiate. They shave the head, wear a prescribed habit of yellow cloth, and reside in monasteries. They are celibates, and may not look upon woman under any circumstances. They are forbidden to do any manner of work. They must renounce all property except certain necessary articles for personal use, eight in number, and may not touch gold or silver. They may not eat what has not been given in alms, nor any solid food after the noon of the day, and they may not indulge in much sleep. Attendance at places of amusement is strictly prohibited. They are called upon to pay no attention to caste, and to maintain the original equality of all men; and in appointing to

the offices of the priesthood no difference is to be made between the scion of royalty and the son of the *sudra*. They reverence the relics of devoted men, and build over them ponderous monuments. They do not profess to make a god by the utterance of the mass-service; but they maintain that they themselves are more excellent and exalted than the highest of the gods; and as such they receive worship from the people, and invite the gods to attend when their sacred books are publicly read.

The island of Lanká, or Ceylon, is regarded throughout the Buddhist world as a region of pre-eminent holiness. It was thrice visited by Buddha, and it was here that his discourses were first committed to writing. Possibly these facts may throw light on the Providence by which it was chosen as the first locality in which the Wesleyan mission was commenced in the East in the year 1814, though the facts themselves were probably unknown to its originators. The narrative of the rise and early progress of this great undertaking has still few records to equal it in interest, although many volumes have been written on kindred subjects since its publication. The perils of an Indian life were then greatly exaggerated in general estimation; yet the venerable man, whose yearning soul prayed the mission into existence, was not deterred from attempting it, either by the perils attendant upon a long voyage, or the trials to be expected in a field of labour situated nearly in the centre of the tropics, and not yet explored. This last public act of Dr. Coke was worthy of its great antecedents in the cause of the Redeemer. The five men who accompanied him deserve the most grateful and respectful record. James Lynch had the unsuspecting simplicity of a child, and a heart full of loving-kindness and charity. There are persons yet living, once high in office, who were won to a religious life by his holy conversation. William Martin Harvard had all the winning ways of a courtier, sanctified and made still more attractive by Divine grace; and by the members of the Colonial Government he was held in great esteem. Benjamin Clough was a broad-shouldered, stalwart Yorkshireman, of lively imagination and great earnestness, much beloved by his brethren, one of the earlier translators of the Scriptures into Singhalese, the author of an English-and-Singhalese and Singhalese-and-English Dictionary not yet superseded, and the author or editor of several other works of great value. Thomas H. Squance had a soul of fire and a tongue of thunder, and the glorious effects of his vehement ministry are yet spoken of by the ancients of the

land. He still lives, the sole survivor of this memorable band ; and his protracted ministry has been uniformly one of great honour to himself and of benefit to the Churches among whom he has laboured. Thomas Ault was a son of sadness ; ardent when excited, but quickly relapsing into pensiveness ; and his useful career was soon closed. Of George Erskine little has been recorded. Like James Lynch, he was a native of Ireland, and died at Sydney, in the service of the mission. The cup of sorrow which these brave men were called to drink, must have been bitter beyond thought when their leader was taken from them at a stroke, and they were sailing towards an unknown region without any available means of support, and, as they thought, without a friend in the whole of India. But in this season of distress they received a special baptism of the Holy Ghost. They were cast in their orphanage upon the promises of God ; and assistance was soon offered them extending to all their wants. From the moment their feet touched the shore that was to be the scene of their future toil and triumph, their way was opened before them ; their ministry was at once owned in the conversion of souls ; and all classes in the island seemed ready to show them kindness, and assist them in promoting the interests of their mission.

This was nearly the first Wesleyan mission to a purely heathen country ; and the Churches at home, as well as their agents, had much to learn before they could be brought to understand the awful deceptiveness and depravity of the nations that know not God. The whole land seemed ready to bend at once before the cross ; the congregations were immense, and every one present appeared to listen with the most profound attention to the Divine word ; schools might have been established in every village of the island, if the means for their support had been provided ; priests threw off their robes and were baptized ; it was supposed that in a little time the worship of Buddha would cease, the incantation of demons pass away, and that from every homestead reared among the myriad palm-trees of the island the voice of Christian prayer and praise would ascend. It was sad to learn that in all this there was little sincerity or truth. It was discovered, when the experience of the missionaries became riper, that in the heart of the nation there was not only the natural malignity of man, and the moral feebleness arising from the reception of the loose and powerless ethics of an atheistic creed ; but that the people had been brought up from infancy to the practice of deception in religious matters by the mistaken policy of the Dutch, who conferred office on no

native that had not been baptized. The crowds that assembled were, in fact, gathered by interested men, who supposed that they were thereby entering the path to certain honour and emolument. The servants of Christ were taught the unpleasant lesson, that they must deal with each man, whatever might be his gentleness of manner, or his pretensions to religion, as an enemy to revealed truth; and that much patient continuance in trying to teach them the first rudiments of the Gospel, and in the exercise of a holy discipline, would be required before these baptized multitudes could be brought to understand the essential difference between Buddhism and Christianity.

The successors of the missionaries who accompanied Dr. Coke sought earnestly to carry out the plans that had been gradually matured for the conversion of the Singhalese people. In this great work the press has been actively employed from the commencement. John Callaway, a man of considerable research, but eccentric, published a valuable dictionary in Singhalese, and several sermons and tracts. William B. Fox excelled as a philologist, and gained an insight into the construction and character of numerous languages. He published a Singhalese and Portuguese Vocabulary; and to him and another honoured name, Robert Newstead, the country-born population is indebted for a translation of the New Testament into Portuguese, besides a hymn-book composed by the latter in the same language, and still the only one in use. Alexander Hume translated into Singhalese the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and so taught thousands how to travel to the celestial city. William Bridgnell was the author of several elementary works that did good service in the cause of education; and he was a man who, with some peculiarities in his thoughts about the invisible world, lived in close communion with God. The names we have enumerated are still household words in many parts of the country. There are others whom we could mention, equally useful in other departments of the mission, and who are loved for their works' sake; but as they are yet in the active service of the Church, we must postpone the record of their worth and works.

The name, however, which stands first and foremost among the Wesleyan missionaries to Ceylon, is that of the venerable Daniel John Gogerly. On the 6th of September, 1862, when he was called away, after a short illness, in the seventy-first year of his age, the Churches of the island sustained their severest loss since the commencement of the mission. His writings, and the universal testimony of those who knew him,

show that he was a man of powerful intellect and great majesty of thought; and in the discharge of what we consider to be a duty that literature owes to his memory as an orientalist, we shall cull, from the best sources to which we have access, a few particulars of his life, and notice, at somewhat greater length, his unwearied labours as a student of eastern lore.

Mr. Gogerly's family was of German origin. His grandfather, a wealthy land and slave owner in South Carolina, was killed in the American war of independence; and the widow and children were conveyed by Lord Cornwallis to England, receiving, as indemnity for the loss of all their property, an annuity from the British Government. His father, the eldest son, settled in London, and married a devout wife. When their son, Daniel John, was born, in August, 1792, he was prayerfully dedicated to God. In his fourteenth year he was brought to religious concern, under the ministry of the Rev. W. Vipond, having been attracted to one of the Wesleyan chapels in London, not long before, by the music of the singing and the earnestness of the devotion, and having become in consequence a regular worshipper among the Wesleyans. This awakening soon issued in his sound conversion, and in his earnest and solemn consecration of himself to the service of the Church.

It was not possible for a mind like his to rest in the common routine of religious life; and whilst yet under the power of his first Christian feeling, he set himself sternly to the pursuit of knowledge and the general culture of his mind and heart. He was the means of the establishment of what would now be called a 'Young Men's Improvement Society;' and, like many other eminent men who have been members of similar societies in early life, he was greatly indebted to the intellectual strategy called forth at its meetings, for his skill and strength in debate, his readiness in discovering at once the weak positions in an argument, and the overwhelming and concentrated power which he brought to bear upon a discomfited opponent. To a nobler use than that of mere discussion his powers were soon devoted, and he became a local or lay preacher. With his brethren he had a somewhat painful dispute, in reference to the eternal Sonship of Christ, about which he held sentiments that were dangerous, though then defended by men of great name; but his views upon this subject were afterwards changed, and he became remarkable for his soundness in all the articles of Wesleyan theology, and for the clearness with which he explained them, in the pulpit, in conversation, and in the addresses he was called upon to deliver to candidates for the ministry.



In the year 1818 he left his native land, to take charge of the Wesleyan printing-office at Colombo. The improvements he effected gave to this branch of art a permanent advance; and the establishment, in his hands, became one of the most efficient in India. But it would have been a wrong to the Church of God, if such a man had been allowed to remain in a subordinate position; and in 1822 he was received into the ministry. From the time of his arrival, he had set himself to study the languages of the country, and was one of the first missionaries who preached extemporaneously in Singhalese. His first station was Negombo, where he introduced the cottage prayer-meetings that have been the means of so much good to the people, and had the privilege of converting the materials of a heathen temple into a house for the worship of God. Here he commenced the study of Páli. This language was the vernacular of Magadha, the native country of Gótama, and is to the Buddhist what Sanskrit is to the Brahman, or Latin to the Romanist. The discourses of Buddha were delivered in it, and in it they have been transmitted to our own times. No European had at that time studied this dialect to any extent; and the learned men of both the European and Asiatic continents despised it as a patois or jargon. Yet it claims for itself a refinement that no other language can reach, and professes to be the language of the gods.

In 1834 he removed to Matura. The priests of this district are regarded as the most learned in the island; and he had here the opportunity of pursuing his studies in Páli under the most favourable circumstances, an advantage of which he availed himself with the utmost avidity. There was then no dictionary of the language, but he set himself to compile one for his own use; and before his death he had succeeded in collecting about 15,000 words, which he arranged alphabetically, with the interpretation attached to them in English. Whilst here, he employed native pundits to write out the whole of the sacred books, with their authorised glossaries, or comments. There are separate parts of them found in nearly all the temples; but there are few complete copies in the island, besides the one he possessed, and which he has left as a legacy to the Wesleyan mission. The first section of the three divisions alone, the *Abhidhammá*, extends to 2,628 pages, written upon talipot leaves two feet in length, and containing eight lines on each page. This collection is of the greater value, as it is probable that the priests would now refuse to allow of their being copied by any European.

On the retirement of the Rev. Benjamin Clough, in 1838,

he was appointed to the chairmanship of the mission to which he was attached, and afterwards became its general superintendent. From his residence in the capital, to which he was now removed, he was brought under the notice of the Government; and upon more than one occasion his advice was sought on questions affecting the highest interests of the colony. The copies he has left of his official correspondence bespeak throughout the mind of the statesman. The distinctness with which his views are expressed, as well as the large collateral knowledge he brought to bear upon the illustration of them, are evidences of the pains he took to understand, in all its minuteness, every public question thus brought before him. There is a Central School Commission in Ceylon, holding the same position in reference to the colony that the Council of Education does towards England. Of this commission he was appointed a member by the governor; and as he had been connected with it from its commencement, his suggestions were received with much deference by his associates in office, and the influence that he exercised over the interests of education in the island was everywhere felt. For the establishment of vernacular schools he was an earnest advocate, believing that a nation can never be properly educated but in its own language. His knowledge of Singhalese was of use to the government in reference to candidates for the queen's service, of whom he was for some time the principal examiner. In the proceedings of all the benevolent societies with which he was connected he took a great interest, and rendered to each much valuable aid, being generally chosen as its secretary, treasurer, or president. Of whatever institution he was a member, his was the leading spirit; and though he had sometimes prolonged battles to fight before his object was gained, he seldom retired from the arena of contest without carrying his plans.

The power possessed by Mr. Gogerly as a preacher was more fully recognised after his appointment to Colombo. The opportunities for the use of the English language are not frequent in the island; and, amidst so many other things that demand his attention, it is not possible for the missionary, who does his duty in other respects, to devote much time to the preparation of English sermons. But the discourses of Mr. Gogerly were always marked by great chasteness of language, clearness of thought, propriety of arrangement, and fulness of investigation. He was invariably listened to with attention. And yet his style was very unlike that which is the most popular in the present day. There was rhythm in his words; but it

was the voice of the noble anthem to which men listened, and not to the jingle or the *lilt*. It was the logical faculty of the mind that was addressed, the more imaginative being in abeyance; and he not unfrequently spoke long without the use of a single image. At the opening of the fort chapel in Colombo, he was the preacher, when the governor, the commander-in-chief, the chief justice, and others of rank in the colony, attended the service; and it was the testimony of all present that they had never previously listened to a more powerful discourse; yet the subject was justification by faith, and the doctrine was stated in the most simple and practical style possible. The chief justice, Sir John Jeremie, once a prominent name in the slave question, and himself a powerful speaker, said to a missionary whom he met when on circuit, 'Is it not wonderful? I have just been to Matura, and I do not hesitate to say, that I have heard one of the greatest preachers in the world in that insignificant, out-of-the-way place.' On repeated occasions, when he has addressed public meetings in Colombo, successive governors, bishops, and judges have spoken of him as an extraordinary man. It was, perhaps, after a debate on some important question, when he rose to reply, that the mastery of his mind was the most apparent. Error after error was exposed; every obscurity was removed, as by the power of that magic jewel of the East, which is said at once to precipitate the impurities of the liquid into which it is cast; the subject was seen in a clearer light with every sentence he uttered; and when he sat down, the wonder was general, that his views did not commend themselves to every one's judgment from the outset.

The name of this distinguished missionary would be worthy of lasting remembrance in Ceylon, had its people received no further benefit from him than the assistance he rendered to the Bible Society in the translation of the Scriptures into Singhalese. There have been several revisions of the Scriptures since Mr. Gogerly joined the Board of Translators in 1822. In the long interval since that period, not many days passed over in which he did not devote some portion of his time to the service of the Society, either as secretary, translator, or corrector of the press. Every word in each of the editions printed by the Board passed under his critical eye, and was well considered, in all its shades of meaning, before it was written upon the paper in his beautiful Singhalese hand; and single passages sometimes cost him days of research, and much anxious thought, before he was satisfied that he had arrived at the right conclusion as

to their meaning, or as to the way in which they ought to be rendered. There have been two recensions of the Singhalese Scriptures. As it was thought by the Church missionaries that the style of the earlier translations published by the Bible Society was too high to be generally understood, they published a version from their own press, calling it, perhaps a little invidiously, 'the colloquial version.' There were also differences of opinion on grammatical construction, and on the use or rejection of honorifics. For a series of years a controversy was carried on, in meetings and by pamphlets, as to the best method to be adopted in this important undertaking. In this Mr. Gogerly took a prominent part; and from his long and careful study of the language his opinion was of great weight with all parties concerned. Happily there has been conciliation on both sides; and now nearly all the missionaries in Ceylon are united in the use of one and the same version.

Mr. Gogerly was always reluctant to prepare anything for the press in his own language. As it was well known that in his knowledge of Páli he was without an equal, his brethren in the island, the missionary committee, the colonial authorities, and different individuals and societies in England and on the continent, repeatedly entreated him to publish some work, in illustration of Buddhism, that might be regarded as the standard authority on the system; but to these requests there was no response, with the exception of a few detached papers in periodicals and reports, which are of inestimable value to the oriental student, but too limited in their extent to fulfil the purpose for which these appeals were made. When urged to do something more, he would reply, that he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge to warrant his attempting the preparation of an exhaustive treatise on the system. The principal essays and translations he published were on the following subjects: 1. 'The *Pansiya-panas-játaka-pota*; or, Book of the 550 Births.' The text contains a number of stanzas on different subjects, and the comment comprises an account of the occasion on which the verses were spoken, with a story illustrating it, affirmed to have been recited by Buddha at the time it was delivered, giving an account of circumstances that occurred to himself and the same parties in a former birth. 2. 'On Transmigration and Identity.' This paper refers principally to a discourse delivered by Buddha, in which he professes to give an account of all the philosophical sects existing in his days.

'The general idea of transmigration,' Mr. Gogerly writes, 'is

that the same spiritual being successively animates various bodies ; but Buddhism teaches that transmigration is not the removal of the same identical spiritual intelligence from one state to another, but an infinite series of new formations of body and soul, each link in the series having the abstract merit and demerit of the actions of the preceding link as its effective cause.'

This paper is one of the most valuable in the series, and afforded the first insight ever given to the western world into the peculiarity of Buddhist ontology, and into its abstruse teachings on the producing causes of existence, and the directing cause of happiness and misery. 3. 'Observations on the Article (in the *Friend*) entitled "The Power of Truth."' 4. 'On Pirit.' This is a translation, with comments, of the service-book used by the priests in performing the Pirit, a ceremony of exorcism. 5. 'On the Laws of the Priesthood.' This paper was recently re-published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, along with a translation of the same work, the *Páti-mokkhan*, from the Chinese, by the Rev. S. Beal. 6. 'On the *Dammapadan* ; or, Footsteps of Religion.' This work contains 423 Páli stanzas, or moral aphorisms, and gives a favourable view of the comparative purity of the ethics of Buddhism. All these papers were published in the *Friend*, a small periodical edited by one of the Wesleyan missionaries.

In the Appendix to a new translation of Ribeyro's History of Ceylon, an article is inserted from the same pen, entitled 'Notes on Buddhism.' To the Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. Gogerly contributed several valuable papers. Of this branch he was the Vice-President, and was elected a Corresponding Member of the Parent Society. Sir J. Emerson Tennent received from him considerable assistance in the preparation of his ably written and extensively read work on Ceylon. In 1861, he delivered a lecture on Buddhism, which brought out, with great effect, the result of his extensive wanderings in a region of thought never previously presented to the vision of the western savant.

It was his delight to watch the effects of complicated and contrary forces, whether in the operations of nature or the works of man. However vast the field, or varied the movements upon it, he seemed able to take in the whole ; and yet he could follow, to its termination, through long and tortuous courses, each separate process, as if his undivided attention had been fixed upon that alone. For this reason, he was well fitted to unravel the intricate web of Buddhist metaphysics, the teachings of Gótama being more a system of philosophy than of religion. There can be little

doubt, that the principles of Buddhism will attract much greater attention than they have yet received. It is, therefore, matter for congratulation, that these principles have been so clearly defined; the student will thus be saved from mistakes that would otherwise have led him wrong at the commencement, and so vitiated all his after conclusions. The importance of a precise definition of terms has been seen repeatedly in the arguments that missionaries have held with the Buddhist priests.

The work which cost Mr. Gogerly most thought, and which has done more to rouse the Buddhists from their lethargy than any other publication of the mission press in Ceylon, is the one we have placed at the head of this article, '*Christiáni Pragnyapti*, or, The Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion.' With this work he took great pains, as is evident from the number of times its principal portions were re-written, the original drafts being still preserved. It was at first published in separate parts, in the following order. 1. On the Existence of a Creator. 2. Man, a Moral Agent. 3. On the Necessity of a Divine Revelation. 4. Evidences that such a Revelation is contained in the Scriptures of the Christians. In each of the tractates the impossibility of making Buddhist assertion agree with established fact is brought out with powerful effect. They were published anonymously, and many inquiries were made as to who could be the author. After some time, the whole series was sent forth in a volume, to which his name was attached. It was then apparent that the result aimed at had been produced. The priests boldly took up the same weapon; and they have now two or three presses in active operation, one of which they procured from England for the avowed purpose of defending their system. Within the last year, more pamphlets and periodicals have been published, on both sides, than in all the previous history of Singhalese missions. It is worthy of remark, that the principal (almost the exclusive) attacks have been made upon the character and institutions of Moses; and, as we write this article, a tract is sent us, in which the name of the heresiarch of the day is conspicuous, and the bishop of Natal is hailed as a welcome coadjutor in their attempts to destroy Christianity. No reply, worthy of the name, to the arguments in the *Pragnyapti* has yet appeared. Tracts have been published professing to refute it; but their authors have supposed that by the use of ribaldry and the utterance of the most awful blasphemy against 'Jehovah,' they can turn away the attention of the people from its



withering words. The controversy has called forth many expressions of attachment to Christianity on the part of the Singhalese people; and one native writer, whose name is not known, has published a work at his own expense, and for gratuitous distribution, in which the objections of the Buddhists are taken up *seriatim*, and are answered in a manner that would do credit to the most accomplished controversialist. Another native gentleman offered a prize of £50 to any Buddhist who would write an answer to Mr. Gogerly's work; but the reply he received from the priests was, 'Until we have some one among us cleverer than the author of that book, we shall not be able to refute it.'

A few months ago, the priest of Cotanchina, near Colombo, commenced a series of lectures against Christianity, in which Mr. Gogerly's tracts were constantly referred to, and in a manner that betrayed the importance attached to them by the Buddhists. He stated to the people, that he had no controversy with the Romanists, as they followed the same customs as themselves; and that he had none with any other sect, but with the Wesleyans alone,—who regard this exclusive notice as a very honourable distinction. The priest went to the hall in great state, preceded by an elephant; and at first his lectures were numerous attended. There was much excitement in consequence, both among the Buddhists and the Christians; and the wrath of the Romanists was so far roused by some allusion to the mother of our Lord, that they resorted to their usual mode of argument, and there was a breach of the peace. A society has been formed for the propagation of Buddhism, and missionaries are to be sent out by it to carry the doctrines of Gótama from house to house. The ministers of the Gospel have been equally active on the side of truth, and have delivered lectures in reply to the priest and his abettors in many of their chapels and schools. Hitherto, it has been the wish of the natives, almost universally, to be regarded as Christians, though in everything but the name they were Buddhists. There is now, as the effect of the present agitation, in many places where a sifting of this kind was much wanted, an entire separation of the Buddhists from all the forms of Christianity.

The changes that Mr. Gogerly was permitted to see in the island, as to its material interests, were of the most gratifying character. At the time of his landing there was not a single coffee plantation in the whole island; now there are more than five hundred; and in 1860 the declared value of the coffee exported was £1,598,304. The custom duties alone are now

equal to the entire value of all the exports in 1817. There were then scarcely any metalled roads in the island, and therefore few carts; there are now some of the finest roads in the world, and more than eleven thousand carts. The Singhalese have become large landed proprietors and extensive cultivators, and the wealth of some of the native families is immense. The same period has seen the abolition of *rājakāria*, a Government *corvée*, that had the effect of making the people of the interior the serfs of the headmen and priests. The higher interests of the colony have also made a rapid advance; but, we fear, not in equal proportion. A petition was recently presented to the School Commission from a rural district, signed by one hundred and sixty householders, only ten of whom were unable to write their names; from which the extent of education may be inferred. Fifty years ago it was difficult to procure a copy of the New Testament in Singhalese; and the whole of the Scriptures was not printed in that language until 1823. Since that period nearly fifty thousand copies of the word of God, or of parts of it, have been circulated. There are now about eighty Protestant ministers in the island, whilst at the former date there were only nine; but we regret to add, that the Romanist priests have risen from a small number (not more than seven or eight) to fifty-one. There are now more tracts circulated in one month than had then been published in all since the English took possession of the colony. In 1818 there were seventy members of the Wesleyan Society; there are now two thousand one hundred and seventy-eight, with fifty chapels and fifty other preaching places.

Towards the progress of the colony, both intellectually and religiously, no man contributed more than Mr. Gogerly, by his writings and translations, his personal exertions, and the influence he exercised in every department in which it was possible to enlist his services. Whenever stern duty demanded his attention, he set himself to its performance without a single question as to the extent of the labour it would entail upon him; and no exertion was regarded as too great, or the time it would occupy too extended, if he could thereby promote the welfare of the country or the prosperity of the Church. Nor did he ever shrink from any obligation because he thought its fulfilment might give offence to others, or raise up enemies. He feared no man's frown, and he flattered no man to gain his favour. We could enumerate many beautiful traits in his character: it would be a pleasant task to dwell upon his geniality of spirit and almost invariable good humour, and to tell of the humility he ever manifested under circumstances

that would have made many men imperious and haughty; but we forbear, as we confine ourselves almost exclusively to his character as a public man and as a writer. He has been compared, in turn, to Samuel Johnson, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Jabez Bunting; but intellectually and in personal appearance he was most like the lexicographer, whom he resembled also in a certain abruptness of manner and impatience of contradiction on any subject about which his mind had been thoroughly convinced. These tendencies, however, were held in restraint by religious principle; he was never, like the gruff doctor, rude or repulsive; and his life was one continued dedication of all his time and talents to the great purpose of promoting the glory of God.

There was scarcely any interruption to Mr. Gogerly's health during the whole of his long residence in the island; and he only left it twice, first on account of the illness of his wife, when he visited Madras, and afterwards on account of his own health, when he spent a few weeks at the Mauritius. But the time came when his vigorous frame yielded suddenly and entirely to disease. One of his last acts was to read the last proof of an English translation of the first part of the '*Pragmyapti*;' and the lettered page was then closed as if his appointed work was done. There was the noise of those who strive for the mastery in the camp of the enemy; but his mind was calm as that of the warrior who knows that victory is certain, and who has caught a glimpse of the crown he is about to wear. It was at the Wesleyan Mission House, Colpetty, where he had lived since his removal to Colombo, and whence other kindred spirits have departed to their rest, that he passed away from the study and use of ancient languages, and entered into the land where one language is employed by the redeemed 'out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.' The lattice of the chamber of death looks out on a garden filled with fragrant shrubs and the choicest plants that grow in this region of flowers, that had been trained and tended by the hand of his wife, recently and suddenly taken from his side. It is now a sacred spot. The morning after his death his remains were committed to the ground; and the attendance at his funeral of men of all ranks gave striking evidence of the respect in which he had been held. The local journalists all mourned his departure, speaking of him as 'the strong-minded;' and one of them, by no means favourable to non-conformity, said of him, 'He acquired an influence over the people such as is possessed by no other of his creed or country.'

In him Oriental literature lost one of its most successful students, and the island of Ceylon one of its greatest benefactors.

The Wesleyan mission exerts an influence, in a greater or less degree, over ten thousand of its inhabitants; and wherever its agents have access schools are built, Bibles are scattered, and the word of God is preached. And yet this is only one among several Societies of a similar kind that are effectively aiming to spread Christianity throughout the land. The great hindrance to the success that alone can satisfy the Protestant missionary has been the indifference of the people to all that is spiritual and truthful. For many centuries they have slumbered in dreaminess and death, lulled to insensibility by the opiate influence of their old religion. The voice of the priest, when he professes to teach them, is soft as the breeze at sunset; the spirit he inculcates is yielding as the air, which remains undisturbed when the voice has ceased its utterance, or the waved hand its motion; the offerings he asks for his temple are flowers; and the image he sets before them for worship, whilst it faintly smiles, is too unmeaning in its expression to win the affections or stir the soul. But the Sramanas are themselves evoking a power that will be fatal to their system: Buddhism cannot long live where the press is active. The servants of the Cross are ready to teach the way of salvation through the sacrifice, 'not without blood,' presented by the Son of God; and, unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, the day is not far distant when, from many a hill where the coffee-tree blossoms, and many a plain where the oxen low as they tread out the rice-corn or prepare the ground, the voice of melody will be heard proclaiming the majesty and mercy of the Lord of the whole earth.

- ART. VI.—1. *History of the Greek Revolution.* By GEORGE FINLAY, LL.D. Two Vols. Blackwood. 1861.  
 2. *Greece and the Greeks.* By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London. 1863.  
 3. *La Grèce contemporaine.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1855.

ON the morning of the 6th of February, 1833, King Otho, then a youth of seventeen, landed at Nauplia from the English frigate which had conveyed him to the shores of his new

kingdom. A fleet of twenty-five ships of war and forty-eight transports, at anchor in the bay, attested how important was the occasion in the view of the great Powers of Europe. Everything conspired to give brilliancy to the scene. The sun was warm, and the air balmy with the breath of spring; while a light breeze wafted freshness from the sea, where boats, filled with people in holiday attire, were gliding amidst the gaily decorated frigates of the allied squadrons. The landscape was beautiful; and it recalled memories of a glorious past. Three thousand five hundred Bavarian soldiers had landed before the king, and were in position to receive him as he stepped on shore. The numerous mounted officers, the prancing horses and splendid plumes, the music of the bands, and the decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new comers, produced a powerful impression upon the minds of the Greeks, accustomed to the sight of a wasted and poverty-stricken country. Anarchy and order shook hands. Greeks and Albanians, mountaineers and islanders, soldiers, sailors, and peasants, welcomed the young monarch as their deliverer from a state of society more intolerable even than Turkish tyranny. It is true that the residence provided for royalty was none of the best. The king's German attendants had a house allotted to them which could not afford shelter from the rain or from the north wind. Not half-a-dozen oxen, scarcely a hen or an egg, were to be found in the whole of Greece. Everything had come to the worst. Even the members of the government and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starving population. Enthusiasts, who recalled the poetic glories of the Greece of Homer, and the historic greatness of the Greece of Thucydides, might be pardoned if they then indulged a hope that a third Greece was emerging into life, a new Christian kingdom incorporated in the international system of Europe, which would unite the developments of modern progress with the splendours of ancient renown.

The anticipations then formed might have been fulfilled, notwithstanding the limited capacity of the young king, if only he had been surrounded by advisers capable of forgetting themselves, and of directing with wisdom and energy the affairs of the new state. But everything went wrong from the first; and after twenty-nine years of splendid misery, the king and queen have been driven, with the unanimous consent of

all classes of Greeks, from the throne and court of Athens. It may be urged in behalf of Otho, that since his accession the population of the kingdom has more than doubled;—that Athens, which was then a collection of a few miserable huts, is now an increasing city of fifty thousand inhabitants;—that a university and schools, and recently a steam-packet company, have been established;—and that Greece has been gradually becoming of increased consequence in the estimation of civilised states. But these facts are altogether insufficient to turn the tide of European opinion. The Greek kingdom has not answered the expectations which had been reasonably formed with regard to it. How far this may have been the fault of the king, how far it is the fault of the people, or how far it may be ascribed to the force of circumstances, are questions which can be answered only by referring to the past history and present condition of the country.

It is only within the last half century that the modern Greek has attracted the attention of civilised Europe. Fifty years ago he was as little known to Englishmen as the Montenegrin or the Circassian is now. For four hundred years, a combination of prudence and courage, of toleration and cruelty, had enabled two or three millions of Mussulmans to retain three times their number of Christians in subjection; and no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. The sultan would have considered himself as much entitled to suggest measures for the government of the Mohammedans in India, as the king of England to advise any changes in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks; and the testimony of the few travellers who had visited their country was singularly discordant. The character of the Greek race was in the mean time silently and steadily undergoing a process of change. The corruption and servility which had retained it in a degraded condition from the time of its conquest by the Romans, had been expiated by ages of suffering under the Ottoman yoke. The want of laws, of a judicial constitution, and of fixed forms of legal procedure, rendered the Turkish administration of justice arbitrary, occasioned flagrant acts of wrong, and retained society in a state of barbarism; whereas, among the Greeks, individual virtue had been developed, and individual improvement accelerated and extended, so as to lead to an increase of moral energy, a desire for action, and a



longing for national and political existence. The progress of education was also a herald of liberty. Several individuals endowed schools, and sought to raise their countrymen from the degradation into which they had sunk.

These improvements, it is true, were only upon a very limited scale; but they were sufficient to render the Ottoman misrule more and more insupportable. At the same time, the progress of events in other parts of the world afforded the Greeks opportunities of acquiring knowledge and experience. English liberty and American independence had struck chords that vibrated wherever civilised men dwelt. The chief impetus, however, was given by the events of the French Revolution. We do not believe, with M. Thiers, that it was the crowing of the Gallic cock which first discovered to Europe the dawn of liberty; it did succeed, however, in fixing the attention of mankind on Paris, and in stimulating to the uttermost political ideas. It became everywhere the fashion for the discontented subjects of established governments to imitate the French. The Greeks were excited more openly to urge their nationality as a reason for throwing off the Ottoman yoke, when they found similar doctrines supported by large armies and glorious victories in other lands. The influence of the clubs of Paris was peculiarly calculated to produce a powerful impression on the minds of the Greeks; for it seemed to prove that great results might be effected by small assemblies, and that words, in which Greece has always been rich, might be made to do the work of swords. They began to form literary clubs and secret societies. The Philomuse Society was founded at Athens in 1812; and the Hetairia was founded at Odessa in 1814. The latter was established expressly to accelerate and direct a revolution in Greece, and to teach the Greeks to expect immediate assistance from Russia for the overthrow of Turkey. It was composed of bankrupt merchants, intriguing adventurers, and fanatical churchmen; it extended its organization throughout Greece, to Constantinople, and the Russian ports of the Black Sea; it alarmed, year by year, the Turkish administration. But neither the Hetairia, nor any other of the secret societies, ever effected much towards the establishment of Greek independence. They were hotbeds of internal intrigue, and sources of serious calamity to the nation.

Still less was the national cause indebted to the Klephts, or brigand chiefs, whom some writers have elevated into heroes. A life of independence, even when stained with crime, has

always been found to throw a spell over the minds of oppressed nations; and we cannot wonder that the hatred to the Turk, which these robber-bands ostentatiously professed, should secure for them not only tolerance but popularity during the early struggles of the Greek nation. But the patriot brigands of Greece are a mere creation of poetry, or of the opera. The Klephts were ignoble thieves, infamously sordid, whose cowardice would not allow them to attack unless they were three or four to one, and who compelled the poor people to maintain them at free quarters in idleness and luxury;—just as truly heroes, in fact, as the garotters in the streets of London, or as the bandits who are at this moment flourishing under the protection of Pio Nono.

We shall not attempt the impracticable task of relating, within the narrow limits of a passing article, the tedious history of that twelve years' struggle which ended in the recognised independence of Greece under a constitutional monarchy, but must content ourselves with referring our readers to the carefully-prepared volumes of Dr. Finlay. The author possesses the advantages of a long residence in the country, a perfect familiarity with its language, and a personal share in the events which he undertakes to describe. He was a volunteer in the staff of General Gordon, and was in intercourse with the most noted English Philhellenists of that day. His *History of Greece under Foreign Domination* has secured for him in this country an unquestioned position in the department of literature to which he has devoted himself; and the gratitude of the Greeks has been evinced by the title which they have conferred upon him, of 'Knight Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer.' To say that Dr. Finlay has produced a highly interesting book would be to ascribe to him a miracle. No amount of literary skill could make the history of the Greek Revolution attractive. In the whole long struggle the nation did not produce a single man of eminence. Dr. Finlay is aware of this disadvantage; and his language, written before the recent outbreak in the United States, suggests a parallel which can scarcely pass unnoticed:—

'From some circumstance which hardly admits of explanation, and which we must therefore refer reverentially to the will of God, the Greek Revolution produced no man of real greatness, no statesman of unblemished honour, no general of commanding talent. Fortunately, the people derived from the framework of their existing usages the means of continuing their desperate struggle for independence, in spite of the incapacity and dishonesty of the civil and

military leaders who directed the central government. The true glory of the Greek Revolution lies in the indomitable energy and unwearied perseverance of the mass of the people. But perseverance, unfortunately, like most popular virtues, supplies historians only with commonplace details, while readers expect the annals of revolutions to be filled with pathetic incidents, surprising events, and heroic exploits.'—Vol. i., p. 283.

Of great events there is almost as trying a scarcity as of great men. The siege of Missolonghi was a glorious piece of resistance, rivalling the siege of Platea, as our historian remarks, in the energy and constancy of the besieged; the siege of Athens has its points of professional interest; the battle of Navarino effected the destruction of the Turkish navy; but politically it was stigmatized by George IV. in his speech at the opening of Parliament as 'an untoward event.'

It was in the spring of 1821 that the first insurrectional movements took place. Three Turkish couriers were waylaid and murdered by the Greeks. The next day eight tax-collectors were murdered, and a day or two afterwards a band of three hundred Greek volunteers attacked and defeated a marching party of sixty Turkish soldiers. These trifling events were the torch that kindled the flame of war; and so intense was the passion with which the Greeks threw themselves into the work, that in three months they had rendered themselves masters of the whole of Greece south of Thermopylae and Actium, with the exception of the fortresses, and these were all blockaded. Had there been any man equal to the occasion, they would probably have succeeded in expelling the Turks from Greece before the end of the year; for the fortresses were inadequately supplied both with ammunition and provisions. It proved far otherwise. The nation, moved by a sudden and unanimous impulse, rushed to the contest with wonderful impetuosity. But selfishness, jealousy, and discord soon revealed themselves; scores of merchant vessels were hastily extemporised into a navy, but there was no commander,—the sailors and officers were more intent upon enriching themselves than upon defending their country,—and the fleet, instead of being ruled by authority, was managed on the principle of universal suffrage. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, the Greek cause rose in importance. At first it was merely a struggle of the Porte—so Turkey represented—with a few rebellious rayahs; but before the close of 1822 the independence of Greece was boldly asserted, and the war became a contest of an oppressed people against a powerful monarch.

The strength of the one cause lay in the hearts of the people; the strength of the other lay in the energy of the sovereign.

Sultan Mahmoud II., the last of the royal race of Othman, had been thirteen years upon the throne at the time of the outbreak of the Greek Rebellion. At that time the Ottoman empire appeared to be upon the verge of dissolution. The spasms of the 'sick man' were already even more death-like than when Nicholas of Russia, thirty years afterwards, suggested the partition of his estate. The tyranny of the empire had awakened universal discontent, and its weakness incited to open rebellion. Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, were virtually independent. Ali Pasha of Albania had established a successful revolt, and was treated as an independent sovereign both by France and England. Even the Arabs and Egyptians showed a disposition to shake off the sultan's authority. At Constantinople, the janissaries were not more loyal than the chieftains of the distant provinces, and the *Ulema* had converted the administration of justice into an organization for the sale of injustice. Universal discontent rendered the Mussulmans quite as rebellious as the Christians. Statesmen pointed to this uneasiness and anarchy as a proof that the downfall of the empire was inevitable, while omens and prophecies were cited by the people to prove that the House of Othman was doomed to a speedy end. To this frail and shattered fabric the revolt of the Greek provinces was another terrific blow; nor could the Turkish empire have been saved from destruction, had it not been for the matchless strength and invincible energy of a single hand.

The calm and melancholy look of Mahmoud gave no adequate indication of that fearless energy, undaunted courage, and inexorable will, which, braving the perils that had proved fatal to so many of his race, could subdue them all,—could stamp, by his single hand, a different impress upon the institutions of a vast empire,—and could, for a generation at the least, arrest its apparently inevitable fall. Ferocity was not natural to Mahmoud; but he had recourse to unflinching rigour upon principle, and death was for many years the lightest penalty he inflicted. Few travellers entered his court of the *serai* without seeing a head or a pile of ears and noses exposed in the niches of the gate. Dead bodies hanging from shop-fronts, or stretched across the pathway of a narrow street, were sights of daily occurrence, and proved that the sultan was indifferent to human suffering and regardless of human life. When the Revolution broke out in his Greek provinces,

he endeavoured to paralyse its movements by sheer cruelty; and was so far successful, that he turned the tide of the Greeks' early successes, and would have reduced them to subjection, had they not received assistance from the Christian powers. The war was one of extermination on both sides. The Greeks rivalled the Turks in cruelty, and exceeded them in perfidy. They murdered in cold blood the Mussulmans inhabiting Greece;—men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to the sword, even after they had surrendered themselves on receiving the most solemn pledges of safety;—no promises could bind these Greeks, no motives of humanity soften them;—prisoners were taken on board ship, and tortured with inconceivable refinements of barbarity;—Turkish mothers, wounded with musket-balls and sabre-cuts, rushing into the sea to escape, were deliberately shot, and their infants dashed against the rocks, till the dead bodies washed ashore, or piled upon the beach, threatened to cause a pestilence. Dr. Finlay himself passed a spot where lay the bleaching bones of two thousand Turks, of both sexes and all ages, who had been decoyed by the Greeks into a ravine, and every one of them murdered; and with all his attachment to the Greek cause, he is constrained to acknowledge that the lapse of thirty centuries has not made the Greek race better, but 'a good deal worse,' than in the half-savage times of the Iliad. At the same time we fully admit the force of his exculpatory suggestion, that 'the fury of slaves who rend their bonds, and the fanaticism of religious hatred, have in all ages hurried men to the perpetration of execrable cruelties.'

In three months after the commencement of the Revolution a committee of oligarchs was appointed; in seven months the people, dissatisfied, demanded that a national assembly should be called. Orthodoxy was as potent an influence as patriotism. The Greek peasants served without pay, on the understanding that the money which could be raised or borrowed was to be expended in a regular fleet and in procuring artillery. Various actions of more or less importance, by land and sea, inclined the balance of fortune more and more to the side of the Greeks; and like the Confederates in America, they were singularly successful in capturing their enemy's ammunition and stores, thus securing for themselves a great advantage. In January, 1822,—less than a year from the date of the first outbreak—a constitution was promulgated, and Alexander Mavrocordatos, a man totally unequal to the position, was elected the first president of the Greek republic. The effect

of these successes, and of the cruel measures of repression which the sultan began to adopt, was to interest the feelings of all liberal men and all sincere Christians in favour of the independence of Greece, as the only means of establishing peace in the Levant. On the other hand, the power of Turkey was brought to bear more decisively in the struggle, and a long and tedious history of conflicts commenced which was not brought to a decisive close till the Turkish navy was destroyed by the Allied Fleet in 1827, in the bay of Navarino. During these years, under the new Government, Greece itself was in a state of anarchy. The leaders, both military and political, were selfish, little-minded, and avaricious; and it was not by the men of position and power that the liberation of their country was effected. The Greek Revolution, says our historian justly, 'was emphatically the work of the people. The leaders generally proved unfit for the position they occupied; but the people never wavered in the contest. From the day they took up arms they made the victory of the orthodox Church and the establishment of their national independence the great objects of their existence.....A careful study of the Revolution has established the fact, that the perseverance and self-devotion of the peasantry really brought the contest to a successful termination. When the Klephts shrank back, and the *armatoli* were defeated, the peasantry prolonged their resistance, and renewed the struggle after every defeat with indomitable obstinacy.'—Vol. i., pp. 178, 195.

The issue, however, would have been against them had not other nations come to the rescue. When the independence of Greece was asserted, and a temporary government appointed in 1821, the conflict with Turkey, so far from being ended, had scarcely commenced. So far from being able to maintain their independence, the Greeks, six years later, were utterly exhausted, and the interference of the European powers alone prevented the extermination of the population, or their submission to the sultan.

To Russia the natural right appertained of protecting the adherents of the Greek Church. But the Russian autocrat saw clearly enough that Mahmoud's hands were heavy upon his Greek subjects, not because they were Christians, but because they were rebels; and to a democratic revolution he was as hostile as the sultan himself. Nor could any interference be attempted on the ground of cruelties endured; for it was notorious that the palm of humanity must be conceded to the Turkish rather than to the Greek commanders. When at length, in 1824, the Emperor Alexander proposed terms of



reconciliation, they were to the effect that Greece should be divided into three Governments, thus destroying its political importance, and that it should be retained in subjection to Turkey in such a manner as always to stand in need of Russian protection. The Greeks saw with astonishment that the Czar, whom they had trusted in as a firm friend, was coolly aiming a death-blow at their national independence; and, virtually abandoned by the orthodox emperor, they turned for support to England.

In England their cause had already become popular. The British people, accustomed to think and act for themselves, soon learned to separate the crimes which had stained the outbreak from the cause which consecrated the struggle. Towards the end of 1824, the Greek government sent a communication to Mr. George Canning, then Foreign Secretary, adjuring England to frustrate the schemes of Russia and to defend the independence of Greece. To this Mr. Canning replied, that as Turkey would at present be satisfied with nothing short of unconditional surrender, and as Greece would demand nothing short of absolute independence, in the opinion of the British government mediation was at that moment impossible; but that, should a favourable juncture occur, the government would not be indisposed to offer its services. The mere circumstance of the British minister replying to the Greek note was a recognition of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence.

The English people went far beyond the government. The lord mayor of London subscribed a large sum to support the Greeks. Lord Byron and the Earl of Harrington openly joined them. Lord Cochrane (afterwards Earl of Dundonald) undertook the direction of their naval operations, and a large sum was raised wherewith to build a fleet for him at Copenhagen: the ships were about half completed when the war was over. William Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett floated pleasantly for a while on the stream of public enthusiasm. English bankers and capitalists supplied the Greeks with money, and were foolish enough to intrust the spending of it to Greek officials. The result was, that Greek loans passed into a proverb. Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent to ascertain what had become of the money, and ascertained that the Greek patriots were not clever at keeping accounts, nor over-scrupulous about appropriating the money to the particular object for which it had been subscribed. The acknowledgment of General Gordon, himself an ardent Phil-

hellenist, who fought bravely in their cause, that the Greek executive were no better than public robbers, has been pretty well borne out by the fact that the subscribers to the first Greek loan have never to this day received either a shilling of interest or a syllable of gratitude. The Greeks appeared to think that they laid the English under an obligation in permitting them to fight for the land of Demosthenes and Plato, and in conceding to them the further privilege of paying the expenses.

Notwithstanding all the assistance rendered by Sir Richard Church and others on shore, and by Lord Cochrane at sea, so vigorous and able were the operations of the sultan's forces, that Greek prospects grew worse and worse, until in August, 1825, an act was signed by a vast majority of the deputies, clergy, and military and naval officers, placing Greece under the protection of the British Government. The provinces of Epirus and Thessaly had been brought thoroughly under the sultan. Early in 1826 Sir Stratford Canning was sent to Constantinople, charged with the delicate mission of inducing the sultan to abandon the war; and the Duke of Wellington was sent to St. Petersburg to obtain an acknowledgment from the czar of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence. Matters dragged slowly along, and Greece was being utterly wasted; at length a convention was signed, which opened the way for formal mediation on the part of England and Russia in the beginning of 1827. This mediation was rejected by the sultan. France now joined the two mediating powers, and an armed intervention was proposed. France had just been engaging in a dispute with the dey of Algiers which ended in the conquest of that Turkish dependency. The fleets of the three powers united, and on the 20th of October, 1827, found the Turkish fleet, amounting to eighty-two sail of all sizes, at anchor in the bay of Navarino. The allied fleet consisted of eleven English, seven French, and eight Russians; but their proportion of line-of-battle ships was to the Turkish as three to one. The Turkish fleet was completely destroyed, and the efforts of Turkey against Greece were virtually brought to a close. The Porte has never recovered its navy since; and England and France in the Crimean struggle have been made to pay dearly for the victory at Navarino. After this action at sea, the French troops undertook to expel the Turkish forces who still occupied the Morea, and thus France gained the honour of completing the work which England had begun.

To eject a hated ruler is often difficult; it is sometimes more difficult still to supply his place. The five years which intervened between the expulsion of the Turks from Greece and the arrival of King Otho were years of misrule and misery. John Capodistrias, an able man, of some political experience, but censured as too Russian in his views, was elected president of the Greek state; and a little later, after a reduction of the frontier artfully contrived by Russia, and foolishly acquiesced in by England, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg accepted the offered sovereignty of the diminished kingdom. There was an outbreak of national enthusiasm similar, though not equal, to that which has just occurred in favour of Prince Alfred; but three months after his acceptance of the crown Prince Leopold resigned it. He had not counted the cost, and the machinations of Capodistrias were a terror to him. Capodistrias resumed the presidency, but was assassinated shortly afterwards; and thenceforward for two years the state of Greece may be summed up in one word—anarchy. At length the sultan, in July, 1832, was prevailed upon formally to recognise Greece as an independent sovereignty, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, about half a million sterling. The allied powers guaranteed a loan of sixty millions of francs to furnish supplies to the government of the new king, and pay the Turkish indemnity. They invited Prince Otho, of Bavaria, to become king of Greece, and secured for the Greek monarch an official admission among the sovereigns of Europe. Thus elected, King Otho was hailed by the Greek nation, and landed, as we have seen, amidst the general acclamations of his new subjects, little dreaming, probably, that it would afterwards be his fate to be expelled from his throne without a voice being raised for his recall.

The advantages of Otho's position, in being placed at the close of the Revolution upon the throne of Greece, have been greatly over-estimated. It has been asserted that nothing beyond ordinary diligence and prudence were required upon the king's part, to secure a brilliant future for the nation over which he was called to preside. This is a fallacy. Whatever may be the capabilities of the sovereign, a young nation cannot be expected to advance unless there be unity and disinterestedness and probity amongst its leading citizens; and in all these points the Greeks have yet to fulfil the expectations which Europe, thirty years ago, formed concerning them. At the

same time there can be no doubt that if the helm had been grasped at that time by a hand at once daring and skilful, the vessel of the state would long ago have got clear of those miserable shoals amidst which she has been scraping ever since. Of the three Bavarians who were appointed to accompany Otho to his new dominions, and to govern the kingdom during his minority, it may be said with perfect truth that they were attentive to their own personal interests. Their names were—Count Armansperg a noble, Maurer a lawyer, and Heideck a general in the Bavarian army. They soon began to show jealousy of each other. Armansperg relied on his rank for being able to act the viceroy; Maurer was morbidly sensitive respecting his inferior social position. The young king, shut up in a half-starved province, could see literally nothing of society except in the drawing-room of the Countess Armansperg, which was a focus where littlenesses and jealousies converged which would have disgraced a fifth-rate English municipality; he could learn nothing of actual statesmanship except from men incapable of directing the affairs of a parish. To Maurer, indeed, praise is justly due for having promptly invested the law with supreme authority in a country where arbitrary power had known no law for ages. The regency also deserves praise for its management of ecclesiastical affairs. The rapacity and disorder of the bishops and clergy received a check; four hundred monasteries were dissolved, and a considerable property thus fell in to the government; and an attempt was made to form a national Greek Church. But, on the other hand, their financial measures were absurd and mischievous to the last degree. They established a government monopoly of salt, and closed the salt-works in different parts of the country; the consequence was that cattle and sheep died by thousands for want of salt. They ordered the finance department to take possession of all the pasture lands, and announced that no property in the soil could be legally vested in a private individual. They neglected to construct roads and build packets, and squandered the resources of Greece in equipping a regiment of lancers, in military and court pageantry, in building royal yachts and a monster palace. They laid restrictions upon the liberty of the press, and silenced the journals in which their measures were animadverted on. They established no university, and did nothing effectual to promote popular instruction. Besides rendering themselves an intolerable burden to the country, their mutual quarrels became so desperate that two of them were recalled to Bavaria, Armansperg being left sole

regent; and he too was subsequently recalled. Yet, numerous as were their errors, and keen as may have been their avarice, the errors they committed were probably fewer, and the amount of good resulting from their rule was greater, than could have been obtained by any cabinet composed solely of Greeks. The foreign regency, bad as it was, was better than any native cabinet which could have been formed.

Another trial was therefore made. On Otho's return to Greece, in 1837, with his bride, the King of Bavaria sent Rudhart with him. This experiment succeeded worse than the first; Rudhart was obliged to return in less than a year; and Zographos, a Greek, became the nominal prime minister. But the king really governed by means of a private cabinet; he found Greek ministers servile enough to submit to the control of Bavarian secretaries attached to each department. His political vision rarely extended beyond his capital; ignoring the Revolution, he believed himself to have succeeded to all the power of the sultan; and Greek flatterers persuaded him that the *L'état, c'est moi* of Louis XVI. was his true policy. As years rolled on, this misgovernment became more intolerable. The agricultural population were plundered by brigands, pillaged by gendarmes, and robbed by tax-collectors. The people began to clamour for a constitutional government. This demand was supported by England, as the surest means of getting the interest of the loan; and by Russia, as the surest means of rendering Greece subservient to the designs of Nicholas in the East. Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, in the British Parliament, warned the king of the necessity of deferring to the wishes of his subjects by giving them a constitution. *Blackwood's Magazine* went so far as to declare that the Greeks would not accept a constitution unless another king were appointed as well. With characteristic tardiness, Otho lingered and loitered, until a revolution was provoked, and he was compelled to succumb. On the 13th of September, 1843, Greece became a constitutional monarchy. The Bavarians were dismissed; a national assembly was convoked. Its first care was to prepare a constitution for Greece, in which work four months were occupied. The deputies succeeded in perfecting a scheme, concerning which Dr. Finlay himself pronounces that 'a system tending more directly to perpetuate maladministration in the municipalities, nullity in the provincial councils, and corruption in the chamber of deputies, could not have been devised.' The deputies were chosen by universal suffrage for three years; the senators of the upper house were

nominated by the king, and for life. The deputies received as salary about nine pounds per month during the session; the senators double, and the ministers about treble that amount. The great object of most of these worthies, especially of the latter class, has invariably been to keep their places. Poor, ambitious, without principles, and brought up in a miserable school of politics, they only aspired to gain for as long a time as possible their eight hundred drachmas a month, and to put all their kinsmen and dependents into the subordinate places of the department. The consequences have been, that men of capacity have never been retained in the public offices,—that, from the frequent changes of ministry, nobody understood the nature of the business,—that officials of all ranks laid hands on everything within their reach,—and that the development of the resources of the country has been subordinated to the place-hunting and rapacity of hungry servants.

Nor has there been any encouragement for better men to attempt better things. The one virtue prized by the king and queen was obedience. A difference of opinion was taken as a personal affront; and if a minister showed any inclination to dispute the royal wishes, Queen Amelia would revenge herself by not inviting his wife to the next ball. The private life of the king and queen is irreproachable, nor have the Greeks shown any disposition to injure their persons. But no amount of experience has taught Otho wisdom in the selection of his advisers. Only two years ago, he dissolved the chambers, because they refused to elect his nominee as president of the chamber of deputies; yet when the new chambers opened, it was found that in every instance government candidates had been elected, and the government was publicly accused, not only of unfairness, but violence. The eighteen years of so-called constitutional government have been almost as barren of good results as the preceding years of absolutism. The army has decayed in discipline—not a single grand review in twenty years; scarcely any good roads have been constructed, in comparison with the wants of the country; manufacturing industry has received no encouragement; and filth and fevers would have continued to this day to decimate the population of the Piræus, and its harbour street would still have lain under water six months out of the twelve, had not the French army of occupation, quartered there in 1855-6, bestirred themselves to do something in the way of improvement. Yet, notwithstanding this disinterested and animating example,—though the splendid improvements made by the French in the harbour and port of



their capital were before their eyes,—the Greeks have never bestirred themselves since, and the railway that is so much needed between the Piræus and Athens—a distance of only five miles—exists as yet only in anticipation.

The royal couple have never thoroughly identified themselves with the people. They speak the Greek language with remarkable ease and correctness; but they were foreigners in the estimation of the people to the last day of their residence. How far they might have been induced to trust the Greeks if they could have found any resolutely honest, fearless, and dutiful public servants amongst them, it is impossible to say. They have avoided hearing the truth, and have listened only to those who would say polite things. Like the king of olden time, they seem to have expected that the weather would continue fair, or at least practicable, so long as their ship was under sail; and they would be at no loss to find Greeks who would assure them of this, from their knowledge of the elements. There is something awful in the ease with which monarchs may be deceived, if they wish it. Notwithstanding the long and steady growth of popular discontent, the fact that he was dethroned took the king completely by surprise. The conspirators must have been skilful, or unusually fortunate; for the foreign diplomatists resident at Athens appear to have had no previous intimation of the probability of an outbreak. Only a week before the date of the dispatch in which Mr. Scarlett announced to the cabinet of London that a military revolution had suddenly brought to an end the reign of King Otho, he had written to say that the king and queen had gone for twenty days to visit 'several ports and provinces' on the coast. Returning from this excursion, in which, he says, he was everywhere received with demonstrations of joy, the king found that he could not land in his capital without danger to his life. The short excursion was turned by the course of events into a voyage that carried him away from Greece for ever. The rising had been planned to occur at specific days and hours in different parts of the country. With the exception of the *gendarmerie*, all the troops quartered in Athens joined at once in the revolt. There was no fighting; for the king had no defenders. The revolution, which ousted a sovereign of thirty years' standing, was a mere demonstration, attended by much noisy triumph, great disorder and alarm, but no loss of life except an accident or two. In the midst of the riot a Provisional Government was formed, and a proclamation issued, 'declaring the downfall of King Otho, the Queen, and the Bavarian dynasty.' A gunboat was dispatched to

inform their majesties of what had occurred, and to urge their return to the capital; but at a consultation of the foreign ministers it was decided unanimously that any attempt to do so 'would be attended with the greatest danger to their personal safety.' The unpleasant task of informing the king of what had occurred was confided to the French minister. His majesty was 'exceedingly surprised,' especially at the defection of the troops; for his minister of war had assured him that he could 'thoroughly depend on them.' Not a voice was raised to encourage him to stand his ground. It was only just possible to drag him from the political ruin and send him away. A British ship of war had first brought him to Greece, and a British ship of war proved an ark of safety to convey him finally from its shores.

The interest which is now displayed in England for the welfare of Greece is of a different kind from that which was excited by the events of forty years ago. It is impossible for any man of ordinary culture to contemplate with indifference the spectacle of Italy and Greece awaking almost simultaneously from the torpor of ages to assert their independence; still, the sentiments which the Revolution has excited are not the sentiments of the classic Philhellenism of the last generation. The enthusiasm of Byron and Hobhouse was an enthusiasm for a history and a literature. We do not mean that political considerations, and liberal sympathies, had no share in prompting the efforts which were made in behalf of Greece; but there was a universal tendency to treat the subject from an artistic point of view, and there was a vague idea that Greece was once more to rise regenerate, and that the Greeks would exhibit a civilisation higher than that of ordinary mortals. We now know them better. The dream of restoring Hellas as we restore a Gothic interior has passed away. The idea no longer exists of repeopling the country with statesmen and warriors modelled on the type of Plutarch's Lives. Not that its present inhabitants are incapable of becoming a prosperous and a respectable people. On the contrary, all Europe has admired the order and moderation displayed in the recent revolution. It is true that there was no incitement to disorder. The king retired; nobody offered to defend him; even the *Elpis*, the court newspaper, satisfied itself with mumbling out a few sentences of ceremonious regret. It remains, however, to be seen how the knotty question of a succession to the throne will be disposed of. Perhaps no revolutionary government was ever more completely recognised by the bulk of the nation than the first

National Assembly of Greece. It was the first legally constituted power after three months of a most extraordinary interregnum, with the mere shadow of a government, and everything so uncertain and precarious as to inspire little or no confidence. Its course, however, has not hitherto been such as to inspire us with a high opinion of Greek statesmanship. There seems to be no controlling mind. Scarcely had its members finished congratulating each other upon the unopposed verification of their powers, before the Assembly was compelled to succumb to a demonstration of the army. They had re-elected the members of the 'Provisional Government,' contrary, no doubt, to the wishes of the majority of the nation. The soldiers assumed a menacing attitude, demanding a change. A few shots were fired; the Assembly became wild with excitement and fear; and the result was, that on the 26th of February a 'transition Ministry,' as it was termed, was appointed, and the army thus became virtually masters of the situation, and learned the dangerous secret of their power. So great is the perplexity, that the new Foreign Minister has thought it necessary to address a circular to the diplomatic agents, warning them not to believe the current report that there exists a re-action in favour of the Bavarian dynasty.

The check which Russian influence endeavoured to impose upon the popular enthusiasm for Prince Alfred produced an effect contrary to what was anticipated. The *Aion*, the Russian organ, and the *Elpis*, raised their voices against these demonstrations, and endeavoured to get up an agitation for an orthodox sovereign; French influence, too, was at work to persuade the people that France and Russia would make out a *casus belli* if an English prince were placed upon the throne; and the officers and functionaries of the old *régime*, who were allowed to remain in Athens, began to show signs of activity. The effect was, that these functionaries were peremptorily required to quit the capital, and with them the editors of the two objectionable newspapers; and the foreign element, which had attempted to interfere with the natural expression of public opinion, was thus reduced to its proper insignificance. The wonderful unanimity with which all classes of the Greeks, usually so split up by party and local jealousies, rushed to the voting-places to record their suffrages in favour of 'the son of the widow,' is an example almost without parallel of a sudden and universal national impulse; and it seems worthy of investigation, apart from its political significance, in a psychological point of view, as bearing upon the question of popular impulses and mental epidemics generally. No foreigner of respectable

appearance, who might happen to be travelling in the less frequented parts of the kingdom, could escape being pressed with questions relative to *Alfredalis*. Mr. Scarlett, the British minister, being upon a cruise, with a party of friends, for a few days along the coast in January, could not land anywhere without being met with all sorts of inquiries and demonstrations, though the people were ignorant of his position, and only saw him to be a foreign gentleman; and a pleasant story is current of a party of French ladies and gentlemen, travelling in the Peloponnesus, being beset at every village, not much to the equanimity of their tempers, with deputations inquiring when Alfred was coming.

The journals in this country which have supported the Greeks' request have only urged the argument that Greece has a right to her choice. This no one disputes; and it is equally evident that England has a right to choose her own course also. England has grown too wise to be eager for the extension of her influence in this way. We are not going to plant our constitution in Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, or wherever else we imagine it will grow, and then protect the tender sapling with a costly fence of British bayonets. Greek patriotism, when it fancied it had the power of England to rely upon, might soon become unmanageable. Even in their deplorable stagnation under Otho, there has scarcely been a month in which they have not been about to march upon Constantinople, or to seize on Epirus and Thessaly. The acquisition of these provinces, which are inhabited to a great extent by the Greek race, has, ever since the former Revolution, been an object of ardent desire; and in the intoxication of prosperity following upon closer relations with a great power like England, nothing is more likely than that serious complications with Turkey, and consequently with other powers, would arise. Every consideration of prudence urges England to her present course. No doubt this course involves the Greeks in great perplexity. All the possible princes who were in any way connected with the three powers are excluded by the protocol. The choice of an Italian prince would offer almost equal difficulties on the part of those great powers. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Don Fernando of Portugal have declined. The very name of Austria is hated. The doubtful constitutionalism of Prussia is not attractive. The *Almanach de Gotha* offers no solution of the question. The latest conjecture is a Prince of Denmark. The Greeks are disposed to lay the responsibility upon the powers who, as they urge, have prevented them from welcoming the prince of their choice, and to

wait for some further proposal. In the mean while, prayers are being offered in their churches for the blessing of Providence to rest upon Prince Alfred of England, King of the Greeks.

The future of the Greek race is a tempting subject for the political speculator. The rapidity with which their country has, of late years, risen in importance affords a plausible ground for the opinions of those who see, at no very distant period, a Greek Christian empire in the Levant, with its capital at Constantinople; but an actual survey of the existing Greek kingdom, and of the state of its inhabitants, has a tendency to moderate such expectations.

Of several recently published works descriptive of the country, two are named at the head of this article which are calculated to produce very opposite impressions upon the mind of the reader. Miss Bremer is well known as a traveller and author; and the same excellencies and defects which were observable in her work upon America, re-appear in her account of Greece. We have no great sympathy with a lady champion of woman's rights who recites how she smoked cigars while gazing upon the Ægean,—who sees the image of Aspasia, 'that noble and high-minded woman, of a freer and higher conception of woman's rights,' painted in the lights and shadows which play around the Acropolis,—and who finds nothing in ancient Sparta to admire except the education of the females, 'who practised themselves in wrestling and masculine exercises in the presence of the men.' We can place but little faith in the discernment of a traveller who, after spending some time in Athens only about a year before Otho's fall, could see no further into the real state of society than to affirm that the 'king's justice and his goodness have gradually won for him the confidence of the unstable Greek, have disarmed party spirit, and pacified the public mind.' Miss Bremer went to Greece, determined to be in raptures with the classic land; and wherever she can bestow praise, it is given with no grudging measure. It is true that no amount of favourable prepossession could blind her eyes to the fact that the ladies of Athens are, for the most part, the reverse of beautiful; but in Arcadia the girls are 'poetically handsome,' and in some of the islands they are 'ideally beautiful.' The weddings of the Greeks are described with extraordinary gusto. Half-a-dozen, at least, are related in detail, with copious moralisings on the duties of the married state. There is in her book a great deal of second-hand classical biography, with rhapsodies about Demosthenes and Socrates; and, as one

illustration of her interesting enthusiasm at the age of fifty-eight, we may quote a part of her description of the olive-wood at Delphi: 'It is equal to the pine-woods of Sweden, or the beech-woods of Denmark. When the lovely branches bent over me, I broke off one now and then, it is true, but then I kissed it, and moistened it with tears of my gratitude, which so often filled my eyes during this morning's ride.' Miss Bremer is a devout lady, and records her prayers more than once; she believes, with Dr. Temple, in 'the noble significance of the old Dionysus worship,' and that the adoration of Apollo was the best thing for the people of that day; and she informs us that 'the greater part of practical Christians of the present day regard the questions of the Trinity, and of the two natures in Christ, as wholly unprofitable and useless;' this latter piece of knowledge being derived, we imagine, through the medium of clairvoyance, which, it appears, 'renders women especially prophetic.' As King Otho placed his yacht at Miss Bremer's disposal, it was but natural that she should form a favourable estimate of his majesty and of his dominions.

The brilliant French essayist, Edmond About, whose work has been some time longer before the world, goes to the opposite extreme. According to him, Greece is the most miserable country in the universe; its inhabitants in the towns are coxcombs, and in the villages barbarians.

It must not be supposed that the whole Greek-speaking population is included in the existing kingdom. The boundary was not well drawn. The present kingdom includes the province of Albania, the inhabitants of which speak a totally different language,—the Albanian,—and are mostly Mohammedans; while the populous and wealthy province of Thessaly, four-fifths of the inhabitants of which are Greeks, is still subject to the sultan. Though they are not unprosperous under his sway, they hate it, and wish the king of Greece would send them a leader, that they might become a free people. The Greeks are numerous, as every one knows, in all the towns of the Levant, and in Constantinople. They form a small but influential community in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Paris, in Odessa, and in London. They appear to thrive everywhere except in their own country. Their genius is commercial; they make clever merchants and bankers; but they despise labour. The country parts of Greece are, in many respects, much as they were in the time of Homer. For want of casks, they still keep their wine in skins; and to prevent its spoiling, they put resin in, till it acquires a taste resembling liquid pitch. We have observed since the commencement of the present year



that there has been a considerable importation of Greek wines into England. Should this experiment succeed, it may be a stimulus to their agriculture. There are, however, few roads at present on which produce to any extent could be conveyed; indeed, so entirely is the country without the means of intercommunication, that although Greece contains extensive forests, timber is largely imported every year; and so careless has been the Government, that they have allowed great forests to be set on fire, and noble trees to be cut down, merely for mischief. Sheep are amongst the chief riches of the country. Their milk is in general use, large cattle being excessively scarce. The shepherds' big dogs are the chief danger to the traveller. The ground swarms with them, as the air swarms with vultures.

As to manufactured goods, no country made so poor a figure as Greece in the late International Exhibition. There is not a single manufactory of any kind, worth mentioning, in the kingdom. The Greeks appear to have no ability except as traders. Nor have they any great public works. On the whole of their long and dangerous line of sea-coast, there is only one light-house, although shipping is the branch of commerce in which they chiefly excel. Ship-building is in Greece a considerable trade. They build slop-fashion, of good speed, and at a much lower price than in England or France. The coasting trade of the Mediterranean belongs almost entirely to Greece. Their traders slip in at every port, neglect no business, disdain no expedient, and change their flag whenever they find it expedient to do so. The Greeks are, however, merely carriers of the manufactured goods of others, and of their own raw produce.

Learning is highly prized in Greece. Poor boys are sent up from the country to graduate at Athens, supporting themselves at the same time by serving in the shops. Dr. Finlay states that a larger proportion of the population can read and write than in most countries in Europe. They have a national tendency to pedantry. The cultivation of the soil, and manual occupations generally, are too much despised. Sir Thomas Wyse, twenty-five years resident at Athens, remarked that 'all blood with the Greeks has a tendency to the head; every one wishes to be learned; every one wishes to be a statesman or a politician; nobody will live as a simple, laborious countryman.' Their overweening confidence in their own intellectual superiority has often made them 'the fools of their own thoughts.' The poor boys who are sent up to Athens learn to despise their parents. 'They are nothing,' said one of these hopeful youths, who spoke French, to Miss Bremer,—'*ce sont des brutes.*' There is, too, a jealousy almost ferocious of those who succeed

in improving their position. With this is combined a love of place, which has been but too manifest in their recent history. Personal aggrandisement and advancement, rather than patriotism, appears to be, for the most part, the moving principle. Unlike the ancient Greeks, the moderns are not artists. The ancient paintings and sculptures have all been carried off; but the student in architecture has a world before him. Yet, with these examples before them, there are no modern buildings above mediocrity. Greece has not yet produced a painter; and as to music, every one, without exception, sings out of tune and through the nose. With all these defects, it is remarkable how universal and how firmly fixed is their faith in a new and glorious future for their country, which, if it degenerates among the youth, more especially, into boastfulness and arrogance, is a prognostication which may tend to bring about its own accomplishment. There is a great deal of vitality and force in this people, which only needs to be judiciously cherished, wisely guided, and firmly controlled.

The love of news and the passion for discussion are as intense as in the classic ages. When the absence of dust or sun renders it practicable, the citizens of Athens crowd the two principal streets, smoking their cigarettes, lounging about the doors of the coffee-shops, or blocking up the carriage-way, discussing the last news by the French steamer, the next project for marching to Constantinople,—or, as just now, the probabilities as to their future ruler,—in a way to remind the spectator irresistibly of the description of the place by St. Luke, that ‘all the Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear, some new thing.’ On Sundays, every barber and shoemaker who can muster half-a-crown, hires a horse for a ride on the Patissia road. The king and queen were accustomed to ride that way on Sundays, and exchange words and recognitions with their subjects. The Greeks are excessively fond of display on horseback; but as the hired animals possess a will of their own, and have no mouths, it is occasionally difficult for the amateur rider to appear to advantage. Display is dear to the Greeks of every class, from the minister of state downwards. The townspeople dress absurdly beyond their means. An official, with eighty pounds a year, buys for his wife a showy silk dress, which is to be seen every Sunday dragging in the dust. The lady carries an embroidered handkerchief in her hands; but it is the only article of the kind in the house, and is only for show; and Miss Bremer’s enthusiasm for Hellas was almost extinguished, when she saw these majestically dressed dames blow their noses

with their fingers. The country people are innocent of such mock gentility. They are simple, frugal, industrious, and apparently contented. They know little of the external world. At a town-fair in Laconia, a dense wall of gaping spectators gathered round our travellers, and stared at them uninterruptedly in deep silence, 'as if we had been some wonderful foreign beasts;' at another place, in answer to the people's inquiries who they were, their *arriero* answered 'Mongols,' with which explanation everybody appeared satisfied. The normal Greek village is a conglomeration of tiny, square, lime-washed houses, stuck down a long, winding, narrow, and hilly street, up which you must clamber as best you may, over heaps of gravel and stone and substances not to be mentioned, amongst pigs and hens and dirty children, here and there past a horse or a donkey, which occupies two-thirds of the way. The door of the cottage usually stands open, and a bed, a chair, an earthen pot, and two plates, are the usual furniture. In some of these places Miss Bremer asserts that a wife may still be bargained for, and purchased for half a pound of meat and some brandy. Yet it is to a great extent among these simple people that the real strength (so far as it has any strength) of the Greek kingdom lies. There is an old manual of political philosophy which says that much food is in the tillage of the poor, and that the king himself is served by the field; and it is to be hoped that the progress of education amongst them will not be of that kind which is fashionable in the capital.

The Greeks as a people believe in their religion, and are attached to their Church. The inferior priesthood are represented to be a moral, honest, estimable class, beloved by the people, and but little separated from them in education or social position. There is nothing corresponding to the social chasm which in England divides the parish clergyman from the labourers or artisans of his parish. They are mostly very poor, and innocent of all pretension to theological learning. They baptize, marry, and bury in a mechanical way, without anything more being necessary than knowing by heart the established formularies and customs of their Church. Amongst the bishops some are said to be learned and cultivated; but not one is spoken of, whether in love or in hatred, as a vitally spiritual man, who might become a Church reformer in spirit and truth. They are accused of a tendency to avarice and nepotism.

There is, however, an increasing number of learned professors, and an increasing demand among the booksellers of Athens for the theological works of the Protestant Church, to which the Greeks are less hostile than to that of Rome.

Indeed, it is their boast that they are hostile to none ; that the Greek Church, though it has often given, has never made, martyrs. Yet the priests are jealous of interference ; and the principle that the religious instruction of the children of orthodox parents can be directed only by the orthodox, is now applied to missionary schools with greater stringency than formerly. Of religious instruction, properly so called, there is but little in the schools ; and it is rarely that a sermon is heard in the churches. Divine service is performed in an execrable nasal scream, which they dignify with the name of intoning, and which seems fatal to all intelligent worship. Religion, however, is a great power in Greece ; it is the strongest bond of nationality, and the most potent cause both of the conservation and of the extension of the nation's influence. Greek priests and Greek teachers have transfused their language and their ideas into the greater part of the Christian population of European Turkey. They have thus constituted themselves the representatives of Eastern Christianity, and placed themselves in permanent opposition to their Turkish conquerors, who invaded Europe as apostles of the religion of Mohammed. Religion was the power which established the Turks in Europe ; and if the Greek race regain ascendancy, it will be through the influence of religious rather than of political ideas. The Greeks, during the long ages of their subjection, have never forgotten that the land which they inhabited was the land of their fathers ; they have never ceased to recall the glories of the Byzantine Empire ; and their ceaseless antagonism to their alien and infidel masters, prolonged through centuries of abject servitude, presaged that their opposition must end either in their destruction or in their deliverance. It has resulted thus far in the deliverance, not of the whole, but of a part, of the Greek race from subjection to Mohammedanism, in the founding of a new Christian state in Europe, and in the establishment of civil liberty in regions which had for ages lain under despotism.

What, then, is the task which lies before the future ruler of the Greek kingdom ?

To this question very different answers will be given, according to the point of view from which the future of Greece is contemplated. The Greek himself expects nothing less than that his race and religion will once more dominate in all the countries which border on the Levant ; and, indeed, the probability of a Greek empire to be hereafter established, with Constantinople as its capital, is one of the most interesting of political speculations. At present there is one circumstance

which, even supposing all else to be favourable, seems in itself fatal to such an expectation. There is no prince in existence—there is no noble house in existence a scion of which might be expected to appear—to whom men would turn, by general consent, as the natural representative and head of such a kingdom. There is not a candidate of Greek race and faith who could be nominated,—we do not say with the slightest prospect of success,—but with the slightest appearance of plausibility. If the Eastern question should eventually be solved by the establishment of a Greek Christian empire at Constantinople, it will probably be through the appearance, from some unexpected quarter, of a man favoured by circumstances and equal to the occasion, who, like the first Napoleon, will climb up to power on the ruins of the shattered fabric of the old dynasty. Such a contingency is evidently out of the range of practical political management; and the object of European diplomacy has been to maintain as peaceably as possible, and to patch up as skilfully as possible, the *status quo*. Existing boundaries are to be respected; no encroachments are to be attempted upon the dominion of the Sultan; little Greece must not indulge the bewitching dream of extending her territory, but must resolutely restrict herself to the development of the territory which she already possesses. To the impulsive Greek patriot and to the hasty British journalist this will appear, no doubt, a very insipid and spiritless programme. Yet this is all that a sound policy can possibly sanction; and not improbably it is the surest and shortest way to the realisation of the enthusiastic wishes of the Greeks themselves.

If Greece is to prosper and become respected, she must set vigorously to work to improve her internal condition. A sphere of action as noble as it is difficult lies before her future ruler, whoever may be destined to occupy that office. A people who have enjoyed thirty years of liberty under the protecting shadow of at least three of the great powers, but who during that period have not constructed a mile of railway—who have allowed brigandage to flourish—who have not erected half-a-dozen mills or manufactories of any kind, or established a single paying joint-stock company in any part of the kingdom—who have allowed magnificent forests to be burnt or otherwise wasted—who have made only a few score miles of roads upon which any kind of carriage can travel—who have allowed their rivers to remain without bridges, their harbours without quays, and their coasts without lighthouses—who have been bankrupts from the first, and have not even paid interest on part of their debt,—must surely submit to be told that they are only

in the infancy of civilisation, notwithstanding the prevalence of elementary education, the number of their ships, and their acknowledged aptitude for trade.

If their prince attempts to improve Greece, as Great Britain has improved the Seven Islands, he will in all probability be abused in the fashion in which the Ionians have been accustomed to abuse England. The French essayist and the Swedish traveller, to whose works we have referred,—both of them in this case unprejudiced spectators,—concur with all other eye-witnesses in affirming how marked is the superiority of these islands, as compared with any part of the Greek kingdom, in all that attests social and material prosperity. ‘The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands,’ says M. About, ‘are richer, happier, and a hundred times better governed than the subjects of King Otho;’ and Miss Bremer describes the contrast as being unmistakeable and wonderful. The communications by land and sea are easy; the country is traversed in all direction by admirable roads; all the islands are connected together by a regular line of steamboats. Yet the Ionians have never ceased to clamour against the English; they have revolted more than once; and the political stock in trade of their most popular newspapers has consisted chiefly of abuse of the British Government. The sovereign who shall attempt to rectify with a firm hand the disorders of Greece—to promote an impartial administration of public money—and to carry on such works as are necessary for the development of its material resources,—must expect to be assailed in a similar manner by every Greek whom he declines to admit into his confidence, or who does not receive some direct advantage from the works which may be carried on. If the Seven Islands should be actually handed over to Greece, it remains to be seen how far the kingdom at large will profit by this example of a rich and comfortable community; but until the national vice of jealousy be cured,—the same jealousy which anciently dictated the sentences of the ostracism, and which now causes all men to be proscribed who have risen above a certain level,—the advancement of the country will be retarded. The Greeks abroad adore their common country, and strip themselves to make her richer and greater. The Greeks at home vilify every man of eminence, and can never rest until they have, by trickery or by slander, dragged the rising and capable men down to their own level. Let us charitably hope that these faults, if not owing to, have at least been greatly aggravated by, the encouragement which parasitical servility has always hitherto received at court; and that, with the introduction



of a new order of things, this mean and fatal vice will disappear.

On the other hand, an element highly favourable to the prosperity of the new kingdom is found in the order and industry of the peasantry. These humble and simple people saved their country, when the politicians and professors at Athens would have urged it to ruin; it is they who possess the stability and perseverance necessary for its solid advancement. Domestic morals amongst them appear to be excellent; and if they can be preserved from the infection of the notion which prevails among the college-going lads of Athens, that it is a humiliation to cultivate the soil, they will, with the encouragement of good roads and good markets, contribute with a steady increase to the national wealth.

The mines and quarries of Greece are alone almost sufficient to enrich it, and will demand the attention of whoever may have to direct its affairs. Marble is to be found in abundance. The marble of Pentelicus and that of Paros are said to be the finest in the world. In the islands quarries have been found within the last ten years of rosso-antico, and of verd-antique; and in Eubœa there is abundance of good marble. In Bœotia there exists a mine of coal of middling quality, equivalent to nearly half its weight of pure carbon; and in Eubœa there is a considerable bed of coal of a very good quality, equal to two-thirds of its weight of Newcastle coal. There are also several beds of argentiferous lead; at Yéa the veins descend down to the sea at the bottom of a little creek, where coasting vessels could touch. Without doubt there are mineral riches accessible to industry and skill, in addition to those which are already known to exist. Here then are abundance of materials with which an industrious, self-denying community, wisely directed by a strong and judicious government, especially taken in connexion with the shipping which Greece already possesses, might advance with rapid and certain steps towards wealth and importance. Hitherto next to nothing has been done. The quarries are not worked; there are either no roads or no carts, or no workmen to cut out and to remove the precious marbles; the mine property is so ill-defined that it is not safe to risk capital in it, even if capital were forthcoming; and if a foreign capitalist were to invest, and to gain something by his investment, all Greece, as M. About remarks, would come to dispute it with him: while the few works of this kind which are carried on by or in behalf of the government, do not yield a twentieth of the return which might be expected.

National characteristics are to a great extent ineradicable.

The slippered loquacious Greek cannot be metamorphosed into the likeness of the heavy-shod, practical, persevering Englishman. The Englishman is proud, the Greek is vain. The Englishman goes doggedly about his own business; the Greek is always ready to discuss the affairs of others. The Englishman magnifies those of his countrymen who have attained to distinction; the Greek will humiliate and even defame them by every means in his power. We may humbly conceive that it was not the design of the Maker of mankind that nations, any more than individuals, should be in every respect alike; or that the human race should fail to exhibit, in its phenomena of mental development, that which constitutes a principal charm in every department of creation—variety. Nothing but a thoroughbred insular conceit could prompt the wish to mould every other nation after our own pattern. Yet there are certain features common to all civilised and progressive nations, in the absence of which it is vain to expect national advancement. In the absence of self-reliance, of self-denial, of perseverance, and of that true patriotism which, without expending many words, is willing quietly to forego individual aggrandisement for public good, enduring prosperity is not to be attained. The cultivation of these virtues, in addition to those which the Greek nation confessedly possesses, under the blessing of the Father of men, and under the wise control of an enlightened monarch, will secure for Greece that glorious future of which she ever dreams, and will accelerate the downfall of Mohammedanism and the supremacy of Christian influence in the East.

ART. VII.—*The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.*  
By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. I. and II.  
Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

WE have here a work worthy of the author's reputation, and worthy of the labour, the years of labour, which he has expended upon it. In these days of rapid writing, when every man seems to turn out his thoughts in the rough, it is really a treat to come upon not a mere chapter or a section, but an entire work, in which there is nothing incomplete, nothing careless or slipshod, nothing weak or commonplace. Like the writings of Foster, of Hallam, of Macaulay, there is in every sentence the trace of care,—of love for the art of composition, as well as for the subject treated. The reader's judgment may sometimes clash with that of the author; but this does not interfere with his admiration for a true work of art. These volumes are another proof of the power of genius to re-invest an old subject with interest; for since 1853 the years have brought with them other wars and other troubles, which have pressed heavily upon the public mind, so that to the general view the expedition to the Crimea had faded into the dead past; it was too old for sympathy, and not old enough for poetry. And yet Mr. Kinglake has woven a sort of epic interest around the early phases, even the dry diplomatic details, of the Eastern struggle. The claims of the rival Churches, the intrigues of the monks, the audiences of ambassadors, the conventions and treaties, the weary Vienna conferences, the endless exchanges of notes and protocols, the movements of armies and fleets, are all vividly recalled, and fall into their places as parts of the great drama which is once more enacted before us.

And here we have used as a figure what is, in truth, the fact. Mr. Kinglake has written not so much a history as an historical drama. The events are subordinated to the actors in them; our interest centres in the men; and we think less of what was done than of the mode of doing it. This style of treatment gives to the narrative a stagey and unreal air. Moreover, the truth must be told, that it is necessary to allow for distortion—for the instant deflection that results when a fact strikes upon the hard surface of the writer's prejudices. The cardinal virtue of an historian is impartiality, and he is bound to guard against his own antipathies all the more jealously in proportion to their strength. But it is not too

much to say, that Mr. Kinglake has made this history a terrible weapon, with which he strikes at the man he most abhors. His Napoleon is a base conspirator, without a principle higher than self, and without a purpose beyond to-day; artificial, theatrical, treacherous,—which is by no means a flattering portrait of a true ally, and one who has been alternately the guest and the host of our English Queen. We do not forget the blots, the indelible stains, on the character of the emperor,—the bloody days of December, the final strangling of French liberty, nor even the fact that his friendship for this country rested on no better foundation than self-interest. But still he *has* been friendly towards us; he has fostered a kindly feeling between the people of the two countries; he has been loyal to his engagements with us; and he is entitled to our respect as the acknowledged head of the French nation. We are not dazzled by the splendour of his success; but the man who, with nothing in his favour but a name, could win such a crown; who always knows an opportunity and can seize it; who has given to France a position such as she has never had since the peace of Vienna; who has on many fields given glory to her arms, has extended her commerce, humbled two proud empires who were her ancient foes, and raised, though grudgingly, a friendly kingdom to the rank of a great power; and, in effect, has become arbiter of the destinies of Europe,—such a man is hardly to be spoken of with the contempt that would be due to such plotters as Meagher or Smith O'Brien.

Louis Napoleon, however, is described as one of a knot of needy men engaged in a conspiracy against the liberties of France, each for his own ends,—he for power, they for money. Of these men he was not the leading spirit, but the tool. He was the lawyer of the party, and wrote the proclamations, and the *plébiscites*, and the constitutions,—they did the work. His courage failed at the crisis, (it is represented as always failing at a crisis,) and he would have withdrawn, but was driven forward by the others. These 'others' consisted of a stock-broker of damaged reputation named De Morny; a needy soldier named Fleury, daring and resolute, and the mainspring of the combination; a general officer whose real name was Jacques Arnaud Le Roy, but who passed under the fanciful name of Achille St. Arnaud; Maupas, or De Maupas, a prefect; and Monsieur Fialin, *alias* Persigny. How the conspirators laid their plans; how they dismissed the faithful, and bribed the corrupt; how the army was tampered with; how the train was laid and the match fired;—is here recorded with startling particularity. As regards the massacre on the

Boulevards, it was evidently a more bloody business than is generally supposed in England. Many were slain in the streets, many more in the houses in which they had taken refuge, many in the prisons, and the rest were shot in batches in the dead of night. One colonel declared that his regiment alone had killed 2,400 persons; but this might be an exaggeration of the value of his services to the State: still, the estimate may be taken for what it is worth,—and more than twenty regiments were in the affray. How slight must have been the nominal provocation is shown by the fact, that in the whole army of Paris the number of killed of all ranks, from the 3rd to the 5th of December inclusive, was twenty-five men. The account of the street massacre, however, is not so much a clear, definite statement, as a series of innuendos strung together, giving the idea of an enumeration of facts. Moreover, it is not even in this way suggested that any order to fire was given to the troops; still less that any such order was ever sent from the Elysée. It was the result of spontaneous movement on the part of the soldiers themselves, as is proved by many eye-witnesses, and admitted in this narrative. It is merely suggested that a conflict between the soldiery and the people was part of the programme, though nobody had the nerve to order the attack.

Wholesale imprisonment and deportation followed; no less than twenty-six thousand persons, formidable from their position or talents, being transported in the course of a few weeks. Then came the universal ballot, so contrived that only one result could follow, and, as the climax of the whole, a solemn *Te Deum* at Notre Dame;—all which is related with most withering scorn. Indeed, as a specimen of caustic writing, this chapter, of more than a hundred pages, stands almost unrivalled. Every care has been lavished upon it, each vigorous and perfect sentence shows a master's hand. It is a cold, keen, merciless dissection—a flaying alive, strip by strip, and fibre by fibre. As soon as the edge of one knife is dulled ever so little by use, it is exchanged for another. Every sentence is a fresh torture,—always provided that the victim has any feeling left.

‘If his intellect was of a poorer quality than men supposed it to be at the time of the Anglo-French alliance, it was much above the low gauge which people used to assign to it in the earlier period which began in 1836 and ended at the close of 1851. That which had so long veiled his cleverness from the knowledge of mankind was the repulsive nature of the science at which he laboured. Many men before him had suffered themselves to bring craft into politics;

many more, toiling in humble grades, had applied their cunning skill to the conflicts which engage courts of law; but no living man, perhaps, except Prince Louis Bonaparte, had passed the hours of a studious youth and the prime of a thoughtful manhood in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence. It was not, perhaps, from natural baseness that his mind took this bent. The inclination to sit and sit planning for the attainment of some object of desire—this, indeed, was in his nature; but the inclination to labour at the task of making law an engine of deceit—this did not come perforce with his blood. Yet it came with his parentage. It is true he might have determined to reject the indication given him by the accident of his birth, and so remain a private citizen; but when once he resolved to become a pretender to the imperial throne, he of course had to try and see how it was possible—how it was possible in the midst of this century—that the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804 could be made to sit kindly upon the neck of France; and France being a European nation, and the yoke being in substance a yoke such as Tartars make for Chinese, it followed that the accommodating of the one to the other was only to be effected by guile.

‘For years the prince pursued his strange calling; and by the time his studies were over, he had become highly skilled. Long before the moment had come for bringing his crooked science into use, he had learnt how to frame a Constitution which should seem to enact one thing, and should really enact another. He knew how to put the word “jury” in laws which robbed men of their freedom. He could set the snare which he called “universal suffrage.” He knew how to strangle a nation in the night time with a thing he called a “Plebiscite.”’—Vol. i., pp. 209–211.

‘It is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth. He understood truth, and in conversation he habitually preferred it to falsehood; but his truthfulness (though not perhaps contrived for such an end) sometimes became a means of deception, because after generating confidence it would suddenly break down under the presence of a strong motive. He could maintain friendly relations with a man and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. Of course, men finding themselves ensnared by what had appeared to be honesty in his character, were naturally inclined to believe that every semblance of a good quality was a mask; but it is more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that a truthfulness continuing for seven years was a genuine remnant of virtue, than that it was a mere preparation for falsehood. His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment; for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind, that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it.’—Vol. i., pp. 212, 213.

‘He was not by nature bloodthirsty nor cruel, and besides that in



small matters he had kind and generous instincts, he was really so willing to act fairly until the motive for foul play was strong, that for months and months together he was able to live among English sporting men without disgrace; and if he was not so constituted nor so disciplined as to be able to refrain from any object of eager desire merely upon the theory that what he sought to do was wicked, there is ground for inferring that his perception of the difference between right and wrong had been dimmed (as it naturally would be) by the habit of seeking an ideal of manly worth in a personage like the first Bonaparte. It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity, if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say; for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand, and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of a man of honour.—Vol. i., pp. 214, 215.

Here and there, however, are a few coarser thrusts. For instance, at the Strasbourg attempt in 1836, we are told that

‘The prince, surrounded with men personating an imperial staff, was conducted to the barrack of the 46th Regiment, and the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous in-door work which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo.—P. 217.

The connexion of the *coup d'état* with the invasion of the Crimea does not at first sight appear to be very close, except as showing that it was a necessity of the emperor to distract the attention of the French people from his antecedents. As a powerful alliance would be the surest plan of gaining respectability and status, he resolved to join himself, if possible, with England, but if not, with one of the other great powers. Napoleon III. is thus brought upon the stage as a chief actor, but one always seeking his own ends, identifying himself with the army and not with the people, and keeping the interests of the nation subordinate to his own. This distinction the reader never loses sight of. It is not France that throws herself into the struggle, it is only the French emperor and his army. There is bitter truth in all this, and abundant cause for our indignation. But let us be just, nevertheless. There cannot be one law for the emperor, and another for the czar. If the streets of Paris have been sodden with blood, so have the

streets of Warsaw, and that again and again. All the furniture of invective is ransacked and brought out, to denounce the wholesale deportation after the fatal days of December; and they are words fitly chosen. But is Cayenne so many degrees more hopeless and more horrible than Siberia? Our sympathies are bespoken for France betrayed, bound, (though without even a struggle,) and prostrate. But is nothing due to Poland betrayed, trampled on, crushed, and still writhing—a living prey—in the slow agonies of a protracted death? There is not a word of all this in the portraiture of Nicholas, who did much the same things as his ‘good friend,’ though he did them more quietly, and spread them over the period of his whole life.

But here the one is made to serve as a foil to the other. The Czar Nicholas acts for himself, taking counsel of none; but it is his lawful prerogative. He is the head of his nation—its representative man; the head of his Church—its supreme pontiff. He had destroyed no Constitution,—the czar was the Constitution. He had seduced no troops,—his soldiers delighted to call him father, and themselves his children. He had seized upon no exchequer to satisfy his clamorous necessities,—all the resources of the empire lay in his own hand, uncontrolled, and unquestioned. This power he had used so wisely that it had never been fully taxed, and therefore seemed unlimited; and it had been so constantly successful, that it seemed a fate. Its mere superabundance and overflow towards a weaker neighbour sufficed to restore a kingdom which had passed away. Certainly in his mode of guiding the affairs of his empire there were to the outer world signs of wisdom, prudence, clear-sightedness, as well as of stern decision and a proud will. But when we look into the royal closet, of which Mr. Kinglake has the key, we see at this particular period a weak, impulsive, irritable man, lost to truth, driven half wild by opposition, false, deceitful, ‘not with the profound deceit of statcraft, but rather with the odd, purposeless cunning of a gipsy or a savage.’ He labours under attacks of religious enthusiasm—a sort of intermittent fever of piety—hot frenzy one day, and inanity the next. He is swayed violently by prejudices and fancies, is wilful, wayward, and on certain points obstinate with the fatal persistence of weak men. It is suggested that years, and the cares of state, and over-exertion, had latterly wrought much mischief, and destroyed the perfect balance of his mind. It did not amount to actual insanity, but still to a serious degree of mental disturbance.

In treating of the predisposing causes of the war, Mr. Kinglake

favours the idea that the czar only expounded the will of his people in the course he took,—that it was the people's war, and not his own wilful act. We have an elaborate picture of the state of religious feeling in Russia, according to which the whole nation had through successive reigns been filled with the one idea of rescuing from the grasp of the Turk the millions of Christians of their own faith, and triumphantly placing the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia. This universal enthusiasm strongly impelled the czars forward; but the unfriendly attitude of Europe, the proverbial courage of the Turks, and, in case of success, the difficulty of governing from one centre such an unwieldy empire as that stretching from Archangel to the Dardanelles, combined to form a counteracting power; and between the two, the councils of the empire had oscillated continually. To the Russian people it was necessary to make a show of progress toward the great object of their desire, while to Europe it was necessary to appear quiescent. But this is not quite a fair view to give. The mass of the Russian people were too ignorant to understand, or to care very much about the question. The active middle class of other European nations is not yet developed, and the nobles and landed proprietors as a body were too devoid of political ambition, and too fond of ease and luxury, to enter with all their heart into any scheme of conquest. The result proved this. For even during the war which followed, when the clash of actual conflict ought to have stirred the nation to its depths, no enthusiasm could be roused. The people were loyal and obedient, they bore heavy burdens, and made many sacrifices; but they showed docility only, and not enthusiasm. It was not the sterling, lofty, invincible purpose of a whole nation that we saw, but an imperial scheme backed by the mechanical and soulless force of the state. The plea of popular pressure cannot be allowed. Whether it was ambition, or fanaticism, or whatever was the motive that prompted the interference in the East, it must be charged to the czar, and not to the nation.

Mr. Kinglake asserts that when the English government refused to listen to those famous proposals for the spoliation of Turkey, the Emperor Nicholas abandoned his design. The quarrel for the custody of the Holy Places being too trivial to put before the world as an excuse for war, and the Montenegrin question, which was to have furnished the ostensible motive, being settled, there remained no sufficient ground for interference. He, therefore, 'abandoned the intention of going to war, and even deprived himself of the means of taking such a step with effect; for he stopped the purchase

of horses required for enabling him to take the field.' Had he dispersed his troops, dismantled his fleet, and countermanded the draughts of seamen assembling at Sebastopol, or had he done any one of these things, the evidence would surely have been more conclusive. This pacific mood did not last long, even according to the czar's apologist; for the refraining from buying artillery horses became a restraint so painful, that all the warlike preparations were resumed. The troops marched to the borders of the Principalities, the fleet, which had long been preparing at Sebastopol, was made ready for sea, and then Prince Mentschikoff was sent to Constantinople,—still, so far as we understand Mr. Kinglake, in a pacific sense, and without the intention of going to war. These menaces were only intended to give weight to a demand for the key of a church, and another little demand, made secretly, for the transferring the protectorate of twelve millions of the sultan's subjects to the Emperor of All the Russias. This latter point was being denied at St. Petersburg, at the very moment that it was being enforced at Constantinople.

We must here glance at another of the *dramatis persone*, who was destined to render Prince Mentschikoff and his arrogant mission powerless, and even contemptible, in the eyes of the Turks. Sir Stratford Canning had always been disliked by the Russian emperor; but the feeling had deepened into hatred by reason of Sir Stratford's complete ascendancy over the Porte, and the failure in unbroken succession of every Russian scheme that ran counter to his will. One description that is given of him is so choice a piece of writing, that, although it may be familiar to many readers, it is worth extracting again.

'This kinsman of Mr. Canning the minister, had been bred from early life to the career of diplomacy, and whilst he was so young that he could still, perhaps, think in smooth Eton Alcæics more easily than in the diction of "High Contracting Parties," it was given him to negotiate a treaty which helped to bring ruin upon the enemy of his country. How to negotiate with a perfect skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home Government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was moreover so gifted by nature that, whether men studied his dispatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only by-standers caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn

into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian; for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts, that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper, being always under control when purposes of State so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness; for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then, too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey, therefore, the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him.'—Vol. i., pp. 111, 112.

If Louis Napoleon may be considered the evil genius of the piece, Lord Stratford is no less its good genius. He always appears at the right time, he always says the right thing, he always does the right action. However startling may be the Russian plot, he is always ready with a counter-plot. Nothing fails with him. Nothing prospers against him. He is one of Homer's heroes on Homer's own ground. He sees through all disguises, detects all errors, reads men's hearts, divines the future, and commands success. It is he who instils something of his own high courage into the frightened pashas, and sends them back to their posts, men once more. He is the mentor who guides them through all the sudden twists and mazes of the quarrel. And it is owing to his wise counsels, and to the power of his example, that the Turkish nation comports itself with a calmness, a moderation, a quiet dignity, contrasting all the more strongly with the attitude of its enemy, and winning for it the sympathies of Europe. We cannot enter into this diplomatic strife, the details of which are given with such marvellous clearness and skill, that Blue Books and parliamentary records appear quite a fascinating study. But there runs through all a current of special pleading on behalf of the czar, that is hardly satisfactory to the English reader. Stated broadly, it is an effort to show that the Emperor Nicholas sought nothing more than a moral ascendancy over the Turks,—precisely the influence wielded by his skilful opponent, the English minister at the Porte,—and that he was driven into the war by the conduct of the Allies themselves.

The whole onus of bringing about the war is thrown upon Napoleon III., who, 'when Europe was quiet, was obliged, for his very life's sake, to become its disturber.' The charges

against him are, that, seeing the value of the Eastern quarrel for his purpose, he first sided with the other powers against Russia; then seeing that the quadruple alliance would be irresistible, and therefore pacific, and unsuitable for any prominent action, he broke it up by offering to England to adopt her policy in the East in all its completeness, on the condition of a close alliance with her Government; and, finally, that, having detached England from the German powers, and gained the alliance which he sought, he assumed the direction of it, sometimes hastening and sometimes retarding events, and so fanning the quarrel, both secretly and openly, that war became unavoidable. But, although the French emperor is an astute man, and one who wields a marvellous power over those with whom he comes in contact, it is too much for us to believe that from the very first he gained such an ascendancy over the English cabinet as to sway it this way or that, at his mere will and pleasure. The alliance brought with it no advantage to England, at all comparable with that which at such a crisis it brought to the emperor; and it is not to be supposed that this could be forgotten on either side. Indeed, both the course of events at home, and the instructions given to the ambassadors, and afterwards to the commanders, tend to show that it was the English and not the French Government which took the lead. Even granting the truth of the charges to their fullest extent, yet, as influencing the vital question of peace or war, there is nothing that can seriously be compared with the Mentschikoff embassy, the invasion of the Principalities, or the slaughter at Sinope. The czar had in the outset resolved on the partition of Turkey, without a war if possible, but at the cost of a war if necessary, though he never dreamed of such an opposition as he actually encountered—opposition from every quarter, rigid and implacable. But his was one of those stubborn natures that are only hardened by opposition, and so, having once committed himself to an evil course, he resolved to press on at all hazards. We are, indeed, assured again and again that he sought an opportunity of withdrawing from the quarrel, but this does not seem to be borne out by the facts; for a strong effort made by the French emperor to save him was repulsed with words of bitter insult. In fact, he had placed himself in a position from which there was in his eyes no honourable retreat. The Mentschikoff embassy was altogether so extraordinary, and was attended with so much pomp, and display, and overwhelming menace, as evidently to court attention. Could the first refusal of the demand be considered a favourable opportunity of withdrawing? Or the second? Or



the rebuff administered by the sultan? Or when, at one point of the negotiations, the shadow of success did attend him, was he, with a vast army waiting on the Pruth, to retire with the key of a church-door in Jerusalem, in lieu of the coveted protectorate,—the very key of the sultan's empire? And even if he had withdrawn, what was to prevent a renewal of the strife on some fresh pretext? If the inactivity of the previous spring was intolerable, when his demands in behalf of Montenegro had been complied with, surely the re-action would be a thousand-fold more intolerable after being foiled, with all Europe looking on, and that too by the Turks whom he despised, and Sir Stratford Canning whom he cordially hated! Another false step, the invasion of the Principalities, followed by a declaration of war by the Porte, closed the door on the last hope of retreat for himself; while the massacre of Sinope drove the Allies from their position of passive spectators, and made them at once principals in the war.

Halting for a moment on the broad margin which here divides his subject, the author recapitulates the political and diplomatic history of the struggle; and with judicial care apportions to each of the European powers its share in bringing about what he evidently considers an unnecessary war. Russia, France, England, Austria, Prussia, the other German states, (mercy on us, and on all the little dukes and princes!) each has its share of responsibility reckoned up and charged against it, with aggravations or palliations, as the case may be. As to England, her share is set down as considerable. Her consciousness of strength, the restless spirit of enterprise that stirs within her, the sounds of actual conflict which always quicken the Northern blood, the bravery shown by the Turks who were so much the wronged and weaker side, and the re-action which had set in against the craven spirit of the peace party,—these things brought about in the minds of the English people such an inclination towards war, that it only needed some 'untoward event,' which the attack on Sinope furnished, to make the old fierce spirit flame out over the whole land. There is much keen perception of the influences at this time working beneath the calm surface of society.

'All England had been brought to the opinion that it was a wickedness to incur war without necessity or justice; but when the leading spirits of the peace party had the happiness of beholding this wholesome result, they were far from stopping short. They went on to make light of the very principles by which peace is best maintained; and although they were conscientious men, meaning to say and do what was right, yet, being unacquainted with the causes

which bring about the fall of empires, they deliberately inculcated that habit of setting comfort against honour which historians call "corruption." They made it plain, as they imagined, that no war which was not engaged in for the actual defence of the country could ever be right; but even there they took no rest, for they went on and on, and still on, until their foremost thinker reached the conclusion that in the event of an attack upon our shores, the invaders ought to be received with such an effusion of hospitality and brotherly love, as could not fail to disarm them of their enmity, and convert the once dangerous Zouave into the valued friend of the family. Then with great merriment the whole English people turned round, and, although they might still be willing to go to the brink of other precipices, they refused to go further towards that one. The doctrine had struck no root. It was ill suited to the race to whom it was addressed. The man cheered it, and forgot it until there came a time for testing it, and then discarded it; and the woman from the very first, with her true and simple instinct, was quick to understand its value. She would subscribe, if her husband required it, to have the doctrine taught to charity children; but she would not suffer it to be taught to her own boy. So it proved barren. In truth, the English knew that they were a great and a free people, because their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, and all the great ancestry of whom they come, had been men of warlike quality; and, deeming it time to gainsay the teaching of the peace party, but not being skilled in dialectics and the use of words, they unconsciously came to think that it would be well to express a practical opinion of the doctrine by taking the first honest and fair opportunity of engaging in war. Still, the conscience of the nation was sound, and men were as well convinced as ever of the wickedness of a war wrongly or wantonly incurred. They were in this mind:—they would not go to war without believing that they had a good and a just cause; but it was certain that tidings importing the necessity of going to war for duty's sake would be received with a welcome in England.'—Vol. i., pp. 407–409.

The first volume having disposed of the causes of the war, the second volume proceeds with the military operations down to the battle of the Alma; and, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, we must avow a preference for the second volume over the first. It may be less dramatic; but it is more natural. We do not look down upon the scenes, we mingle with them. And the rapid action of the story leaves less room for that intolerably bitter sarcasm which seems to corrode its way through every page of the first volume. Passing hastily by the discomforts of Gallipoli, the long inaction at Varna, and the unfortunate expedition to the Dobrudscha, which have small attractions for our author's pen, we are brought to the final decision taken by the two governments at home

for the invasion of the Crimea. The instructions reached the commanders at Varna towards the end of July. They were very definite, leaving little discretionary power to the generals. The French marshal was averse to the scheme, and so in truth was Lord Raglan; but having no option in the matter, he overcame the objections of his colleague, as the stronger mind always will overcome the weaker. St. Arnaud had passed a wild youth, had thrice been compelled to begin life anew; and was now Marshal of France by complicity with the events of the *coup d'état*. His official rank did not bring with it any great accession of moral influence. His army held him in no doubtful esteem. 'He had an ill name.'

'He impersonated with singular exactness the idea which our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called a Frenchman. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain; but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for administrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life.....He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in any other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more good-natured. In the intervals between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sang. To men in authority, no less than to women, he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body, and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved in all things to be the Frenchman of the old times, there was once at least in his life a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God, as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church.'—Vol. ii., pp. 2, 3.

This was the colleague destined for Lord Raglan, the true English soldier,—calm, self-contained, noble-minded, clear of view, and firm of purpose, on whose simple greatness the historian may well choose to linger, and to whose unselfishness of character was due the harmonious working of the expedition, and therefore of the Alliance. He endured a long series of annoyances which would have broken the patience of any other man. First of all St. Arnaud, while at Gallipoli, conceived the idea of uniting the Turkish forces with his own, and intrigued with the Divan for the appointment of generalissimo, with Omar Pasha as his subordinate. This would have given him the command over 120,000 men, in addition to the 50,000 of his own army, thus overwhelming the modest 25,000 of the English contingent. This proposal was hardly disposed of, when another,

equally daring, took its place. He had contrived a scheme which would have given him virtually the command of the English army as well as his own; but upon this he was not so obstinately bent as before, and the difficulty soon gave way. Then he declined to move up his troops to Varna. Then if he moved at all, he resolved to take up a position south of the Balkan range, several hundred miles from the seat of war, though the critical position of Silistria rendered a closer advance imperative. Then he refused to acquiesce in the expedition to the Crimea. And when at length the two fleets, with their innumerable convoy of transports, were in the very middle of the Black Sea, an attempt was made to stop the expedition and return to Varna. That these things never reached the public ear, is due altogether to Lord Raglan's self-control. He kept his own counsel, or only reported his difficulties after they were overcome, and were no longer of value even as news (that is, for Printing-house Square); 'for in proportion as people were greedy for fresh tidings they were careless of things which ranged with the past, and the time was so stirring that the tale of an abandoned plan of campaign, or an intrigue already baffled and extinct, was hardly a rich enough gift for a minister to carry to a newsman.'

However, on the 24th of August the embarkation of the troops began. The French losses by cholera in the expedition to the Dobrudscha had amounted to no less than 10,000 men. Their subsequent losses, and the troops left in camp at Varna, reduced the number available for the undertaking to 30,000 infantry and 70 pieces of field artillery. The Turks numbered between 5,000 and 6,000 infantry, and were placed under French command. The English force consisted of 22,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 60 pieces of field artillery;—besides which there were left at Varna, ready for transport, a division of infantry, the brigade of heavy cavalry, a siege train, and 5,000 or 6,000 pack-horses. On the morning of the 7th of September the Armada sailed, comprising sixty-three ships of war, and nearly four hundred transports; on the 10th the English commander carefully reconnoitred the coast for a convenient landing-place, St. Arnaud being ill; and during the 13th the ships were gradually taking up the positions assigned to them opposite to Old Fort. It was arranged that during the night of the 13th a buoy should be placed opposite the centre of the landing-place, in order to mark the boundary between the two fleets, the French and Turkish ships taking the south of the buoy, and the British the north. But the French 'placed the buoy opposite—not to the centre but—the extreme

north of the chosen landing-ground; and when morning dawned, it appeared that the English ships and transports, though really in their proper places, were on the wrong side of the boundary.' To remain where he was, would be to involve his troops in hopeless confusion with the French, and so raise ill blood, while to seek the removal of the buoy would equally tend to a quarrel, and would certainly cause delay. So leaving the ill-natured Frenchmen in possession of the entire landing-place, Lord Raglan, without a word of complaint, moved his transports to a strip of beach lying about a mile further north, and in five days the whole force, men, horses, and guns, with three days' ammunition and stores, was landed without accident or loss.

On the 19th the advance began. The French took what was in this case not only the post of honour but of safety, and formed the right of the line, so that their right flank was protected by the fleets, which accompanied the advance, and their left by the English army. The latter had the post of danger, and formed the left of the advancing line, protected on their right by the French, but terribly exposed on their left flank. The order in which the two armies marched was characteristic. The French fight in column like all other continental troops, and their formation was therefore solid; the English fight in line, which no other troops can do; and as there was every probability of an attack on the part of the enemy, the columns were disposed at such distances, that at a few minutes' notice the troops could deploy, and show a continuous front, either towards the south, or the east, or the north, as need might be, of nearly two miles in length.

'Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly among the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air became laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar, that it carried them back to childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of "boy's love" that used to be set by the Prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

'In each of the close-massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than 5,000 foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and, at intervals,

the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs, which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.—Vol. ii., pp. 207, 208.

There is the description of a slight cavalry skirmish, very brilliant as a spectacle, but leading to no result; a night bivouack; and then the day of the Alma dawned,—a notable day in the calendar of the British army. It has been objected that Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle is difficult to understand; that it is too involved, too elaborate, and wanting in sharp definition. Certainly as regards elaboration such an account of a battle was never before written. The chapter devoted to it consists of three hundred pages, divided into fifty-one sections. As the whole battle from first to last only occupied two hours, and as the serious fighting occupied just thirty-five minutes, the reader involuntarily asks himself how many score volumes would have been necessary for a history of the Peninsular war on the same scale of completeness. And at the first glance he may perhaps long for the dozen vivid pages in which Napier would have sketched the whole operations. One's patience, too, is fretted by the constant digressions, references of many kinds, condensed biographies, and the like irrelevant matter interjected at all points of the narrative. Why, as the army marches down to battle, are we held by the button, and compelled to listen to the military history of Sir George Brown? Or why, in the very crisis of the attack, when the reserves are hurrying up, and every moment seems long, are we taken out of the field altogether, and made to discuss the fitness, on political grounds, of royal commanders, *à propos* of the Duke of Cambridge? These interruptions continually occur, not only distracting our attention by their variety, but



perplexing all calculations as to time during the progress of the action.

But when these small cavillings are ended, the fact remains that this is the best, because the truest and most life-like, description of a battle that has yet been written. When it is remembered that the Allied front extended over five miles of ground, to which must be added three miles more for the opposing Russian line, and that the operations are recorded of not only each division, but almost of each regiment engaged, it is no wonder that the narrative is lengthy. Passing slowly along the line, the story of the action begins afresh as each section of the ground is reached, and is conducted down to a certain point and there left, to be taken up again presently. It is this frequent carrying of the story backward, when the reader is expecting continuous progress, that renders it somewhat obscure. When once the clue is found, a second reading will make all clear, and the whole scene will stand mapped out before the eye with beautiful distinctness. We learn, too, how it is that the commander can do no more than give general instructions, the details of which are left to others; we see how much scope remains for the genius (if they have any) of not only the divisional commanders, but the generals of brigade, and even the colonels of the respective regiments. We learn how the difficulties of the ground break up the force into fragments, each of which has to act for itself; what confusion exists; how every house, or thicket, or wall is the object of attack and defence, and thus the one general engagement is only a series of minor battles raging along the whole line. We learn how a trivial accident may mar or make the fortune of the day, how opportunities are made and lost, the value of moments, of a good eye for country, and other seeming trifles, —all which things have often been *told* before, but have never been clearly shown.

The Russian position on the Alma is not difficult to understand. It faced the north, and its line ran from east to west, defended by the river along its whole length. Like all the rivers of the Crimea, the northern bank of the Alma slopes gently upward, and then gradually loses itself in the surrounding steppe; while the southern bank is steep, rugged, and seamed with ravines. From the edge of the bank southwards the ground is undulating, forming hills more or less steep. The Kourganè hill, on the right of the Russian position, and the principal ground of the English attack, is described as rising from the river much in the same way as Richmond Hill rises from the Thames, and with about as steep a face. To the left of this is the Sebastopol road, running

north and south, and therefore at right angles with the stream. To the left of this, again, is undulating ground, and then the Telegraph Height, which is also a steep ascent. And to the left of this, again, a hill rises some four hundred feet, and is so abrupt both toward the north and toward the west, (one face overlooking the river and the other the sea,) that it was deemed unassailable. The position, therefore, held by Prince Mentschikoff was one of great natural strength,—so strong, indeed, that he did not think it necessary to add much to it from the resources of military engineering. From the sea to the eastern slope of the Kourganè hill was a distance of five miles; but the extreme left being deemed safe from all attack, no troops were expended there, and the line was consequently shortened by nearly two miles. The Russian commander thus disposed his forces. His left wing, resting on the undefended hill or cliff, consisted of eight battalions of infantry, and two batteries of artillery, with a reserve in the rear of four battalions, which had opportunely arrived that morning. These troops were available for the defence both of the Telegraph hill and the rolling ground to the right. On the Sebastopol road were posted five battalions of infantry and two batteries of field artillery, with a further reserve force of seven battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery. This road was the only opening through the hills, and is 'The Pass' of Mr. Kinglake's narrative. To the right of the Pass rose the Kourganè hill, along the face of which, commanding the bridge and the Sebastopol road, was a formidable earthwork,—the Great Redoubt,—armed with fourteen heavy guns; and still more to the right another work,—the Lesser Redoubt,—armed with a battery of field-guns. In the neighbourhood of the Great Redoubt, but on the lower slopes of the hill, was massed the chief strength of the Russian commander,—not less than sixteen battalions of infantry, two battalions of sailors from the fleet, and four batteries of field-artillery. On the extreme right was placed the cavalry force, comprising 3,400 lances, with three batteries of horse-artillery;—giving a grand total of 37,000 men of all arms, and 122 guns.

On the previous evening the French commander had sought to concert with Lord Raglan a plan of attack for the following day. They were still several miles from the position, which had not yet been reconnoitred, and, owing to the high ground along the coast, very little could be made out by observation from the fleets. It was known that Prince Mentschikoff was defending the line of the Alma, that the cliff just spoken of on his extreme left was not occupied by troops, that the

river was at most points fordable,—and this was all. Some rough plans of the surrounding country had been secured, but none of the Russian position, and not a single spy or deserter had come in. To draw up any definite scheme of operations was, therefore, to work in the dark. Nevertheless Marshal St. Arnaud had formed his plan, and was bent on obtaining Lord Raglan's assent to it. He proposed that the war-steamer, coming close in-shore, should move parallel with the army; that, under cover of their fire, Bosquet with his division and the Turks should advance along the shore, and seize the cliff; and that, as soon as the movement was successful, it should be followed up by a vigorous and continuous attack upon the enemy's left flank and left front. The English troops, somewhat as auxiliaries, were to turn the right flank, and the rout would be complete. In order to fix the project more definitely, a sketch had been prepared, (a fac-simile of which is given in this volume,) showing the flank movement of the French accomplished, and two French divisions advancing to the front attack. Most characteristically these two divisions in the sketch cover about two-thirds of the entire Russian front, and the remaining third is left to the English. St. Arnaud was much excited, in great spirits, and demonstrative as usual. Lord Raglan, as usual very quiet though very cordial, neither offered any definite opposition to the plan, nor yet consented to it. He wished to see the position before deciding, and the interview ended without an agreement.

It was about noon of the 20th that the Allied armies halted for the last time, at a distance of two miles or less from the Alma; during this halt the two commanders rode on some little way in advance, and from a mound carefully examined the Russian position. That was the first real knowledge of it that they had gained. Even at this distance it was clear that the French, by advancing as they proposed, would be opposed by no more than a third of the enemy's troops, while the English, numerically much weaker, and entirely exposed on their left, would have two-thirds of the Russian force on their hands; in fact, the proportions of the French calculation would be precisely reversed. This afterwards proved to be the case. The Russian force which confronted the French numbered 13,000 men and 36 guns. Against this the French had 30,000 of their own infantry, 7,000 Turkish infantry, and 68 guns. The force which confronted the English was 24,000 men, and no less than 86 guns. Against this the English had 26,000 men and 60 guns. 'St. Arnaud was to his adversaries in a proportion not very far short of three to

one; Lord Raglan was, so to speak, equal in numbers to his adversaries, and was inferior to them in point of artillery by a difference of 26 guns.' To this must further be added the strength of the Russian position, fortified only at the English extremity of the line. At this final consultation no change was made in the proposed plan so far as regarded the French share of the operations; but, having now seen the actual ground, and the work cut out for him, Lord Raglan definitely refused any attempt to turn the enemy's right flank. At one o'clock the advance sounded, and the troops marched to their first battle, the English deploying as they came within range. Some idea of the spectacle may be formed from the fact, that the English front alone was two miles in extent.

'So now the whole Allied armies, hiding nothing of their splendour and their strength, descended slowly into the valley; and the ground on the right bank of the river' (down which they were marching) 'is so even and so gentle in its slope, and on the left bank so commanding, that every man of the invaders could be seen from the opposite heights.

'The Russian officers had been accustomed all their days to military inspections and vast reviews; but they now saw before them that very thing for the confronting of which their lives had been one long rehearsal. They saw a European army coming down in order of battle; an army arrayed in no spirit of mimicry, and not at all meant to aid their endless study of tactics; but honestly marching against them, with a mind to carry their heights, and take their lives. And gazing with keen and critical eyes upon this array of strangers, whose homes were in lands far away, they looked upon a phenomenon which raised their curiosity and their wonder, and which promised, too, to throw some new light on a notion they had lately been forming.\*

.....'The sight now watched from the enemy's heights was one which seemed to have some bearing upon the rumour that the English were powerless in a land engagement. The French and the Turks were in the deep, crowded masses which every soldier of the czar had been accustomed to look upon as the formations needed for battle; but, to the astonishment of the Russian officers, the leading divisions of the men in red were massed in no sort of column, and were clearly seen coming on in a slender line—a line only two deep, yet extending far from east to west. They could not believe that with so fine a thread as that the English general was really intending to confront their massive columns. Yet the English troops had no idea that their formation was so singular as to be strange in the eyes of military Europe. Wars long past had taught

\* It was afterwards discovered that as the Russian sailors wear a scarlet uniform, and are from their clumsiness rather a laughing-stock for the army, it was given out that the English red-coats were only sailors,—terrible fellows at sea, but contemptible enough on land; and this was not only believed by the men, but by many of the officers.

them that they were gifted with the power of fighting in this order, and it was as a matter of course, that, upon coming within range, they had gone at once into line.'—Vol. ii., pp. 256-258.

The steadiness of our troops was soon severely tested; for they had to lie passively on the slope, conspicuous marks for the Russian gunners, waiting till the French attack should be sufficiently developed to allow of an advance. Meanwhile Bosquet's column was advancing cautiously along the shore; but, being unopposed, had only the physical difficulties of the higher ground to contend with. We have seen that the Prince Menschikoff thought the west cliff inaccessible to troops; but the Zouaves climb like cats, and, having crossed the Alma, and reached the foot of the cliff, they clambered up its steep face with a speed that excited the hearty admiration of the fleet, who were eager spectators of the movement. Half of the column, with the Turks and the artillery, made its way by another and very circuitous path; but only a part of the artillery could be got up the heights. As soon as Bosquet showed himself in force, and appeared to be fairly established in his position, two French divisions were moved upon the Telegraph Height,—Bosquet's left,—in order to press, by a combined movement, upon the left flank and left front of the Russians, as represented in the plan. After crossing the river, the troops progressed well for some time; but after partially ascending the hill, it was found that in this case also the artillery could not be got up, and it would be necessary to send it back into the valley, and along the road which Bosquet had taken. The Russians held the summit of the hill with eight battalions of troops and two batteries of field guns; and, in order to escape the fire of the latter, the French, now making the ascent, had to cling to the shelter of the hollows and broken ground. The want of their own guns was severely felt; for, although Bosquet had made good his footing with a portion of his column, yet he had but a small artillery force to oppose to the enemy; and if the latter, already assuming a threatening attitude, should move upon him in strength, his position would be most critical. It was, therefore, of the utmost consequence that the two divisions should press forward, and so prevent a movement which would be dangerous, if not fatal. But, on the other hand, to press forward infantry alone to attack both troops and guns was somewhat hazardous, especially as the French are usually dependent on the support of their artillery. Canrobert, who commanded the leading division, decided, therefore, to wait the arrival of his guns by the long circuitous road they had taken; and the rather

as his troops were comparatively sheltered by the nature of the ground. The other division, however, under Prince Napoleon, was more exposed, and began to suffer from the enemy's fire. The men were dissatisfied and disheartened at the prospect of mere inaction under fire. Seeing that the attack made no progress, Marshal St. Arnaud moved up further supports, ordering one brigade to follow the march of Bosquet, and another to follow Canrobert. But as this did not help the guns up the heights, which was the only cause of the delay, and crowded more men upon ground already sufficiently occupied, it tended rather to increase the confusion.

Leaving the French, let us note the movements of the English army, two divisions of which we left within range of the Russian guns, and on that account ordered to lie down. Mr. Kinglake says that 'they made it their pastime to watch the play of the engines worked for their destruction. Among the guns ranged on the opposite heights to take his life, a man would single out his favourite, and make it feminine for the sake of endearment. There was hardly, perhaps, a gun in the Great Redoubt which failed to be called by some corrupt variation of "Mary" or "Elizabeth." It was plain that our infantry could be in a kindly humour whilst lying down under fire.' Our artillery did not reply, our cavalry did not move, the whole British army lay passive, waiting the issue of the French advance. But it waited in vain; for, as we have seen, the French, unable to get up their artillery, could not advance, and their part of the programme remained unfulfilled. This state of things had lasted an hour and a half, when an aide-de-camp came in hot haste to Lord Raglan to say that if something was not done to support or relieve Bosquet's column, it would be 'compromised.' Having a manly dislike to euphuisms, Lord Raglan inquired what might be the actual effect upon the brigade if it should be 'compromised.' The answer then was frank enough, 'It will retreat.' This was the second request that had been made for the English troops to advance in order to effect a diversion, and so relieve the difficulty incurred by our Allies.

Lord Raglan now decided that the time had come, and gave the order for the advance. The division on the English right was commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans, that on the left was the Light Division under Sir George Brown. The two divisions in the rear, and acting as supports, were respectively commanded by the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Richard England. General Evans's division soon found its order destroyed; for scarcely had the advance been sounded, than a village at the foot of the slope, and lying right in its path, burst into



flames. This not only destroyed a very desirable shelter, but made it necessary to divide the force, and advance on each side of the flames. The terrible fire of the enemy broke up the line into fragments, each of which got forward as it could, sometimes sheltering, sometimes advancing, until the river was reached; the fire telling even more severely as the troops crossed the stream, until they made good their footing on the opposite side. The losses during this advance were very heavy, Pennefather's brigade alone losing one fourth of its strength. And no wonder, seeing that upon it was poured the fire of sixteen guns, and the infantry fire of six battalions.

The Light Division was even more hotly opposed, for the Russians had concentrated their strength upon their right and right centre; and thus against this single division there stood the Great Redoubt, the Lesser Redoubt, forty-two artillery guns, and a force of seventeen thousand men. Nevertheless, the ground being less exposed than that which Evans's division had to pass, the advance would have been effected with slight loss, but for a mischance which befell the brigade of Rifles thrown out as skirmishers. Finding the stream difficult to ford at that point, they had gone higher up in order to seek a more convenient spot, and so had wandered away from the division. Instead of detaching other troops to serve as skirmishers, Sir George Brown neglected all such precautions,\* and hurled his troops headlong at the position. They reached the stream well enough, but found the steep bank on the other side lined with sharpshooters, who not only did great execution among the men who were crossing, but from their position could pour a deadly fire into the masses that had succeeded in crossing the river, and were now clustering under the steep bank, quite unable to return the fire. General Codrington, who commanded the right brigade, was without orders; but, urging his men up the bank, and so to the foot of the Kourganè Hill, resolved on attacking the Redoubt. The force in which our men showed quickly on the bank of the river drove back

\* Sir George Brown seems to have altogether disappointed expectation as a divisional commander. While in Bulgaria his rigour, and punctiliousness, and martinet spirit, made him highly unpopular; but it was expected that the day of battle would make ample amends. And yet on the morning of the Alma he was more than an hour late in commencing his march, and to that extent delayed the whole army. During the march he harassed his men by making them take ground continuously to the right, and then, finding his calculation at fault, made them take ground to the left; but still not enough, as the result proved; for when they came to deploy, his right wing overlapped Evans's left, much to the confusion and loss of both divisions. Then in coming into action he neglected to throw out skirmishers, who would have cleared the way; and as the result of this neglect he saw his men mowed down by scores by the Russian sharpshooters, and afterwards lose the fruits of a dearly won victory. And it is further complained that one gun of the only two taken that day was seized almost in spite of his orders.

the Russian riflemen upon their own columns. More and more rapidly the troops came up, hot and angry, eager for the fight, and especially for getting to close quarters. The three regiments under Codrington's orders, swelled to five by the addition of two other regiments in the confusion of crossing, were now more or less fully represented; but the men were so huddled together as to make it impossible to form them in line. The colonels of several of the regiments attempted it; but there was not room to get the men out. Here and there was something like a line, then a cluster, then a short line, then another cluster; and in this kind of 'knotted chain' the men began to march up the Kourganè Hill. To oppose them, two strong columns were put in motion, one threatening the left, and the other the right, of the English line. Our troops on the left were young; they had never yet faced an enemy; they knew they were not in fighting form; they knew, moreover, the disadvantage of their position, standing on the very edge of a river into which they might be driven by the troops now sent down against them; and yet they never faltered for a moment, they were neither terrified nor flustered, but firing steadily into the column soon compelled it to fall back. Thus one of the columns was disposed of; but the other was made of sterner stuff. It came down upon the 7th Fusileers, under Colonel Yea, forming the extreme right of the division, and a deliberate, deadly, hand-to-hand fight ensued, which lasted throughout the battle. But while this double encounter was taking place on the right and left of the division, the centre steadily advanced against the Redoubt. And fearful was the slaughter during that short advance. The heavy ship's guns in the earthwork were well served, and the distance down to the river was not more than musket-range. The round shot tore the English ranks; and grape and canister followed as the assailants got closer. Our men fell fast; they had no artillery to support them; yet on they pressed, silent and self-contained. There was something more resolute in that silence than in any demonstration. Drawing nearer and nearer, preparing for the final rush, a general discharge crashed against them from the guns,—and then came a running fire of musketry; and then the foremost of our soldiers reached the breastwork. But looking in they saw fitfully through the smoke teams of horses, and heard the sound of wheels. Then the silence was broken, "By all that is holy, he is limbering up!" "He is carrying off his guns!" "Stole away," "Stole away," "Stole away." The glaucous of the Great Redoubt had come to sound more joyous than the covert's side in England.'

'Then a small, child-like youth ran forward before the throng,

carrying a colour. This was young Anstruther. He carried the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games of English school life, he ran fast; for, heading all who strove to keep up with him, he gained the Redoubt, and dug the butt end of the flagstaff into the parapet, and there for a moment he stood, holding it tight and taking breath. Then he was shot dead; but his small hands, still clasping the flagstaff, drew it down along with him, and the crimson silk lay covering the boy with its folds; but only for a moment, because William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, ran forward, gathered up the flag, and, raising it proudly, made claim to the Great Redoubt on behalf of the "Royal Welsh." The colours floating high in the air, and seen by our people far and near, kindled in them a raging love for the ground where it stood. Breathless men found speech. Codrington, still in the front, uncovered his head, waved his cap, for a sign to his people, and then riding straight at one of the embrasures, leapt his grey Arab into the breastwork. There were some eager and swift-footed soldiers who sprang the parapet nearly at the same moment; more followed. At the same instant Norcott's riflemen came running in from the east, and the swiftest of them bounded into the work at the right flank. The enemy's still lingering skirmishers began to fall back, and descended—some of them slowly—into the dip where their battalions were massed. Our soldiery were up; and in a minute they flooded in over the parapet, hurrahing, jumping over, again hurrahing, a joyful English crowd.'—Vol. ii., pp. 332, 333.

Thus a force, numbering about two thousand men, had seized in a few minutes the very key of the Russian position, and must now prepare to hold it in the face of ten thousand choice troops. Had the supports been within reach, all would have been well. But, for want of skirmishers to feel the way and keep down the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and so time the march of the two advanced divisions, it had been necessary to hurry the troops, and get them over the fatal ground as fast as possible. The consequence was, that the advance had been more rapid than was calculated on, and the supporting divisions were correspondingly in the rear. More than one general officer saw the danger, and sent word to the Duke of Cambridge to press forward with the Guards and Highlanders. But they were passing through the same difficult ground which had so much troubled their predecessors,—the vineyards and enclosures,—and the fire from the heights was telling upon them severely. It was just at this time that an officer, alarmed at the losses among such valuable troops, suggested that the Guards should retire a little to recover their formation. This was said in the hearing of Sir Colin Campbell, who thundered out, 'It is better, sir, that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field, than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy.' They continued to push on,

crossed the river in good order, swarmed over the bank, and up the hill, making for the Great Redoubt. But the precious moments were fast ebbing, had already ebbed away, before the supports had made good their footing on the Russian side of the stream. Codrington's men, after taking the work, found themselves threatened by the heavy masses of infantry standing on the still higher ground above them, and ready to be hurled against them at any moment. A battery, also, had been brought to bear upon them, pouring its fire so hotly into the Redoubt as to render it untenable. The men therefore clung to the outer side for shelter, but still keeping tenaciously to their position, and casting anxious looks backward for the help which they knew ought to be on the way. They were but two thousand against ten thousand, besides artillery. The Russians saw their opportunity, and made haste to seize it. The great Vladimir column, the finest body of their troops in the field, advanced silently and without firing, for a charge with the bayonet. It was partly concealed by the formation of the ground; and our men sheltering themselves on the outside of the work, or lying at full length within it, only perceived the column as it came slowly up the side of the hollow, 'a whole field of bayonet-points ranged close as corn, and seeming to grow taller and taller.'

Upon continental troops the advance of a solid column has an overwhelming effect, and they seldom stand to feel its strength; but it is otherwise with English troops, who have no dread of such an unwieldy formation, but esteem it lightly. And the young soldiers who had never before faced an enemy brought up their rifles to fire into the advancing mass as coolly as did their fathers in the great wars of old. But before a volley could be delivered, a voice checked the men,—'The column is French!—the column is French! Don't fire, men! For God's sake, don't fire!' The order passed rapidly along the line, while a bugler sounded the 'cease firing.' The opposing column itself now halted, apparently perplexed by the reception it met with, and fearing some snare or stratagem. The same bugle now sounded the order to 'retire,' which was repeated again and again. Then, still doubtful, and naturally unwilling to relinquish that which had cost them so dear, the troops took no heed of the order. A second time the bugle sounded, and a second time it was repeated along the line; but although the troops still hesitated, it was thought by many of the officers that an order twice given could not be a mistake, and must not be disobeyed. The troops therefore fell back, retreating towards the river. A few moments more, and disaster might have been spared; for already the Guards were coming

into sight, and moving up towards the Redoubt. But it was too late. The position which had cost in killed and wounded nearly one hundred officers and eight hundred men had to be abandoned, and the Russians once more held the work.\*

But a strange lull came at this time upon the battle in this part of the field. Along five miles of ground the communications could not very regularly be kept up, and the Russians had heard nothing from their commander-in-chief for some time. But it was known that the French had made good their footing at their end of the position, and seemed likely to succeed in their flanking movement. Precisely at the point where the French, if successful, might be looked for, the Russian commanders on the slope of the Kourganè Hill saw a large group of staff officers. About their rank there could be no question; and where the staff is, there the army must be. The uniform was French; and in fact there could be no doubt as to the true state of the case. This it was that paralysed their movements; and the sight of the French army in the very centre and heart of their position compelled the Russian generals to look to their line of retreat.

But these horsemen were not French, and the French army was not approaching; so that the grounds for alarm were only imaginary. The group of horsemen consisted of Lord

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\* It may be asked what was the left (Buller's) brigade about all this time? The answer is, that one regiment (the 19th) had got entangled with the right brigade (Codrington's) during the disorder in crossing under fire a difficult stream, the bends in which confused the men as to their whereabouts when they at length gained the other side. With the two remaining regiments General Buller, being on the extreme left, had to provide for the safety of the flank of the whole allied army; and as no one could have supposed that a large force of cavalry, some three thousand lances, besides an available force of infantry, and several batteries of artillery, would be kept stationary during the whole battle, General Buller naturally resolved to keep a strictly defensive attitude with the only two regiments left under his command. There was a moment, however, when at any rate half the force might have been safely sent forward, and its aid would have been invaluable. Even if there had not been time for the regiment actually to reach the work, the sight of its approach would have encouraged our troops to keep their hold, and would have prevented the misunderstanding about the order to retire. Had Lord Raglan remained at his post, he would not only have seen to this, but he would have pressed forward the supports immediately on the rapid advance of the Light Division. And Sir Richard England's division, instead of standing unemployed, would have borne some share in the honours of the day. On the other hand, it is impossible not to admire that gallant ride to the front,—an example of 'antique heroism,' as St. Arnaud happily expressed it,—and worthy of the results that followed. It was a flash of the true genius of war that showed him the value of the position, and enabled him with two light guns to strike not merely a damaging but a mortal blow, which with equal skill he followed up at the head of his troops.

It is singular that the Russian commander was in like manner away from his post. For Prince Meutshikoff, being alarmed by the reports brought to him of Bosquet's movement on the extreme left, hastened off in that direction, and was absent during the whole time of the English attack.

Raglan and his staff, who alone and without any troops had penetrated into the very centre of the Russian line. After giving the order to advance, Lord Raglan himself rode down to the river, crossed it under a fire of skirmishers, which struck down two of his staff, and, gaining the other side, almost unconsciously pushed on in order to gain some better view of the field of battle. It was an unwise thing to do, and against all military rule,—and his own cooler judgment would have condemned himself. Nevertheless, having once yielded to the impulse, he continued to press forward:—

‘The ground was of such a kind that, with every stride of his charger, a fresh view was opened to him. For months and months he had failed to tear off the veil which hid from him the strength of the army he undertook to assail; and now, suddenly in the midst of a battle he found himself suffered to pass forward between the enemy’s centre and his left wing. As at Badajoz, in old times, he had galloped alone to the drawbridge and obtained the surrender of St. Christoval; so now, driven on by the same hot blood, he joyously rode without troops into the heart of the enemy’s position; and Fortune, still enamoured of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile. For the path he took led winding up, by a way rather steep and rough here and there, but easy enough for saddle-horses; and presently in the front, but some way off towards the left, he saw before him a high commanding knoll, and, strange to say, there seemed to be no Russians near it. Instantly, and before he reached the high ground, he saw the prize, and divined its worth. He was swift to seize it. Without stopping,—nay, even, one almost may say, without breaking the stride of his horse, he turned to Airey, who rode close at his side, and ordered him to bring up Adam’s brigade with all possible speed. Then, still pressing on and on, the foremost rider of the Allied armies, he gained the summit of the knoll.’—Vol. ii., pp. 382, 383.

The Russian commander, finding the extent of ground too great for him to cover, had been compelled to concentrate his troops somewhat, and so removed a battalion which had stood on the very spot now occupied by the English general. No other troops were near, and thus unmolested, and yet with the Russians not far off on either side of him, he stood in the crisis of the battle on the most commanding part of the whole field. He saw the whole ground on which the English attack was about to be made, and, what was of still greater importance, he saw the whole of the Russian position, so far as regarded the Kourganè Hill, and he saw it ‘in profile,’—the batteries of artillery on the level, the earthwork on the hill, the reserves in the rear,—all this, with the details belonging to each, he took



in at a glance; and he forecast what really occurred—that the enemy, seeing the head-quarters staff in such a position, would judge that overwhelming forces were at hand. Coolly remarking, 'Our presence here will have the best effect,' he prepared to stay, and ordered up instantly a couple of guns, which had to be fetched from some distance. Almost immediately the attack on the Redoubt began, which has already been described. He saw the broken but stubborn line, which, though it was rent at every moment by the enemy's shot, yet urged its way up the hill and seized, and for a few minutes held, the work; and then vainly longing for the supports which did not arrive, and cut off by the distance from rendering any aid himself, he saw his troops driven out again and compelled to retreat. It was just at this moment that the French, who had all along been sending evil tidings, now sent another aide-de-camp, who in a most excited and nervous state made his way to Lord Raglan, and piteously begged for assistance. 'My Lord,' said he, 'my Lord, my Lord, we have before us eight battalions!' To which, notwithstanding what had just happened, the quiet but assuring reply was, 'Well, I can spare you a battalion.'

When the two guns came up and opened fire on the batteries which defended the Pass, and so held Evans's division in check, the first few shots proved that the batteries could not hold their ground. Presently, to the delight of the venturesome little group, the guns were hastily limbered up and dragged off to the rear; so that the Pass was now open, and Evans at once began to show in advance. The two pieces were then turned upon the heavy columns of the enemy's reserve, which, lying well within range, suffered heavily at each discharge; and they also in a few minutes had to retire. The two guns were then turned upon the Vladimir column just pressing our men out of the Redoubt; and although the shot fell short, yet the Russian general left in charge supposed from his position that it was otherwise, and sent orders to halt the column, which stayed that danger from our troops. At the same moment, and for the same reason, another column on a still higher part of the hill was arrested in its march midway; and thus a succession of checks, resulting from the skilful placing of a couple of nine-pounder guns, gave time to our troops to come up, changed the whole face of affairs, and fairly turned the ebbing tide of battle.

Mr. Kinglake's book must be itself studied for a fitting record of the exploits of British troops that day. We do but offer a rough setting for a few of his brilliant pages. But having followed thus far the fortunes of the Light Division, we may briefly complete its story. It has been noted

that Colonel Yea's regiment of Fusileers, immediately after crossing the river, found itself opposed by a very disproportionate force. A double column, numbering fifteen hundred men, close, compact, in splendid array, was in deadly struggle with these seven hundred English infantry, hastily and imperfectly formed on the steep bank of the river. Scarcely fifty yards separated them; yet so hot was the English fire, that the column could never close. But it did most obstinately stand its ground, and the return fire gradually thinned the English line. The men on both sides took leisurely aim. The colonel, ceaselessly active, forcing out by sheer exertion each cluster and tangle of men into something like line, 'wedging his cob into the thick of the crowd, and by dint of will tearing it asunder,' found himself once covered by a musket or rifle; but the Russian was too painstaking, for an English corporal brought him down before he delivered his fire. 'Thank you, my man,' said Yea; 'if I live through this, you shall be a sergeant to-night.' The fight lasted long. It was one of the first regiments engaged; and it fought unceasingly while success varied on either side of it. It was fighting before Codrington on the left led up his men to the assault; and when they retreated down the hill it was fighting still. And all the time that Evans's division on the right was waiting on the further side of the river, unable to cross in the face of the Causeway batteries, and after it crossed and entered the Pass, and while the French army on the further right were wavering, the regiment was still fighting. But the Russian column began to show significant signs of giving in. In vain its officers, by word, and gesture, and threat, and rough usage, even seizing men by the throat, forced the men into the gaps that were now so visible. In vain Prince Gortschakoff rode up, offering to lead it forward. The great mass swayed and rocked, and then stood firm; then swayed again, then hesitated, and then slowly retired. The Fusileers were in no condition to follow; but the Duke of Cambridge's Division was at hand, and the Guards were ordered up the hill to press the retreat.

Now came the crowning event of the day. Upon the hill, not huddled together, but spread over ample space, were eight battalions of Russian troops, arrayed in four columns, with four battalions in reserve, and three thousand cavalry,—in all some fifteen thousand men, most of them untouched as yet by the battle. The guns had been withdrawn.\* It was to be a

\* The czar's orders were so stringent not to lose a single gun, that the Russian generals seemed more afraid of their master than of the enemy; for they never scrupled to sacrifice their men if they could save their artillery.

grand fight of infantry. The Grenadiers marched proudly on, one regiment especially, (the Coldstream,) as precise in its formation as if treading the level sward of a London park. On their left came the three famous Highland regiments, under Sir Colin Campbell: the whole division forming a line of a mile and a half in length, with a depth of only two men. The line, however, was not unbroken; for one regiment of Guards had, at the moment of advancing, met the shock of the retreating mass of the Light Division, and had been so far carried back, and its formation so completely destroyed, that it could take no part in the advance. There was, therefore, a great chasm in the very middle of the brigade of Guards, and against this weak point, and threatening the left flank of the Grenadiers thus exposed, came the great Vladimir column, led by Prince Gortschakoff in person.

'Then, and by as fair a test as war could apply, there was tried the strength of the line formation, the quality of the English officer, the quality of the English soldier. Colonel Hood first halted; and then caused the left subdivision of the left company to wheel,—to wheel back in such a way as to form an obtuse angle with the rest of the battalion. In this way, whilst he still faced the column which he had originally undertaken to attack,' (the column just defeated by Colonel Yea, and which had again rallied,) 'Colonel Hood showed another front, a small but smooth comely front, to the mass which was coming upon his flank. His manœuvre instantly brought the Vladimir to a halt; and to those who—without being near enough to hear the giving and the repeating of the orders—still were able to see Colonel Hood thus changing a part of his front, and stopping a mighty column, by making a bend in his line, it seemed that he was handling his fine slender English blade with a singular grace; with the gentleness and grace of the skilled swordsman, when, smiling all the while, he parries an angry thrust. In the midst of its pride and vast strength of numbers, the Vladimir found itself checked; nay, found itself gravely engaged with half a company of our Guardsmen; and the minds of these two score of islanders were so little inclined to bend under the weight of the column, that they kept their perfect array. Their fire was deadly; for it was poured into a close mass of living men. It was at the work of "file firing" that the whole battalion now laboured.'—Vol. ii., pp. 435, 436.

The novelty of the English formation evidently perplexed the Russian column, and still more perplexing was the quality of English 'pluck,' while the deadly fire and the confusion caused by their own falling men was as evidently straining its endurance. By a further simple movement, Colonel Hood was able to pour in a more decidedly flanking fire. The huge bulk shook as the

storm smote it. Then the enemy heard something else that was English; for at this sign of weakness one instantaneous cheer, long and loud, rent the air.

'As though its term of life were measured, as though its structure were touched and sundered by the very cadence of the cheering, the column bulged, heaving, heaving. "The line will advance on the centre! The men may advance firing!" This, or this nearly, was what Hood had to say to his grenadiers. Instant sounded the echo of his will. "The line will advance on the centre! Quick march!" Then between the column and the seeing of its fate the cloud which hangs over a modern battle-field was no longer a sufficing veil; for although while the English battalion stood halted, there lay in front of its line that dim mystic region which divides contending soldiery; yet the bearskins, since now they were marching, grew darker from east to west, grew taller, grew real, broke through. A moment, and the column hung loose; another, and it was lapsing into sheer retreat; yet another, and it had come to be like a throng in confusion. Of the left Kazan troops there was no more question. In an array that was all but found fault with for being too grand and too stately, the English battalion swept on.'—Vol. ii., pp. 446, 447.

But here we must stay, though the advance of the Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell not only was as complete a success, but is quite as graphically told. The skilful generalship of Sir Colin on the left, by which he inflicted fearful losses on the enemy; the advance of Adams's brigade under Lord Raglan on the right, which, again overlapping the enemy on that side, wrought him double sorrow; the retreat which became a flight, and the flight which turned to panic; the unwillingness of the French to follow up the victory, and, indeed, the whole operations of our allies subsequent to St. Arnaud's unfortunate order to the 4th division;—these are for Mr. Kinglake himself to relate. We have quoted freely from his pages; but, brilliant as are these passages, they are no more than samples of the whole. It is a book to be grateful for. It is not merely careful, thoughtful, beautiful; but it is a fine, manly, English book, which has power to stir the pulse, and kindle the eye, and send a thrill of old English pride through the veins,—a book which we must admire, though we may differ from it, and that at many points.

Mr. Kinglake evidently considers the war to have been a mistake from first to last, and the invasion of the Crimea to have been a mistake greater still. We take a different view of both cases. There is some danger of forgetting the restless and mischievous ambition of Russia *as she was*. Nothing is more certain than that she was resolved upon the possession of

Constantinople, as completing the first grand series of her conquests, and opening to her a new and still grander career in the Mediterranean, and then another southward toward India. The very vastness of these schemes has rendered them incredible to Englishmen, and a reference to them is always made at the risk of being deemed visionary. But the scheme existed, and even now is not hopelessly abandoned. The demand made upon the sultan as to the protectorate of the Greek Christians was the last step toward the actual disruption of his empire, and it was doubtless hoped that his consent might be wrung from him without the necessity for actual war. There is reason to believe that but for the hearty support of England given in the first moment of the demand, this would have been the case. So far as mere moral support is concerned, Mr. Kinglake has no fault to find. His complaint comes in where the first material support is given. He believes that the alliance of the four great powers would, if allowed fair play, have sufficed; and the czar, seeing that he must defy all Europe or retire, would have retired. But the Emperor Nicholas was not a man to withdraw from a position which he had once taken up, especially with respect to the Eastern question. Moreover, from his peculiar relations with Austria and Prussia, nothing could have convinced him of the sincerity of these two powers in their opposition to himself; indeed, as it was, the one fact which he seemed unable to comprehend, and on which he dwelt unceasingly, was the 'black ingratitude of Austria.' If the alliance of the four powers, as it existed at first, had remained untouched, it would have resolved itself, in the calculations of the czar, into an Anglo-French alliance, and one less formidable because less free than that which existed under the new conditions. If he refused to yield in the face of the two active powers, there is no probability that he would have yielded to the mere moral persuasion of a pen-and-ink alliance.

And we may candidly confess that it was not desirable that he should yield. It was time that the barbarous power of the North—a repressing, exhausting, and cruel power—should be humbled, and that the spell of its success, which gave it, through all the regions of the East, the power of a fate, should be broken. The campaign of Omar Pasha on the Danube had done something towards such a result; but two or three successful battles, and the relief of a third-rate fortress, were altogether insufficient for the purpose. It was needed that Russia, boasting herself the foremost military power in Europe, should be made to retrace her steps, and, instead of waging a war of aggression, should be driven back upon a war of self-defence,

and here should again and again be ignominiously defeated. It was especially needed that the standing menace of the Turkish empire should be destroyed; and, so far from incurring blame, the English government was right in declaring that the great stronghold should fall.

Although there was something adventurous in the invasion of the Crimea, yet we cannot be brought to look upon it as a wild scheme, dangerous and uncertain, and a complete violation of the rules of war. It is not for civilians to say how far steam has revolutionised war as well as commerce; but in this case the expeditionary army, by keeping up its communications with the fleet, had a base of operations quite as secure as many great commanders have employed without misgiving in the continental wars. True, much suffering befell the expedition, but not more than might have been looked for after forty years of peace,—not greater on the part of the English than of the French, though the latter endured their losses discreetly, and were gainers by their silence,—and certainly not greater than if the ground chosen had been the Principalities or Bessarabia. Moreover, the enterprise has been justified by the result. Sebastopol was something more than a first-class fortress and arsenal. It was a symbol of resistless power; of an advance that never stayed; of a destiny waiting its fulfilment. And its overthrow has buried in its ruins the ascendancy of Russia in the East. No other enterprise could have produced such a result. The heavy blows struck elsewhere destroyed so much material of war, and battered down so many acres of fortification, to be replaced stronger and better than before. But at Sebastopol was destroyed what can never be restored,—a prestige stronger than armies or walled cities. The blow not only broke an uplifted sword, but palsied the arm that held it, and the terrible strength is gone. Not only is the Turkish empire saved, but Greece is restored to independence. Ten years ago the Greek kingdom was little better than a province of Russia, and was intimately connected with her schemes of further conquest; and now the very sound of the Russian name has become odious to the whole nation. Even Persia is less subservient than of old, and has ceased to be the restless agent of intrigue. So on the continent of Europe, where Russian influence was so lately paramount, Prussia is, perhaps, the only country where any vestige of the old feeling remains; elsewhere it has been wholly dissipated, and a quiet indifference, almost savouring of contempt, has taken its place. If the success of a war is to be reckoned by the attainment of the objects proposed at the outset, and by the amount of punishment and



humiliation inflicted on the foe, then assuredly the war of which the invasion of the Crimea was the chief enterprise, was a success worthy the arms, and the reputation, and the lavish expenditure of the two great nations who waged it.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined.* By DR. COLENZO, Bishop of Natal. Parts I. and II. London: Longmans.
2. *Introduction to the Old Testament.* By DR. S. DAVIDSON. Vols. I. and II. London: Williams and Norgate.
3. *Bishop Colenso's Examination examined.* By REV. G. S. DREW. London: Bell and Daldy.
4. *Examination of Bishop Colenso's Difficulties.* By REV. A. M'CAUL, D.D. London: Rivingtons.
5. *Considerations on the Pentateuch.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
6. *A Vindication of Bishop Colenso.* By the Author of 'The Eclipse of Faith.' Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1863.
7. *Bishop Colenso's Criticism criticized.* By REV. J. B. M'CAUL. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.
8. *The Exodus of Israel: Its Difficulties Examined and its Truth Confirmed.* By REV. T. R. BIRKS, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

LORD PALMERSTON'S bishops have always been favourite subjects of attack with the *Saturday Review* and the party it represents. Such men as Villiers, Baring, and Bickersteth were, in the view of these critics, quite unfitted for elevation to the episcopal bench; they had no collegiate status or literary reputation; they were Low-Churchmen, and would sink the dignity proper to their office by attendances at Missionary Committees and speeches on Bible platforms;—worst of all, they held evangelical doctrines, and preached them with that earnestness and power which nothing but sincere faith could give. Their only qualifications for the office were their aristocratic connexions, Lord Shaftesbury's friendship, and—their eminence as Christian teachers and pastors. What these bishops, and others of the same class, have accomplished for the Church of England,—how thoroughly they have done the work of their station,—how they have, in many cases, infused a new spirit into their dioceses, called forth activities that had lain dormant, and even won back affections that had been

alienated, we need not tell here. They have not been faultless. We have had sometimes to mourn that the liberality which distinguished them as parish priests has not been preserved in their more elevated station; but both the Church and the nation owe them a debt of gratitude for the services they have rendered to the cause of truth and godliness.

It would have been fortunate if the party which finds favour with such organs as the *Saturday Review* had served the Church as well. If its opponents have won most of the English mitres, that party has had almost undisputed control of the colonial appointments, which have been distributed with tolerable impartiality between the two sections,—the 'High' and the 'Broad,'—into which it is divided; and the result is such as to make all well-wishers of the Church rejoice that patronage at home is controlled by other influences. The fighting exploits of that notorious disciple of muscular Christianity, the bishop of Labuan,—the scarcely less noted achievements of his fellow-bishop in the Zambesi mission,—and the wretched squabbles in which the pragmatism of the Cape Town diocesan has involved him, are alone sufficient to show that there may be greater disqualifications for the episcopal office than the absence of the highest collegiate honour, or a deficiency (were it proved) in classical scholarship. But all other scandals pale into insignificance when compared with the offence occasioned and the injury done by the ingenious mathematician who still rejoices to subscribe himself 'J. W. Natal.' What fitness of any sort he has ever shown for the office of a bishop, and especially of a missionary bishop, we know not. We have not the slightest evidence of his competence as a divine: his theology came under our review some time ago, and we found it wretchedly defective. Yet he has been thought worthy of high honour; and now he seeks, by means alike of his skill in figures, and his prestige as a Christian bishop, to undermine the very foundations on which Christianity rests.

If the subject were less sacred, or the interests at stake less precious, Dr. Colenso might be treated simply as an intellectual curiosity, and his peculiarities analysed accordingly. The rashness with which, under the guidance of one narrow rule, he adopts the most sweeping conclusions, and the quiet, unhesitating dogmatism with which he asserts them; the singular mixture of extraordinary simplicity and the most perverted ingenuity, the cool indifference with which he proceeds to the work of destruction, apparently all unconscious that he is pulling down the pillars of the house in which he himself has found a 'local habitation and a name,' and the sardonic smile which seems to

flit across his face as he contemplates the ruin which he deems that he has wrought, are indicative of, to say the least, a singular mental constitution,—sufficiently singular to give point to the remarkably clever *jeu d'esprit* of the author of the 'Eclipse of Faith,' who suggests that the work cannot be from the real bishop of Natal, but must be from one who has impudently assumed his name. His mental autobiography, which is told with unequalled *naïveté*, is perfectly unique. A bishop charged with the special mission of converting the heathen, he confesses that his preparation for the proper duties of his office, so far as a critical study of the Bible was concerned, was of the most meagre kind, intimating at the same time that few of the clergy 'have examined the Pentateuch closely since they took orders; while parts of it some of them have never really studied at all.' Although a trained scholar and thinker, therefore, the question of one of the poor Zulus, whom he had been sent to instruct and evangelize, discomfited him, and (so do 'great events from little causes spring') prepared the way for this great work in which the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch is demonstrated beyond all possibility of controversy. He had been slow in beginning his investigations; but he made up for lost time by being sufficiently expeditious in bringing them to a close. Twenty months sufficed to obtain and master the great German authorities, to balance Ewald and De Wette against Hengstenberg and Kurtz, to arrive at a decision and take a voyage to England to propagate it, to print and revise the book that is to settle once and for ever the claims of the Mosaic narrative. For ourselves we wonder not that the process has been so rapid, but rather that so much trouble and time have been expended upon it. The critical apparatus employed appears to us to have been far more elaborate than necessary. The measuring rod, and his own arithmetic, were instruments sufficient for his purpose; and we cannot see why recourse should have been had to Germany at all. It was but necessary to work a few simple sums, and the illusion, which had imposed on the Church for centuries, would have been at once dispelled, and the Pentateuch proved to be historically untrue, a mere series of legends; and that not on the evidence of doubtful speculations, but of facts—facts that lie on the surface of the matter. The marvel is, perhaps, that the very simplicity of the process did not suggest doubts as to the validity of the conclusion. The bishop is not the first who has assailed the historical authority of the Old Testament, though possibly the first who has worn the mitre, while heading such an assault, or concealed deadly weapons under his ample lawn sleeves. Lord Bolingbroke,

Tom Paine, and others who have preceded him in this praiseworthy undertaking, were not altogether destitute of keenness and acuteness; while they were sufficiently anxious to discover anything that would justify their scepticism. It is surely singular that they should have felt it necessary to put forth all their art and subtlety to overthrow the authority of the old book, if it be true that there lies on the surface of the narrative error enough to settle its claims with such facility and certainty. Our author, however, was evidently too well satisfied with himself, and his fancied discoveries, to be troubled by any such thoughts: it was enough that he ended the whole controversy. And so it results that, instead of the bishop converting the Zulus to Christianity, the Zulus converted him to Rationalism.

We are not desirous to use any harsh language in relation to the bishop; in fact, it is not so much with him as with the position he has taken, the opinions he has avowed, and the book he has written, that we have to do. We know him and will judge him through no other medium. The Rev. Baldwin Brown, with that singular mixture of tenderness for the teachers of error with Draconic severity towards the defenders of truth which is so characteristic of a certain class of thinkers, in speaking of the book and its author, the Sunday after its appearance, said: 'The whole Scripture was so woven together in successive links, and one part seemed so essential to the other, that any argument directed against a part seemed to threaten the whole; and the man who assailed a portion we were quick to class with unbelievers, infidels, and heathens. There would be plenty of such writing soon; and the words "sceptic," "infidel," "enemy of all religion," would be freely applied to the man who had done his best—one was thankful his best was but feeble—to render impossible belief in a very vital portion of the word of God. Many would form their opinion of the book from extracts, culled by newspapers and reviews to illustrate criticism; and he feared the critics, in their eager haste to condemn heresy, would not quote those portions of the work in which the writer exhibited his earnest and reverent spirit towards God and the truth, his profound belief that he was doing good service in shaking what he believes to be a false foundation of religious belief, and his own deep pain at the sorrow and perplexity he would cause to many.' We quote this as a fair specimen of very much talk which passes current, and is deemed to indicate a superiority to the narrow-minded bigotry and vulgar prejudices of the religious world. It sounds so good and noble, that the hearer

is at first apt to forget that the charity is all for the assailants of the Bible, while, in the very same breath, the most unjust insinuations are made against its zealous defenders. *They* are likely to call hard names and say unpleasant things,—to give one-sided quotations, and suppress passages that might seem to modify an unfavourable judgment. And thus they are condemned beforehand for offences that it is anticipated they will commit; and this, too, in the name and for the sake of Christian charity.

We did not fail to note the passages which Mr. Brown quotes, not that we might test the bishop's personal character, but that we might estimate the real value of the faith he professes to hold; but assuredly they have not made on us the same favourable impression as on him. Still we will not call the bishop 'sceptic' or 'infidel.' It has so frequently happened, by a singular coincidence, that men who have propounded views of a specially startling character have been represented to us as men distinguished by special godliness, that we are quite prepared to hear there is not a more devout and godly bishop on the bench than Dr. Colenso. But that does not at all affect us or our course. We are dealing only with a book; and if its tendency seem to us to be toward absolute infidelity, we will not hesitate to say so. It may be that the man is better than his creed—that Christian truth is still precious to him—nay, that possibly, as Mr. Baldwin Brown teaches, he may 'derive from it a strength which even to the most orthodox it may not afford;' but all this cannot counteract the mischief resulting from his erroneous doctrines, or affect our duty to resist and expose their tendencies. Railing accusations find as little favour with us as with Mr. Baldwin Brown; but we will not utter our convictions as to the wrong done to God's truth, with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,' nor will we, in a desire to shield the teacher of error, forget that our first duty is to defend the Gospel he has assailed.

The bishop himself has gained no little credit for the tone and temper of his book. Without endorsing the commendation of a friendly reviewer, who pronounces it 'courteous, truthful, and reverent,'—a verdict which we shall have some occasion presently to dispute,—we still welcome his frankness in avowing his opinions, and bear our testimony to the absence in general of controversial bitterness in his defence of them. It is satisfactory, at least, to have, instead of a combatant who wears no device and fights with his vizor down, one who boldly proclaims his purpose and defies you to the encounter. In the very outset of his work, his idea is so clearly set forth

that there can be no possibility of mistake. 'In a great measure, by being made more fully aware of the utter helplessness of Kurtz and Hengstenberg in their endeavours to meet the difficulties which are raised by a closer study of the Pentateuch,—I became so convinced of the unhistorical character of very considerable portions of the Mosaic narrative, that I decided not to forward my letter at all. *I did not now need* counsel or assistance to relieve my own personal doubts; in fact, I had no longer any doubts; my former misgivings had now changed to certainties.' (Preface, p. xviii.) Most of us may think that a conscientious desire to be right would have suggested the wisdom of taking counsel with some other—perhaps the Professor of Divinity to whom the letter referred to was to have been sent—who had been familiar with such subjects, and might have given sound counsel. Be that as it may, here at least is a plain statement of unbelief, which is strengthened and carried further by a passage on the next page. 'This conviction which I have arrived at of the certainty of the ground on which the main argument of my book rests (viz., the proof that the account of the Exodus, whatever value it may have, is *not historically true*) must be my excuse to the reader for the manner in which I have conducted the inquiry.' (Pp. xviii., xix.) He is not an inquirer feeling his way and starting his doubts tentatively; he has reached an absolute conclusion, to him no speculation but incontrovertible fact, which he expects that the intelligent laity, and in due time even the clergy, of England will accept.

But while thus admitting the honesty with which he sets forth his unbelief, we are at a loss to know where we are to find the evidences of the spirit of reverence attributed to him by his reviewer. It may not, perhaps, be easy to point out special passages of a contrary character. A judgment on such a point is derived rather from the general impression produced by the book, and must depend on the feeling already entertained by the reader towards the sacred record. Certain we are that few who have been accustomed to read the Old Testament as the word of Divine truth will regard the mode of treating its contents here adopted as 'reverent.' It would be difficult, we confess, to treat the subject in any way which would not grate upon the feelings of devout believers, even as it would be hard for a surgeon, when dissecting the body of a beloved friend, to induce us to stand by and admire the gentleness with which his task was executed. Still, there are passages which we cannot but regard as needlessly offensive in manner, even if the opinions they express were well founded. We



might refer, in illustration, to the attempt to excite ridicule by the representation of the 'priest having himself to carry on his back on foot, from St. Paul's to the outskirts of the metropolis, the skin, and flesh, and head, and legs, and inwards, and dung, even the whole bullock;' and, indeed, the whole of the section, in which an argument is drawn from the extent of the camp in disproof of the narrative. Of a similar character is the attempt to produce a *reductio ad absurdum*, and to excite a passing laugh by exhibiting the priest as required to offer a lamb every five minutes on behalf of women after childbirth, and to consume eighty-eight pigeons a day as his share of the customary oblations. But, perhaps, the most glaring example is found in the second part, in reference to the introduction of the name Jehovah. Rejecting, of course, the account given in Exodus vi., he says, 'Yet it must have originated in some way, at some time or other, in the real history of the Hebrew people, just as the Zulu name for the Creator, *Unkulunkulu*, "the Great Great One," must have been first used by some one in some part or other of their past history. Is it not possible, then, that the name Jehovah may have been first employed by Samuel, in order to mark more distinctly the difference between the Elohim of the Hebrews and the Elohim of the nations round about them, and make it more difficult for them to fall away to the practice of idolatry?' This parallel between the name of our God and that given by the Zulus to theirs, is as unnecessary as it is irreverent; and, in fact, the whole passage, compared with one in the first part, indicates to us the rapid deterioration in the author's tone and feeling. This, however, will come up more fitly in connexion with another part of our subject.

There is yet another point which we must not leave unnoticed here. In one respect the two assailants of the historical accuracy of the ancient Scriptures differ widely. Dr. Davidson accounts for the position he is now able to occupy by the wider views he has attained through his being released 'from the fetters of a sect in which religious liberty is but a name.' In writing thus he seems to be unaware of the painful representation he gives of himself. In his desire to say something stinging of Independency, he has described his own conduct in a way which his bitterest foes would have hesitated to employ. For what were these 'trammels of a sect?' He had no 'ordination' vows or 'subscription' by which he was bound. The 'sect' had not the power, as we trust it had not the desire, to hinder the free expression of his opinions. As to

any moral influence exerted by the associations into which he was thrown, or the notions with which he was brought into contact, no one who has read any of his volumes can suppose that they had much weight, except as provoking him to place himself in more determined antagonism. We can hardly think that he would, by the avowal of the most extreme opinions he has yet expressed, have exposed himself to excommunication from the Church fellowship of the sect he condemns. What then were the trammels against which he chafes? Nothing that we can see, except those connected with his position as theological tutor. Dr. Davidson has not been just to himself here. He sought to aim a blow at others, and forgot how it might recoil upon himself. We will be more fair to him than he is to himself, and say that his has been a simple and not unnatural development, which his denominational position did nothing either to retard or accelerate,—that, fascinated by the appearance of great originality and learning on the part of some Neologian divines, he has been led along a '*facilis descensus Averni*' to his present views. We have perfect faith in the integrity of his principles, none in the soundness of his speculations.

The fetters of the bishop were real—he accepted them voluntarily, and still continues to wear them; yet he scorns the notion that they can restrain him, and some are found to applaud the courage which he thus displays. No act of subscription has held him back from the avowal and dissemination of opinions diametrically opposed to the doctrines his own solemn vows bind him to maintain, and the boldness with which he thus asserts his own freedom is said to be deserving of all honour. We cannot see in what his courage consists. Had he manfully taken the only course which, as we shall show more fully, was fairly open to him, and which, in fact, his own conscience appears to have suggested,—had he resigned an office, the duties of which he cannot, on his own confession, any longer discharge,—no disapprobation of his sentiments would have prevented us from paying our tribute of admiration to his loyalty to conscience. But it requires no little firmness to make the sacrifice of position demanded; and unhappily for the English Church, and, in the end, still more unhappily for himself, Dr. Colenso has not been found equal to it. He is extolled as the great champion of free thought, the leader of the grand army of progress, another Luther come to herald the advent of another and more perfect reformation, and to utter yet another and louder protest against all attempts to coerce the

mind and conscience of man. He is the representative of that advancing tide of enlightened opinion which will soon sweep away every obstacle that convocations or ecclesiastical courts can oppose to its swelling waves; and from many sides rise the '*Io Peans*' which celebrate his worth. All this may appear very little to many. We should ourselves esteem it a very slight recompense for the unanimous condemnation of our own associates and brethren, that we had secured the condescending patronage of the *Westminster*, or the somewhat contemptuous acknowledgments of the *National*, which thinks that the 'bishop's friends have done wisely in not attempting to represent him as a luminary of scholarship;' which applauds him because 'he attaches importance to trifles—so do the less instructed of his hearers; he deals with the simplest forms of thoughts—so do the uncontroversial middle classes of his countrymen; he repeats himself again and again—it is the very way to gain over a listening crowd;' which rejoices in 'the very pettiness and almost ludicrous minuteness of some of the arguments, because they will be the most useful weapons for the special work required;' and which accepts his book, 'not as a treatise for converting the learned,—the time for that is long past,—but a manifesto for enlightening the multitudes.' Possibly some would think that praises coming from such quarters are the severest condemnation a Christian bishop could incur. Not so Dr. Colenso; he acknowledges them gratefully; he welcomes the help the '*National*' reviewer has given him for sustaining a position felt to be weak; and publishes letters from German Rationalists to counterbalance the condemnation of English divines.

For one thing in his first part, we felt we had reason to be thankful. His appeal was made not to learned scholars, but to plain laymen—and not on the basis of minute Hebrew criticism, but of simple facts, patent to the most unlettered reader. We rejoiced to find the arena thus thrown open, and that those who felt able and willing to confute his reasonings would not be stopped *in limine* by the contemptuous reminder that they were only 'smatterers in Hebrew,' or scarcely that. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to find the language employed in the preface to the second part. Speaking of the Bishop of Rochester, he says, 'He has stated, in his published letter to the clergy of his diocese, that he is "no Hebrew or German scholar," and, therefore, being necessarily ignorant at present of the real facts of the case, he can scarcely be regarded as a fair and competent judge of the matter.'

This is a step even beyond Dr. Davidson: he required Hebrew scholarship—Dr. Colenso thinks German equally necessary. These two gentlemen stand prepared to meet every one who doubts the soundness of their views with the inquiry, ‘Do you know Hebrew?’ and now, we suppose, ‘Can you read German?’ ‘Have you studied Ewald, or Knobel, or Hupfeld?’ and if the answer be in the negative, he is to be contemptuously rebuked as an impudent meddler with things beyond his reach. In fact, Dr. Colenso’s first appeal would indicate that no learning at all was requisite for the examination of his theory. ‘It was clear to me that difficulties such as those which are set forth in the first part of this work, would be felt and realised in their full force by most intelligent Englishmen, whether of the clergy or laity, who should once have had them clearly brought before their eyes, and have allowed their minds to rest upon them.’ Now, unless the bishop is prepared to maintain that every intelligent Englishman must be a ‘Hebrew and German scholar,’ we cannot understand why he should speak of the Bishop of Rochester as unable to form a judgment because he lacks these qualifications. Again and again he tells us that his appeal is made to the laity, that appeal being an utter mockery if he intends only to include the very small section who are Hebrew and German scholars. In one place he goes further still, and says,—

‘We need only consider well the statements made in these books themselves, by whomsoever written, about matters which they profess to narrate as facts of common history,—statements which every clergyman, at all events, and every Sunday-school teacher, not to say every Christian, is surely bound to examine thoroughly, and try to understand rightly, comparing one passage with another, until he comprehends their actual meaning, and is able to explain that meaning to others. If we do this, we shall find them to contain a series of manifest contradictions and inconsistencies which leave us, it would seem, no alternative but to conclude that main portions of the story of the exodus, though based, probably, on some real historical foundation, yet are certainly not to be regarded as historically true.’

Talk of ‘manifest contradictions and inconsistencies!’ What can be more inconsistent than that a writer, who has thus invited ‘every Sunday-school teacher’ to examine and decide, should afterwards turn round and rudely tell a prelate of his own Church that, as he is no Hebrew or German scholar, he can know very little about the question, and his opinion is entitled to no weight? Surely a discrepancy so marked would warrant us in saying that the book affords manifest traces of

double authorship; and a future inquirer may perhaps be able, by internal evidence, to discover the points of junction, and assign to each writer his own proper portion.

But it is time to examine more closely the bishop's objections to the historic truth of the Pentateuch. We should be loth to accuse him of intentional unfairness; but he certainly does contrive to give a most perverted representation of the real issues of the controversy. We would, therefore, remind our readers that the question is not at all as to verbal inspiration, or as to the personal salvation of any who cannot accept the literal historical truth of the Old Testament narratives; and to refer to such points is simply to introduce elements which can answer no purpose except to rouse prejudice and create confusion. As a mere piece of declamation that will impose on unthinking minds, it may do to assert that a 'better day is dawning, when the work, which now languishes, which cannot make progress either among the ignorant Zulu, or the learned Hindoo, shall no longer be impeded by the necessity of laying down at the very outset stories like these for their reception, which they can often match out of their own traditions, and requiring them, upon pain of eternal misery, to believe in them all unfeignedly.' Such words, however, can never move a thoughtful or intelligent man; and for the simple reason that neither ministers at home, nor missionaries to the heathen, are accustomed to teach after any such fashion. We doubt whether the most vehement supporter of the most ultra phase of orthodoxy ever hinted that a man could not be saved, unless, in addition to a personal faith in the Saviour, he had an implicit belief of every narrative in the Old Testament. To us, indeed, it seems that the acceptance of the New Testament involves a recognition of the Divine origin of the Old; but a man may, through some logical defect or other cause, fail to perceive this. We may be quite unable to comprehend his position; but that does not warrant us to become his judges, and, in face of clear evidence of his personal union to Christ, pronounce his salvation impossible because of a theological error of this kind. Such considerations, therefore, ought not to be imported into the discussion, which turns on other points altogether.

The questions we propose to consider are three: Has Dr. Colenso disproved the historic truth of the Pentateuch? What bearing have his views and those of Dr. Davidson upon the inspiration of Holy Scripture? Is it consistent and honourable for a bishop of the Church of England to retain his position while holding the opinions entertained by Dr. Colenso? The first of these questions is by much the most important,

and would demand our chief attention were it not that it has been the one mainly discussed in the various books and pamphlets which have appeared in reply to Dr. Colenso, and in many of them with considerable ability. We shall, therefore, be able to treat it with greater brevity, not going minutely into each separate objection, but rather seeking to present the elements of weakness that pervade the whole, and to sketch briefly the strong positive evidence which our learned and candid bishop has thought fit entirely to ignore.

Here we may express at the commencement our surprise at the singular want of accuracy which characterizes many of the quotations on which our author rests some of his principal arguments. In the very first objection which he starts, (p. 9,) he quotes Exodus xxi. 4, constructing on it an argument whose weakness, as we shall presently see, becomes apparent as soon as we read the context. But this is little, when compared with the omission or introduction of words, and in one case even of a clause, thereby often giving another shade of meaning to the passage.\* In Exodus xxx. 13, we read, 'This they shall give, every one that passeth among them that are numbered, half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary: (a shekel is twenty gerahs:) an half shekel shall be the offering of the Lord.' The words within brackets are left out by the bishop; and it must at once be seen, that, whatever becomes of the objection raised,—that the expression 'shekel of the sanctuary' could not have been used 'until the sanctuary had been some time in existence, and such a phrase had become familiar in the mouths of the people,'—its force is, at all events, materially weakened by the introduction of this clause. Dr. Colenso, admitting that the Seventy translate it the 'sacred shekel,' contends that this cannot be the true meaning of the Hebrew words; and adds, 'If it were, the difficulty would still remain, to explain what the "sacred shekel" could mean before any sacred system was established.' Now it may be, that we cannot tell how the designation arose; but here is an explanation given of its exact meaning. The very fact of such explanation being given at all implies that the term was not familiar, and is, certainly, a greater difficulty for the bishop than any that he has propounded to us. All this, however, is kept out of the view of his readers by the simple omission of the clause. Another example of the same kind we find in a

\* One of these, the omission of 'were' in Gen. xlv. 12, has been corrected in the Second Part, and an answer given to the argument in reply founded on the omitted word. We may wonder how such an error crept in; but the bishop's whole reasoning is sufficient to indicate his *bona fides*.



reference to Josephus, who (says the bishop) 'reckons ten persons on an average for each lamb;' but he says, 'Many of us are twenty in a company.' This *ten*, therefore, is taken as an average, and on it a very elaborate calculation is based. Now, nothing is safer than an arithmetical demonstration of this character if only the first step be certain—if that be disproved, the whole superstructure must perish. Here the bishop (by a misquotation of the historian) has assumed data which cannot be established. '*So that a company not less than ten* belongs to every sacrifice, (for it is not lawful for them to feast singly by themselves,) and many of us are twenty in a company.' Such are the words of Josephus. We are quite as much entitled to assume the highest number (twenty) as an average as Dr. Colenso is to take the lowest number. It is true that Josephus, in his calculation of the people present at the particular Passover, specifies ten; but this is evidently because he wishes to give the *lowest possible*, and not the *highest probable*, number. Had the bishop acted on a like principle, and been desirous to give the mildest statement of his case, he would have taken the twenty as his number. In quoting these cases, we do not even insinuate that the bishop has deliberately misrepresented his authorities. We regard them simply as evidence of the spirit in which his work has been done, the readiness to magnify rather than diminish difficulties, the tendency to overlook the objections to his own notions, and the unseemly and eager haste with which conclusions unfavourable to the Pentateuch have been adopted. This is surely one of the most painful signs of the whole. We do not desire that any one should accept specious explanations, or stifle the doubts that have a place in his mind; but we might have expected that a Christian bishop would not have exhibited such a determination to exaggerate every objection, and reject every solution that might be propounded. It was little to expect that he should, at least, hold the balances with impartial hand, and few would have complained had there even been an apparent leaning to the doctrine of the Church. But here there is only too much evidence of a hostile spirit.

The bishop has contrived to marshal an imposing array of objections; but they are more formidable in appearance than in reality. Many of them are creations of his own ingenuity, which will have no weight except where there is already a foregone conclusion. If the assailants of the Pentateuch refuse to treat it with more respect than any other record of ancient history, if the position which it has held so long in the reverence and faith both of Jews and Christians is not to count in its favour, and if the favourite law of Mr. Jowett is to be

accepted, 'Interpret the Scripture like any other book,'—at least the principle ought to be fairly applied. But this our author has not done. He has taken no notice whatever of the writer's *usus loquendi*, or of the circumstances of the age and country in reference to which he speaks; he claims to test everything in the old eastern world by the ideas of our modern western civilisation; he will not admit of the commonest figures of speech in the narrative, but demands exactness in every word, and almost in every letter; in short, he applies tests by which we hesitate not to say every history that ever was written might be proved to be false. If these are not found sufficient to create difficulties, then he takes care that he will make special ones of his own. The learned Jewish rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, well observes, 'A critical examination, according to Dr. Colenso, signifies, indeed, taking every word and every expression in its most literal sense, which an *unbiased* reader of the biblical narrative never dreamt of. Who did ever think that the expression, "the children of Israel went up armed," should mean that each and every one of the six hundred thousand possessed arms? Would the newspaper report, "The Russians have invaded Turkey," be explained by him to mean that every single native of Russia had joined the expedition?' Had such a mode of procedure been adopted by Holyoake or Barker, it would have been considered as quite natural, and treated with the contempt it deserves. But it is surprising and distressing to find a Christian bishop resorting to such arts for the manufacture of objections which can hardly fail to unsettle many young and inexperienced minds. He is, indeed, not without predecessors in this course. He does not quote the 'Age of Reason' as one of the authorities he has consulted, although we may trace a very striking similarity between many of the assertions in the two books: if he will refer to it, he will find much of the same cavilling criticism that he has condescended to employ. The whole of what T. Paine calls his 'grammatical evidence' against the Mosaic authorship is of this order, and is quite in place in his volume. If Dr. Colenso thinks it becoming in him to resort to a similar style of attack, we may deeply regret it; but he must be the best judge of what is due to the station he still occupies and the profession he still makes. Even as an objector, we should have expected him to adopt a different tone from Voltaire, or Paine, or Bolingbroke.

An egregious example of this tendency is found in the fourth section of the first part, with its now notorious argument on the 'size of the court of the tabernacle, compared with the

number of the congregation.' He contends that the command to gather 'all the congregation' to the door of the tabernacle must refer to the whole of the people; and considers that he is really making a concession when he reckons only the men capable of bearing arms, whereas he might fairly have included both the women and children. He then proceeds to calculate the extent of space required by these six hundred thousand men, again laying the same stress on the very letter, and insisting that, as the text says 'at the door of the tabernacle,' they must have come within the court:—

'Now, the whole width of the *tabernacle* was ten cubits, or eighteen feet, (reckoning the cubit at eighteen hundred and twenty-four feet,) and its length was thirty cubits, or fifty-four feet, as may be gathered from Exodus xxvi. Allowing two feet in width for each full-grown man, nine men could just have stood in front of it. Supposing, then, that "all the congregation" of adult males in the prime of life had given due heed to the Divine summons, and had hastened to take their stand side by side, as closely as possible, in front, not merely of the door, but of the whole *end* of the tabernacle in which the door was, they would have reached, allowing eighteen inches between each rank of nine men, for a distance of more than a hundred thousand feet,—in fact, nearly *twenty miles*!'

Some of his critics have pointed out the absurd blunders into which the bishop has fallen here. The distinction which he makes between the *door* and the end of the tabernacle in which the door was, is shown by Dr. M'Caul, whose eminence as a Hebraist even he will not dispute, to be an entire misconception, indicating only his ignorance 'both with regard to the structure of the tabernacle and the meaning of the Hebrew words.' In accepting the reading of our version, and asserting that the people were to be gathered '*unto* the door,' he stands opposed to some of the greatest Hebrew scholars, (Gesenius among the number,) who render it '*towards*.' Knobel (as quoted by Dr. M'Caul) thus comments on the passage: 'Moses was to take, that is, to cause Aaron and his sons to be brought .....and at the same time to assemble the people before the tabernacle of the congregation.' Even should we, therefore, accept the words in their most literal sense, there is no ground for convicting the writer of having fallen into an error so ludicrous as that which Colenso ascribes to him.

But now, having shown that the text will sustain even the severe test that is applied to it, and seeing that there is nothing at all extravagant in the notion of the whole congregation being summoned to stand looking towards the tabernacle,

waiting for some revelation of the glory of God from the mercy seat, we are the more entitled to complain of the unfairness involved in this mode of treatment. Even if the Hebrew words could not have been rendered 'towards the door,' would there have been anything at all unwarranted or sophistical in supposing that by 'the congregation' were meant the princes and elders who were summoned as its representatives? And, to go further, where does our author get the data for the space that he demands? It must be remembered, that in every case he has to prove the occurrence related in the narrative to have been *impossible*; and therefore the basis of his calculations must be the *possible*, not the *probable*. Now, does he mean to assert that a number of men could not possibly stand together, unless there were allowed two feet in width to each man, and eighteen inches between each rank? It matters not, though it could be shown to be very improbable, that they would be crowded into less space; the question is one of bare possibilities, and not of probabilities, and we deny altogether that the critic has a right to assume any such figures; for, if it be said that this is the least possible space that can be allowed, and that any narrative which should assert that a multitude were brought together within narrower limits would thus prove itself to be unhistorical, it would not be difficult to construct an argument to show that the entry of the Prince of Wales and his bride into London on the 7th of March last was a mere myth. It was our misfortune on that day to be in the fearful crowd which was collected in front of the Mansion House, and in which we found it hardly possible to lift our hand or move our body. If, therefore, the vast number that was there congregated had been carefully counted, and the number inserted in the record of the day, it would be within the power of some future Colenso, assuming the above data, and taking his measuring rod to ascertain the actual space covered, to prove that one fourth of the number could not have found a place, and that therefore the whole narrative was unhistorical. The bishop may reply that it was very improbable that the Jews would thus crowd together after our modern English fashion. Again, we say, that is not the question. If it be reduced to probabilities, there will be much difference of opinion; whereas he has undertaken to give mathematical demonstration, and work out his result with absolute certainty. He has no right, therefore, either to create or increase a difficulty by assuming a single point beyond what absolute necessity justifies. In the present case it would not have affected the result, for it is almost as

absurd to suppose a body of people extending in regular line for four miles as for twenty; but while the determination to present the sacred narrative in the most ludicrous aspect possible affords sad evidence of the writer's bias, the principle we have laid down is one that will apply to many of the difficulties he has arrayed.

Nothing, surely, is more common, in ordinary writing, than to attribute to a man what is done by his agents, obeying his commands. A general is said to take a city, though, of course, it is by his soldiers that the actual fighting is done,—a captain sails round the world, although, of course, it is the sailors that man the vessel who really do the work. It would be about as wise to enter into a calculation to show that one man could not himself navigate a vessel, or that the most famous commander could not himself defeat a garrison and take possession of a city, and, therefore, that a history containing such statements must be convicted of falsehood, as it is for Dr. Colenso, still insisting on a rigid adherence to the letter, to take exception to the duties imposed upon the priest in the removal of the refuse of the sacrifices. Very much learned discussion has taken place as to the actual meaning of the Hiphil form of the Hebrew verb here employed; and it has been alleged with unanswerable force that the literal rendering of the text would be, 'he shall *cause to go forth* without the camp.' All this, however, seems to us a mere waste of strength. The man who will not admit the obvious explanation that would at once be adopted in any other book, and will start objections that would be scouted as miserable puerilities if employed in relation to any secular history, nay, who will seek to magnify the difficulty by inserting ideas not found in the text at all, and representing the priest as having 'to carry it *on his back on foot*,' is either above or below all argument. We wonder, indeed, why he has restricted himself to this solitary case; for he might have found many similar examples in the Pentateuch. Thus in the very passage last considered, God is represented as saying to Moses, 'Gather *thou* the congregation,' &c. Why not have reasoned that this duty was to be executed by Moses in person, as proved by the employment of the pronoun *thou*, and then have set to work to calculate how long it would have taken the prophet to convey the Divine command to the vast numbers of the congregation and himself to collect the assembly? Again we read, (Exodus xl. 18,) 'And Moses reared up the tabernacle, and fastened his sockets, and set up the boards thereof, and put in the bars thereof, and reared up his

pillars.' Surely here is a very promising field for our bishop,—how is it that he has not used it? He has only to enter into a few calculations to prove to demonstration that one man could not have done this work. The truth is, Dr. Colenso has sought to turn the Bible into ridicule; but he has only succeeded in provoking against himself the very laughter which he sought to direct against the sacred volume.

One of our great difficulties in dealing with many of the his objections, is the simplicity of the solution. Many think, and not unnaturally, that a bishop would not have suggested doubts on so grave a subject, except on very strong and sufficient ground. They are ready to fancy that some new and important discovery has been made, or otherwise that the world could not have been startled with the singular apparition of a bishop leading the armies of unbelief. They have been told that only 'Hebrew and German scholars' are at all competent to deal with problems so perplexing; and when an answer is given which rests on the basis of common sense, and which the most unlearned can understand, they think that there must be something behind. Indeed, it is on this hypothesis alone that we can account for the ingenuity and learning that have been expended in a refutation of sceptical cavils which deserved no serious reply at all.

The eagerness with which the bishop has sought to hunt down his prey has betrayed him into another and not less serious error. In seeking to prove too much, he has supplied weapons for the destruction of his own theories. His first part is devoted mainly to an exhibition of the gross numerical blunders into which the author of the Pentateuch has fallen. He has created a vast multitude of people, who could never possibly have been born within the limits defined by 'the story,' as the bishop always calls it; and then he has represented them as submitting to a number of ordinances, and engaged in a series of transactions, all of which were quite impossible because of their immense numbers. Yet, after proving all this to his own satisfaction, if not to that of others, he says, in the second part, pp. 165, 166:—

'Besides which, it must be observed, that the "fabrication" required to produce the numbers of the Pentateuch must have been of a very deliberate kind. For not only are the twelve tribe-numbers in the first two instances, Numbers i., ii., so fixed, that their sums, taken in different ways, give accurately the first sum total, 603,550; but, in the third case, Numbers xxvi., *they are all changed*, each being either increased or diminished, by a certain amount; yet so judiciously changed, that the result is obtained, which was apparently



desired, of having the sum total nearly the same as before, 601,730. It is very plain that this Hebrew author, whoever he may have been, was not so ignorant and helpless in matters of arithmetic as some have imagined.

Passing over here the imputation of deliberate fraud to the author of the Mosaic narrative, which we must consider in another connexion,—from whom came this charge against his arithmetic, but from the bishop himself? After the representations given in the first part, this is certainly one of the most extraordinary passages that he has penned. The writer who, on the critic's own showing, represents six hundred thousand crammed into a space which could not hold five thousand; who exhibits the unfortunate priests as required to eat eighty-eight pigeons a day, as staggering for six miles under the load of a bullock, and engaged in the hopeless task of endeavouring to present about two hundred daily sacrifices; who is so ignorant of the laws and statistics of population, that he reckons their men of war at six hundred thousand, when they could not possibly have reached a twentieth part of the number; who ascribes to each Israelite mother forty-two sons on an average; and who never appears to have had a thought as to how this great number of people was to find armour for its warriors, provender for its herds, or lambs for its paschal offerings,—must surely have been about as helpless in arithmetic as we can conceive any one, not absolutely an idiot, to be. Yet, after teaching us all this in his first part, the bishop turns round in the second to rebuke those who have formed this idea of the writer, and to point out the examples of correct and somewhat elaborate calculation in his enumerations.

We quite agree with the later opinion, and from it derive a *primâ facie* argument against this first part. It ought, indeed, to have occurred to a man of his shrewdness, that the number and excessive absurdity of the errors he attributes to the historian, forms one of the most powerful considerations against the sceptical hypothesis. One thing is certain: the Pentateuch has been accepted by the Jews as their sacred book, and remains so to this hour. They receive its narrative as the history of their people; they acknowledge its institutes as a law binding upon them. If it be a false and forged document, the man who was able to impose it upon them, and secure for it such high and lasting honour, must have been gifted with no ordinary sagacity; yet we are asked to believe that he was such a fool as to sow broadcast over the book absurdities which must have exposed him to detection by the first careful

reader. The most skilful deception will sometimes reveal itself by some slight anachronism, or other mistake, against which the most consummate craft cannot always guard. The celebrated cheat of the Rowley MS. was found out from the very simple fact, that the gifted author had used the genitive 'it's' in a poem professedly belonging to an age prior to the introduction of this particular form of the pronoun. So the forger of the name of Moses, though clever enough to deceive the people, might have left some one or two slight traces of the fraud which the microscopes of modern criticism would have revealed. But that he had so much craft as to work the imposture, and yet not enough sense to avoid the ridiculous errors here imputed to him, is what we cannot believe. Nor if reason had thus deserted him, can we believe that the people would have been without the sagacity necessary to discover the cheat. It requires a strong bias against the sacred writer to find him guilty on such charges. The bishop, however, has no misgivings; no solutions of the apparent difficulties, however well sustained, ever induce him even to suspend judgment. In every case the verdict is unfavourable, even though the particular count, on which it is found, may involve a contradiction of some other already supposed to be proved.

A book more one-sided it would be difficult to find; it would almost appear as if the bishop had first reached his conclusion, and then gone in search of evidence to sustain it, adopting, in fact, for himself the same singular course that he has pursued in relation to his readers, to whom he lays bare the result of his reasoning in his preface before developing the separate steps of the process. It might seem as if the questions of the 'intelligent Zulu relative to the Deluge' had fired him with a zeal against the Pentateuch which could rest satisfied with nothing short of the overthrow of its historical authority. 'My heart,' he says, 'answered in the words of the prophet, "Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?"' Still stronger was the feeling produced in his breast by the native Christian's abhorrence to the Mosaic law respecting the slave, derived from an utter misconception of the passage which his Right Reverend instructor ought to have been able at once to correct. On the contrary, however, it roused the bishop's own soul to more decided rebellion against the sacred record, and there can be little doubt that these impulses, awakening a desire to find the Pentateuch false, have governed him throughout his investigations. In no other way can we explain the iconoclastic temper that he everywhere displays, often leading him, as we have seen, to a mode of treating

the subject hard to reconcile with that faith in his controversial honesty which, despite the many contrary appearances, we are most anxious to preserve.

We must not linger much longer on these arithmetical objections; yet we cannot leave unnoticed that which may be regarded as the foundation of the whole. The vast number of the Israelites is the difficulty which lies at the root of most of the others. Their number is alleged by Colenso on several grounds to be incredible; and we are the more inclined to look carefully at his assertions on this head, because they afford a fair sample of his usual mode of treatment, and because the answers supplied to this cardinal objection serve to indicate the real difficulties of his own position. The following are his reasonings on the point:—

‘We conclude, then, that it is an indisputable fact, that the story, as told in the Pentateuch, intends it to be understood, (1,) that the children of Israel came out of Egypt two hundred and fifteen years after they went down thither in the time of Jacob, (2,) that they came out in the fourth generation, from the adults in the prime of life, who went down with Jacob. And it should be observed, that the second of these conclusions does not in any way depend on the correctness of the former.....

‘From this, it can be shown, beyond a doubt, that it is quite impossible that there should have been such a number of the people of Israel in Egypt, at the time of the Exodus, as to have furnished 600,000 warriors in the prime of life, representing, at least, two millions of persons, of all ages and sexes; that is to say, it is impossible, if we will take the data to be derived from the Pentateuch itself.’

His usual slipperiness and injustice to the sacred text are shown in his more detailed reasonings, as well as in his attempts to meet the replies given by the defenders of revelation. Thus, in order to establish his point he makes a calculation as to the rate of increase, and, taking an average from the families of the twelve sons of Jacob, fixes it at four and a half; from which, however, he presently departs, on finding that the families in Exodus vi. 14–25, together with the two sons of Moses, are thirteen persons, who have between them thirty-nine sons, that is, three each, which he therefore considers as a fairer average. Taking the first, we ask, what right has he to assume so low an average as four and a half,—not to speak of three,—even from the facts before him? He is dealing with Jacob, his sons and his grandsons—the sons had only fifty-three sons, that is, they only increased by four and a half each in the generation; but surely, if you are to take an average, you must include Jacob himself as well. Bishop Colenso notes only the fact, that in one generation

twelve men had been multiplied to fifty-three: he disregards the other, that in the second generation, one man had a posterity of sixty-five.

When he tells us, that the 'Scripture implies no such fecundity among the Hebrews,' we can only suppose that he has not read the Scriptures. So, in like manner, when answering the solution proposed by Kurtz, that Jacob had a large retinue of retainers, whose descendants formed part of the two millions who went out of Egypt, he says: 'There is no sign, even in Gen. xxxii., xxxiii., to which Kurtz refers, where Jacob meets with his brother Esau, of his having any such a body of servants.' Let us turn to the text. In chapter xxxii. 4, 5: 'Thy servant Jacob saith thus, I have sojourned with Laban, and stayed there until now: and I have oxen, and asses, flocks, and *men-servants*, and *women-servants*.' In verse 7: 'Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed: and he divided *the people that was with him*, and the flocks, and herds, and the camels, into two bands.' Again, in verse 16, after the enumeration of his flocks and herds: 'And he delivered them into the *hand of his servants*, every drove by themselves.' And, once more, in chapter xxxiii. 13: 'And he said unto him, My lord knoweth that the children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are with me: and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock will die.' Again we ask, does Dr. Colenso calculate that his readers will not take the trouble of verifying his references? We have no wish to say hard things; but surely so reckless and unjustifiable a mode of treating such questions was never adopted.

But now, looking at the replies that have been given to the general argument, he will find a whole host of foes to encounter. First, we may take Dr. Davidson, who upsets his whole theory by the quiet assertion, made in his usual dogmatic, not to say supercilious, style, that the time of the sojourning in Egypt was 430, and not 215, years. Then come those who dispute the accuracy of the numbers. Professor Forbes, in a very able letter to the *Athenæum*, maintains that these large figures should be reduced by dropping the last cipher, and shows how easily such an error might creep into the text. The Rev. J. B. Paton, in a series of very ingenious and learned articles in the *Weekly Review*, takes another view. He would not alter the text; but considers that, without doing the slightest violence to the language, the 600,000 who are generally regarded as only the warriors of the nation may be shown to be the whole of the people. Without being prepared at once to accept his conclusions, we must say that they are sustained with great skill, and are not to be sneered down as inadmissible.

One point, urged both by him and Professor Forbes, is well deserving of attention,—the disproportion between the numbers of the tribe of Levi and those of the other tribes, according to the commonly received theory. The entire number of the males of that tribe from ‘a month upwards,’ is given as 22,000; supposing the females to reach the same figure, 44,000 would be the whole number of the tribe—rather below the average, if the whole people of Israel be reckoned at 600,000. If the assumed number of two millions be taken for the population, this tribe, therefore, does not contribute more than a fourth part of its proper proportion.

Supposing, however, these difficulties got over, and the numbers regarded as fixed, Dr. Colenso has still other adversaries to encounter. Dr. M'Caul shows that his interpretation of the term ‘the fourth generation’ is in opposition not only to Calvin and the older commentators, but is equally condemned by Gesenius, Ewald, and Knobel.’ He then adds with much pertinence,—

‘Dr. Colenso himself shows that his own sense of the “fourth generation” is not strictly true. He is not even certain as to which is the first generation, from which the fourth generation is to be reckoned. He says, for example: “Thus we find Moses and Aaron in the fourth generation from the time of the migration, viz., Jacob—Levi—Kohath—Amram—Aaron. Or, as Jacob was so aged, and Moses and Aaron also were in life beyond the military age, we may reckon from those as Levi, who went down into Egypt in the prime of life, and then the generation of Joshua, Eleazar, &c., in the prime of life, will be the fourth generation.” Now is not this very strange chronology, and very strange reckoning? You may begin with the father, or you may begin with the sons, says Dr. Colenso. Any how, *in utroque casu* we shall make out four generations. But, with all submission, if we begin with Jacob,—and why should we not?—then I find to Moses and Aaron, five generations; and to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, five; and to Achan, six; namely, Jacob, Judah, Zarah, Zabdi, Carmi, Achan; and Nahshon seven, Jacob, Judah, Pharez, Hezron, Ram, Amminadab, Nahshon; and to Bezaleel eight, namely, Jacob, Judah, Pharez, Hezron, Caleb, Hur, Uri, Bezaleel. To the daughters of Zelophehad also eight, Jacob, Joseph, Manasseh, Machir, Gilead, Hephher, Zelophehad, Zelophehad’s daughters. Thus, by the very genealogies which Dr. Colenso selects, it is proved that “in the fourth Dor” cannot mean “fourth generation” in the ordinary sense of the term; and that, therefore, Dr. Colenso’s heading to the sixteenth chapter, “The Exodus in the fourth generation,” is not accurate.’—Pp. 93, 94.

There are others who meet the bishop on his own ground, and prove that, even by the ordinary laws of population, his

calculations are wrong. He has thus to run the gauntlet of a tolerably formidable variety of opponents. And be it observed, that he has to overcome them every one before he can be said even to have approached a demonstration. We have preferred to give this general notion of some of the answers that have been suggested,—rather than indicate which seems to us most satisfactory,—in order that we might exhibit the essential weakness of the bishop's position. He may say that all these solutions cannot be true, and that, in some cases, they contradict each other: perhaps, as a clever controversialist, he might select that which seemed to be the weakest, and direct against it all his artillery, in the hope that by destroying it he might appear to have established his own point. But, though such an expedient might succeed with many, it really accomplishes nothing. Some, indeed, of these solutions can be shown to be false; but if there remain one that is not disproved, the bishop's work is not done. Nay, if all were shown to be inadmissible, a defender of the truth might maintain that, though yet undiscovered, there may yet be some solution which our imperfect knowledge prevents us from perceiving. Let it not be forgotten that he has undertaken to prove the narrative *impossible*. We are not required, in answer, to show in what way the transactions recorded actually took place, but simply that, in some possible way, they *might have* taken place. We may suppose that the text has been corrupted, or that a wrong meaning has been attached to some particular phrases, and so an erroneous estimate formed; or that, in virtue of God's blessing, the Israelites increased with extraordinary rapidity; or that the descendants of the household of Jacob were reckoned amongst the people; or that there were more generations than Dr. Colenso has chosen to calculate. If any one of these be true, the bishop is wrong; if all of them be false, he may still not be right; for it can hardly be said that these exhaust every possible mode of solution; and yet, until that is done, the sceptical theory is not proved. It is evident that a similar mode of argumentation may be adopted, in relation to most of the objections urged by our author. He has undertaken the most difficult of all tasks in logic, to prove a negative, and he will not find it easy to succeed.\*

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\* Mr. Birks' volume did not come into our hands in time to afford us help in writing the text. But on many points his replies are equally elaborate and conclusive. His own training and attainments, added to his general accomplishments as a divine, qualify him peculiarly for the work of refuting Dr. Colenso. On the whole, Mr. Birks' is the most complete and exhaustive reply to Colenso we have yet seen; perhaps Mr. Drew's is the most engaging and persuasive.



Of course, the disproof of his reasoning does not establish the historic authority of the Pentateuch. That rests upon entirely different ground, and the weight which we ascribe to the difficulties here stated must depend very much upon the amount of positive evidence that can be brought on the opposite side. Though the argument of an opponent might not, from the very nature of the case, attain absolute certainty, yet, if it reached a very high degree of probability, it might lead us to reject a book which was not sustained by strong countervailing proof. In no respect has Bishop Colenso more effectually shown his incompetency, both moral and intellectual, for dealing with the question he has taken up than in his treatment of the positive evidence on behalf of the historic truth of the Pentateuch: this he entirely ignores, and confines himself to pointing out the weak places in the Christian theory, without taking any note of the infinitely greater difficulties in which the sceptic is involved. We will endeavour, though it can only be very imperfectly, to supply his deficiency.

And, first, we maintain that the Pentateuch bears on its face the marks of truthfulness, and that alike in its general characteristic features and in its minute details. We would ask any candid man, after wandering in the labyrinth of Dr. Colenso's figures, simply to take the book and read it, and then say whether he can acquiesce in the idea that it is a mere collection of legends, without any foundation in truth. With the book before him, let him then study the mythology of any other people, Greeks, Romans, or Hindoos, and, after carefully comparing them, say whether he can believe that the one is, like the other, an accretion of the floating traditions of the people. The contrast is what cannot be expressed in words, but it will be acknowledged by all acquainted with the subject, and who are not so much under the dominion of prejudice as to have thrown aside every pretence to candour. Where, to take one illustration, can there be found an account of the creation to compare with that in Genesis? Without entering at all into the questions between men of science and theology, in reference to certain points in the narrative, we ask, with confidence, whether there is elsewhere any record of the origin of the world that can vie with this in simplicity and sublimity. Similar observations apply to that marvellous account of the giving of the law on Sinai, and to various other passages, nay, in an inferior degree to the whole history. Now, how is it to be explained, that the Hebrews thus towered above all other nations in this department of literature? The difference, we maintain, is not one of degree merely, but of kind; and we are

at a loss to understand how it could have arisen, if the book answer to the description given of it by Dr. Colenso.

But this is not all. The book professes to be a *national* history, and as such is received by the Jews. Yet what a picture does it give of the Hebrew character! True, the people are represented as the favoured of God, and the narrative abounds in records of the wondrous deliverances accomplished on their behalf, and the mercies so richly lavished upon them. But the extent of the Divine goodness only serves to make more manifest their ingratitude and sin. We search in vain in their history for any traits of heroism and nobility to which their descendants might have pointed with pardonable pride. Their history is faithfully sketched by the psalmist in the seventy-eighth Psalm, which has the Pentateuchal narrative for its basis, where, after reciting the tale of the Divine mercy, he adds, 'Yet they tempted and provoked the most high God, and kept not His testimonies: but turned back, and dealt unfaithfully like their fathers: they were turned aside like a deceitful bow.' If all these records be mere fabrications, assuredly the Hebrews must have had a strange taste. That a patriot, sitting to write the story of his people, would invent such a narrative of their baseness, cowardice, idolatry, and waywardness, as that of the Pentateuch, is sufficiently improbable. But that he should persuade any nation to accept such a humbling representation of itself as genuine history, supposes an absurdity so monstrous that it defies the credulity of any but a modern sceptic to believe it.

It must not be forgotten, too, that the portraits even of the heroes of the nation are never merely ideal representations of men without a fault. It might have been possible to understand the design of the narrator, if he had brought out the spotless perfection of the few in striking relief to the general depravity of the nation. But this is not the case. Though there were men of superior piety, yet even they were not without grievous faults. It has sometimes suited the purpose of sceptics to enlarge upon the infirmities and sins of the patriarchs; but a little consideration might have shown them that the writers could have given no stronger evidence of their good faith, and that the history could hardly bear a better voucher for its truthfulness. Can it be thought credible that any man would have invented such traits of character as the unbelief of Abraham at the court of Abimelech, the fraudulent conduct of Jacob, or the atrocious cruelty of Simeon and Levi? The last-named case is especially to the point. If, as is supposed, the Pentateuch was constructed in order to recommend

the Levitical worship, is it not incredible that the head of the priestly tribe should have been made the actor in so dark a tragedy? Moses is the noblest character of the Pentateuch; yet even he falls into the very sin from which we might have supposed him specially free, and is not permitted to enter into the promised land. Anything more gratuitous or improbable than the introduction of such an incident into an unhistorical narrative we can hardly imagine. This, then, is our point; it is not simply that such pictures preserve a marvellous fidelity to human nature as we see it around us to-day,—this is a feeble argument compared with that which we draw from the extreme improbability of such representations of their great ancestors being suffered to find a place in a book of the character the bishop gives to the Pentateuch.

Nor is this all the testimony that the narrative yields on its own behalf. As was well shown by the late Professor Blunt, the careful student may discover numerous slight coincidences manifestly undesigned, and therefore calculated to produce the greater impression. Our space forbids us to give even a brief summary of his results, and we can only recommend our readers to study his very interesting book for themselves, assuring them that they will not only gather much to confirm their faith, but will find new and unexpected light thrown upon the sacred narrative. Even Dr. Colenso himself, in his very efforts to overthrow the authority of the book, unconsciously brings out testimony in its favour. Thus he says, 'If we examine the different genealogies of remarkable men which are given in various places of the Pentateuch, we shall find that, as a rule, the contemporaries of Moses and Aaron are descendants in the third, and those of Joshua and Eleazar in the fourth, generation, from some one of the sons or adult grandsons of Jacob.' It does not seem to have occurred to our author that this is one of those incidental marks of truthfulness which are most calculated to carry conviction to a candid mind. Had there been absolute uniformity on the point named, we might have thought that these genealogies had been fashioned for a purpose. But the fact that the observation holds good, *as a rule*, while still there are many exceptions, is in harmony with our own observations, and is one of those marks of genuineness which no forger would be likely to contrive. In like manner the bishop, in asserting that the number 600,000 must be preserved, says, 'The number is checked in so many ways, by so many different statements,—especially by the statement of the amount of silver contributed for the tabernacle,

—that there can be no doubt as to the number of warriors actually intended by the writer of the story.' Surely this is another of those tests of truth and accuracy which a critic should not fail to recognise. Our argument here might be almost indefinitely enlarged; but we must forbear.

The proof grows upon us when we turn to consider the Pentateuch in its relation to the Jewish people. Certain it is that they have the book—that they have had it for ages—and that they ascribe to it Divine authority, and acknowledge their obligation to observe the ordinances of the law and ritual which it contains. It is not necessary that we should point out here,—what must be well known to all our readers,—the extremely onerous character of the observances thus prescribed. Could the Jews have been induced to subject themselves to such a yoke at the bidding of any man? To expose the absurdity of the notion that some man imposed the Pentateuch upon them as a veritable history and code of Divine laws, we have only to resort to the bishop's favourite mode of illustration. Suppose he had made an experiment on the Zulus, similar to that which Samuel is said to have carried out successfully with the Jews; suppose he had produced a series of enactments which they were required to observe on the ground that God had enjoined them on their fathers, and that these had for centuries been the institutions of the nation, and were, in fact, practised by themselves; suppose that these ordinances involved personal inconvenience and pecuniary cost;—can he imagine that the 'intelligent Zulus' would have readily acquiesced in his teachings and submitted to these injunctions? Would he have been able to persuade them that they had observed rites which they had never observed? If not, why ascribe to the Hebrews a folly that he would hesitate to impute to the Zulus? Leslie's old argument remains unanswered, and is a sufficient reply to all the bishop's speculations.

'Whenever,' he says, 'it can be supposed that these books were forged in some age after Moses, it is impossible to suppose they could have been received as true, unless the forgers could have made the whole nation believe that they had received these books from their fathers, had been instructed in them when they were children, and had taught them to their children; moreover, that they had all been circumcised, and did circumcise their children, in pursuance of what was commanded in these books; that they had observed the yearly passover, the weekly Sabbath, the new moons, and all the several feasts, fasts, and ceremonies commanded in those books; that they had never tasted any swine's flesh, or other meats prohibited in these books; that they had a magnificent tabernacle, with a visible

priesthood to minister in it, which was confined to the tribe of Levi, over whom was placed a glorious high priest clothed with great and mighty prerogatives, whose death could only deliver those that were fled to the cities of refuge; and that these priests were their ordinary judges even in civil matters. I say, was it possible to have persuaded a whole nation of men that they had known and practised all these things if they had not done it? Or, secondly, to have received a book for truth, which said they had practised these, and appealed to that practice?

There is only one refuge that the objector can find from this argument; and that is to assert that the ceremonial was already in existence, and that the Pentateuch was written to account for its origin and invest it with new sanctity. But to say this, is simply to plunge himself into yet greater difficulties. For now comes the question, How came a ceremonial so cumbrous, so minute, in some parts so painful, to have existence at all? The Pentateuch certainly accounts for it; but, apart from this, we can find no reasonable explanation of its origin and authority.

Without a particle of proof, or anything bearing the most distant resemblance to proof, the bishop has charged the prophet Samuel with imposing the Pentateuch on the Jewish people. If he could succeed thus in robbing us of the works of *Moses*,—perhaps even of the prophet himself, who seems to be resolved into something little better than a shadow lost in the distant region of myth,—and at the same time in stripping Samuel of his fair fame, and convicting him of forgery, he would achieve a success that does not fall to the lot of every Rationalist, and he might henceforth take his place with the illustrious De Wette and Knobel. He will tell us, perhaps, that he does not regard Samuel in this light; but whatever he does, we know what will be the judgment formed by others respecting the conduct he imputes to him.

‘If, then,’ he says, ‘some centuries after, it may be, such an event, a great mind, like that of Samuel, devoted itself to gathering up the legendary reminiscences of this great movement, which still survived among his people,—greatly modified, no doubt exaggerated and distorted, as they were passed on from age to age in the popular talk,—and if to these records of their national prime he endeavoured to give unity and substance, by connecting them into a continuous narrative, and fixing them down in written words for the use of his countrymen, is there anything immoral and dishonest in such an act, whether it be viewed from a merely *literary* or a strictly religious point of view,—provided only that we do not insist upon fastening upon the writer our own notions of what he actually did, and what he intended and really professed to do?’

Immoral and dishonest, undoubtedly, even on this showing ; but such a version of what Samuel, on this hypothesis, actually did, is itself immoral and dishonest. It would be more correct to say : If Samuel collected popular traditions, and welded them into a story which professed to set forth how God, by a series of miracles, had interposed on behalf of His people ; if he depicted imaginary scenes, in which the eternal God was represented as speaking to His servant Moses, and giving him certain commands to be observed by the people ; if he even invented a new name for the Deity, and with the name prepared a story in which the Most High was introduced revealing it amidst circumstances of special solemnity ; if a law was elaborated, and, for its higher sanction and authority, was exhibited as proclaimed by God Himself, with terrible pomp and majesty ; if, finally, the nation and the world were taught to receive Samuel's writing as a Divine revelation ; was all this 'immoral or dishonest?' We might just as reasonably ask whether the conduct of Mohammed in relation to the Koran, or Joe Smith to the Book of Mormon, was immoral and dishonest.

Such, then, are some of the difficulties that the assailants of the Pentateuch have to meet. They have to believe that a good and holy man was guilty of conduct which, to all whose moral sense has not been blunted, will appear 'immoral and dishonest ;' that a man who could perpetrate a fraud, whose fabrication, on the bishop's own showing, must have been of a 'deliberate kind,' could also and nevertheless devise and promulgate a system of the purest morality ; that a nation was found ready to accept the forgery, though the 'story' seemed designed as a bitter satire on their national weakness, and the law, to which, nevertheless, they submitted, imposed a heavy tax upon their powers of endurance and sacrifice ; that, amid all the unwillingness to obey its authority in subsequent ages, the law itself thus promulgated was never questioned ; that, when a division took place in the nation, the seceders took away the 'book of the law,' and preserved it in all its ancient sanctity ; that, finally, not only prophets, but even our blessed Lord Himself, could treat the history as a true and faithful record, and the law as the command of God,—while yet the whole is one gigantic fable. And there are found some able to accept all this : to find in the Hebrew Scriptures, and the Apocrypha, and the rabbinical expositions, that 'continuity of reference,' (as Isaac Taylor well phrases it,) 'direct or indirect, to the Decalogue, and to the mode of its promulgation from Sinai, which ought to be looked for on the assumption of the reality and the absolute truthfulness of the history of which that



promulgation is the leading fact, and still to believe the thing itself a myth; to hear our Lord's references to Moses and his law, and to fancy that it is not inconsistent with due reverence to Him to believe that He spoke in ignorance, or in accommodation to the notions of the Jews, and did not thus give His sanction to the truth of the Mosaic record. Strangest of all, there is found a bishop, who proclaims his own horror at the notion of 'speaking lies in the name of the Lord,' who can suppose Samuel to have been the author of all this, and yet to have been guilty of nothing 'immoral or dishonest.'

Painful as these views are when regarded in themselves, they are still more painful when considered in relation to the inspiration and authority of holy Scripture. It must never be forgotten that the question now is not that of verbal inspiration. It suits the purpose of the bishop so to represent it, and to show that this doctrine, in its baldest form, is still extensively believed and taught in the Church of England. His case on this point, however, quite breaks down. St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, may supply a 'twentieth part of the candidates for the whole English Church ministry;' but we should decline to recognise the doctrine taught in Baylee's *Verbal Inspiration*, as a fair type of views that have any wide-spread influence in the Church. A very different view is that expressed by the *English Churchman*, though quoted by the Bishop as identical: 'the thorough persuasion that the Scriptures cannot in any particular be untrue.' Many a man holds this who would not subscribe to the opinion which Canon Stanley ascribes to 'our later theories,' viz., 'that every book of it (the Bible), every chapter of it, every verse of it, every word of it, every letter of it, is the direct utterance of the Most High,—absolute, unerring, faultless, supreme.' This is the extreme; and between it and that held by Dr. Colenso there are many grades of sentiment. His way of speaking on the subject is eminently unsatisfactory, owing to a continued, we hope not intentional, confusion of things that differ. In his first part he tells us,—

'In order that we may give due honour to the Bible, as containing a message from God to our souls, it is surely necessary that we take ourselves in the first place, and teach others to take, a right and true view both of the contents of the book and of the nature of its inspiration. Then, instead of looking to it for revelations of historical or scientific facts, which God has never promised to disclose in this way, by sudden supernatural communications, without the use of human powers of intellect, and without due labour spent in the search after truth, we shall have recourse to it for that which God has there, in His providence, laid up in store for our use.'

Now we think there are very few who would admit that this is a correct representation of their views. There are numbers who believe that a guiding influence of the Divine Spirit preserved the sacred writers from falling into error, and directed them as to the particular facts they should record, but who do not for a moment suppose they had 'revelations of scientific or historical facts.' Nor is the denial of this dogma the extent of the bishop's scepticism, which goes distinctly to the rejection of the historic accuracy of the Pentateuch, and which would certainly yield up many of the narratives in the Old Testament, as also probably in the New. Nay, if we read him right, he goes further even than this. He continues to employ the term 'inspiration;' but he would apply it to the Sikh Gooroos, just as much as to Hebrew prophets. The following are his latest utterances relative to the Bible:—

'It may be, then,—rather it is, as I believe undoubtedly,—the fact that God Himself, by the power of the truth, will take from us in this age the Bible as an *idol*, which we have set up against His will, to bow down to it and worship it. But, while He takes it away thus with the one hand, does He not also restore it to us with the other,—not to be put into the place of God, and served with idolatrous worship,—but to be revered as a Book, the best of books, the work of living men like ourselves,—of men, I mean, in whose hearts the same human thoughts were stirring, the same hopes and fears were dwelling, the same gracious Spirit was operating, three thousand years ago as now?'

In other words, holy men may speak as moved by the Holy Ghost now just as they did three thousand years ago; and, so far as we can see, another Bible may come to take the place of the old. Nay, one of the problems the bishop must feel it difficult to solve must be the position the Bible still holds. Why, on his theory, has it not been supplanted long since? Books of all other kinds have given place to the productions of more modern times. How is it that this old book, the work of so many different authors, written so many centuries ago, remains, what even he terms, 'the best of books' still? He must confess that it is, at least, an anomaly, and one that it is not easy to explain.

It is an insult to the understanding and moral sense of our readers, to ask whether it can be consistent for any man holding such views to remain a bishop of the Church of England. Perhaps, after all, his miserable sophistry on this subject is the most painful part of the volume. It may be, that the terms of subscription are too rigid; but then the bishop must remember that he has voluntarily accepted those terms, and is not at liberty to set them aside. Arguments that might be powerful in fa-

your of a relaxation of these conditions are utterly worthless, or something worse, when employed to justify the dishonest repudiation of the obligation they impose on every one that subscribes to them. To say, that though the clergy believed in the formularies when they accepted them, they did not bind themselves 'always to the end of their lives,' is a transparent sophistry. 'God forbid,' he adds, 'that it should be supposed by any that the Church of England had committed so great a sin as to bind in this way, for all future time, the very consciences of her clergy.' Of course, the Church attempts nothing of the kind; and, if it attempted it, would egregiously fail. But common honesty would dictate, that if a man can no longer hold the opinions in virtue of which he has a certain position, he should abandon the emoluments and dignities the title to which he has forfeited. That the bishop has even a legal standing on this point we cannot believe. We have carefully read Mr. Stephen's ingenious defence of Dr. Rowland Williams; but it has failed to convince us that the example of the Church's great divines warrants such latitude as that claimed by the rector of Broad Chalk, still less that demanded by the bishop of Natal. It is something like a profanation to find the names of Richard Baxter and Jeremy Taylor dragged in to sanction these modern vagaries; if our space permitted, we should make it our business to exhibit the injustice done to these and other great divines. We have studied, also, Dr. Lushington's judgment, and do not see that the bishop can find shelter even under its broad shadow. But if it were so, the moral obligation would remain unaltered; and it is in the name of honesty that we call on the bishop to renounce his office in a Church whose creed he no longer believes, and the celebration of whose most sacred rites can for him be nothing better than a piece of detestable hypocrisy.

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ART. IX.—MR. SEWARD'S *Despatch of February 6th, 1863, to Mr. Dayton, the American Plenipotentiary at Paris, in reply to the Dispatch of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, dated January 19th, to M. Mercier, the French Ambassador at Paris.* Daily News, Friday, February 27th, 1863.

WE shall make the attempt, so far as it can be done in a few pages, to exhibit impartially the present position and the probable future of the American conflict. We have no inclination to write as partisans. We neither like nor admire the North.

It has done this nation grievous wrong in the matter of the Morrill Tariff. We know the reasons assigned for this Act; to an American they will seem to have weight. In fact, however, the measure was one of the deepest folly, injurious and provoking not only to England but to Europe. A sober Congress would never have committed such an absurdity. It is true, indeed, that Mr. Lincoln, at the time president-elect, protested against it; and that to give assent to it was the last act of Mr. Buchanan's pro-Southern, inglorious, disastrous administration. Still it was the Northern majority that passed it, at the prompting of the great republican journalist, Mr. Horace Greeley. Nothing but headlong and overweening self-confidence, which prevented any just consideration of the effects of the measure, whether as regarded the insurgents or the nations of Europe, can account for its having been enacted. Not less wrong has the North done this country as respects our declaration of neutrality. It has chosen to forget that whatever doctrines have here been held in favour of the South and of Southern action have first been learnt from Unionist, nay, from Northern, statesmen; and that the apathy of the North itself for months after the disruption was resolved upon, might alone, apart from deeper considerations of international law and complications, be a sufficient defence of our policy. The North expected us, for the sake of cotton, to fight their battles against the South, treating them as rebels, outlaws, pirates. After Mr. Buchanan's message; after such trimming and ignoble speeches, in and out of Congress, as were delivered by leading statesmen of the North, including Mr. Seward himself; and in face of the plausible and extensively received doctrine of State-Rights, even though that doctrine be rightly adjudged unsound;—this was a simple impossibility. The North itself, indeed, has treated the South as belligerent rather than merely rebellious or piratical. In the affair of the 'Trent,' again, the North outraged England almost beyond endurance. The virulent insolence of the entire Unionist press, and, above all, the intolerable arrogance and effrontery of the Unionists who were in this country, much more than the act of Commodore Wilkes, illegal and audacious as that was, raised the feeling of this nation to a pitch of indignation which has probably never been exceeded, perhaps never equalled, in its entire history. Moreover, the Unionists habitually pour contempt on everything personal to the English; they are never weary of telling each other in their newspapers, especially their religious *Advocates*, &c., what an ignorant, ill-bred, unhappily-circumstanced people we Britishers are. Such being the state of the

case, it is no wonder that we find it impossible to write with any predilection for the North.

At the same time, we cannot have the slightest sympathy with the cause of the South. Whatever may have since been alleged by the partisans of the South, the only ground ever assigned by the leaders of the revolt for this secession was the election of a President pledged to resist the further extension and predominance of slavery; and the one motive by which they have been enabled to secure the union of the Southern States against the North has been that of conserving, fortifying, and perpetuating the 'institution' of slavery. No doubt, indeed, other motives have mingled with this, according to the circumstances of the various revolting States. South Carolina, for example, which led the way in revolt, has for years past been earnestly in favour of free trade, and its ambition has been to make Charleston a Southern New York. But on the question of free trade, notwithstanding, the Southern States have always been divided, many of the Southern representatives having constantly voted with the North-Eastern and Middle-Eastern States on this question, in opposition to the Western representatives, who are at present reckoned with the North. Some persons, indeed, seem to imagine that the Morrill Tariff was the cause of the secession; but, in fact, this Tariff was not passed until after the secession was an accomplished fact. Mr. Stephens, the vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, is by many considered to be the first orator in the States, and has long been one of the leading spirits in all political combinations and movements. He has told the world, as is now notorious, that slavery is nothing less than the 'corner-stone' of the new Confederation. He has spoken of it as the 'stone which the builders rejected;' and he profanely adds, 'This is the Lord's doing; and it is marvellous in our eyes.' After this, whatever may at one time have been our doubts or our hopes, it cannot now be denied, that slavery is the very basis of the Southern republic. With such a cause we can, of course, as Christian journalists, have no sympathy. Neither can we forget that foremost at all times among the haters and traducers of England and English institutions have been Southern statesmen, who have given law to politics and to public opinion in the ignoble and dollar-loving North; that, in spite of Northern demoralisation and subserviency, whatever of honourable regard for England, the English character, and English institutions has been extant in the States, has been found, almost exclusively, in the North; and that, whilst everywhere throughout the North the Prince of Wales was received with

enthusiastic *loyalty*, we may venture to say, and with universal blessings on the Queen his mother, at Richmond, and at Richmond only, he met with public insult.

Whatever be the respective demerits of the North and the South, facts are facts, and the geography of the States is fixed. Bearing this in mind, we may perhaps be able to see our way pretty clearly through the conflicting statements and opinions respecting the present position and the prospects of the belligerents. The first thing, then, which we have to set down is that, notwithstanding all that may vaguely have been said to the contrary, the main assertions in Mr. Seward's wordy and semi-rhetorical dispatch of the 6th of February, in reply to the dispatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, are immovable facts. Mr. Seward, of course, dresses up his meaning euphuistically when he has to refer to the reverses which have been suffered by the North; he puts the best face upon the matter when he speaks of 'an alternation of victories and defeats, as is the appointed incident of war.' Nevertheless, it is true, on the whole, that from the beginning of the war hitherto 'the land and naval forces of the Union have steadily advanced, reclaiming from the insurgents the ports, forts, and posts, which they had treacherously seized before the strife actually began, and even before it was seriously apprehended.' It is true that the South has had its field of operations continually narrowed, so that at this moment it includes little more than one half of the territory originally embraced within the 'projected exclusive slave-holding dominions of the South,' (to adopt Mr. Seward's cumbrous phraseology). It is true, in fact, again to quote Mr. Seward, that 'the South now retain only the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Texas, with half of Virginia, half of North Carolina, two thirds of South Carolina, half of Mississippi, and one third respectively of Arkansas and Louisiana;' and that even this territory 'is held in close blockade and siege' by the North. To those who, relying on the authority of *The Times*, have believed that the taking of New Orleans has been the 'solitary Northern success,' this may seem like romancing; and many of our newspapers, including even some metropolitan journals, being plainly in the habit of writing on American affairs without any knowledge of American geography, or any reference to a map, have treated Mr. Seward's dispatch as if it were mere romance, and opposed to facts of absolute certainty and universally notorious. It might have occurred to these authorities of the press that the American secretary of state was hardly likely to write mere inventions to the French secretary of state, on questions of



hard fact, or to play Bobadil or Falstaff to the Emperor Napoleon. *The Times*, more discreet, and perhaps slightly better informed, than the *Morning Post*, did not attempt, in its dexterous article on the dispatch, to dispute with Mr. Seward as to the assertions of fact which are the centre of his argument, but would 'much rather leave the question to be decided by events, than argue with Mr. Seward at present.' (February 27th.)

The picture which Mr. Seward has drawn is, so far as this matter of fact is concerned, in precise harmony with the admissions of the South itself. The following view of the situation was given by the *Richmond Examiner* of January 20th, about a fortnight before the date of Mr. Seward's dispatch:—

'It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees that they hold all they ever held, and that another year of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the Southern Confederacy. They who think independence is to be achieved by brilliant but inconsequential victories, would do well to look with the natural eye at the magnitude of Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederation. They are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. The pledge, once deemed foolish by the South, that he would "hold, occupy, and possess" all the forts belonging to the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln. Forts Sumter and Morgan we still retain; but, with those exceptions, all the strongholds on the seaboard from Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande, are in the hands of the enemy.

'Very consoling and very easy to say that it was impossible to prevent all this, and the occupation of the outer edge of the Republic amounts to nothing. Drewry's Bluff and Vicksburg give the lie to the first assertion, and the onward movement of Rosencranz toward Alabama, the presence of Grant in North Mississippi, and of Curtis in Middle Arkansas, to say nothing of Banks at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, set at rest the silly dream that a thin strip of seacoast only is in possession of our foes. The truth is, the Yankees are in the very heart of the Confederacy; they swarm on all our borders; they threaten every important city yet belonging to us, and nearly two hundred thousand of them are within two days' march of the Confederate capital. This is no fiction. It is a fact so positive that none can deny it.'

The editor urges the necessity of a rigid enforcement of the conscription, and concludes by saying:—

'If within the next two months we do not add seventy-five or a hundred thousand men to our forces in the south-west, we shall

come to grief. If we do add them, we are safe beyond peradventure, and next summer will witness the final triumph of our arms.'

The simple fact is, that the South has won great victories, but has been continually losing territory; while the North has been repeatedly defeated in great battles, but has notwithstanding steadily made good its advance upon the South.

By those who, map in hand, have followed the fortunes of the war, this will at once be admitted as true. Let us but recite the names of Fort Donelson, Columbus, Memphis, Island No. 10, Corinth, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, Port Royal, Newbern, Beaufort, Fort Pulaski, Williamsburg, all which names represent strongholds recovered and garrisoned; let it be remembered that, with the exception of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the whole of the Mississippi is under the control of the North; that the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers are held by the North; that, besides the whole of Missouri and Kentucky, which all the efforts of the South have been unable to recover, and which (as well as Maryland) now furnish contingents to the Northern army, the North occupy extensive districts of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana; that they hold the eastern tracts of Florida and Western Tennessee; have for many months been in undisturbed possession of the whole coast line of the Carolinas, and are still advancing into the territories yet held by the Slave Republic in the West;—and it will be at once perceived how vastly the balance of power in the two confederations has changed, since the ten States proudly leagued themselves into a Slave Republic and entered upon the path of revolt, in possession of funds, and stores, and fortresses, and territories, illegally and treacherously obtained, but which enabled them, in their first reception of the Northern onset to maintain so defiant an attitude, and to send disgraceful rout and panic terror into the city of Washington, and the very presence of Congress.

There can be little doubt, however, that behind this foreground of conquests achieved, there is in the North a dark background of division and of fluctuating despondency, which ill accords with the glowing picture of unity and zeal presented by Mr. Seward. The American secretary, indeed, admits the fact of divisions of sentiment; but he treats it lightly, as not affecting the ultimate and indomitable determination of the great majority to prosecute the war to a triumphant conclusion. To suppose that Mr. Seward would falsify geography, or affirm posts to be in the hands of the North which are held by the South, that he would presume upon the ignorance of France and of Europe respecting the actual results of past military

movements, would be simply absurd. But it is natural to suspect that, as regards the sentiments and internal condition of the people of the North, and of the political parties in the Union, his statements may be coloured in harmony with his desires, or his present political necessities. We shall, therefore, endeavour, without further reference to Mr. Seward and his dispatch, to estimate for ourselves the actual position of affairs, as between the North and the South. In so doing, we must look at the background which lies behind the Southern victories, as well as at that which, on the other side, overcasts the prospects of the North, notwithstanding their great and substantial gains.

Foremost among the disabilities of the North must be placed the fact, that it has not yet produced a competent general. Neither side, indeed, appears to possess a commander of real genius for war on a grand scale. But the South has generals of division of high excellence; men who, if they cannot conduct a war, can fight a pitched battle, who, if they are not masters in combination and strategy, or able fully to follow up a victory, can at least handle troops skilfully and powerfully, when it actually comes to blows. Such generals, undoubtedly, are Jackson and Lee. But, unless we except M'Clellan, who is now discarded, the North has no general capable of coping with the Southern leaders; and this great want, together with the influence upon the army of a mercenary republicanism, of irregular payments, and of imperfect discipline, has completely demoralised large masses of its troops. It is said, indeed, that a change for the better has taken place in all these respects, and that General Hooker is doing great things. This, however, remains to be proved. Besides which, in June next, many thousands of the Northern forces will return home, their nine months' term of service having expired. So far, indeed, as the new Militia Bill—which is to enforce a rigid conscription from all classes—becomes effective, provision will be made to supply the places of the disbanded troops. But how this may work is yet to be seen.

It cannot be doubted, also, that Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, although it had become a necessity, was yet, as respects his political influence at home, a very damaging necessity. It has divided the Republican party; it has alienated all who had any tincture of pro-slavery predilection, or whose interests were bound up with 'the institution.' It has offended many sensible and moderate anti-slavery Republicans. It has made New York Mr. Lincoln's enemy. Mr. Thurlow Weed has thrown up his position as a journalist,—has, in fact, brought

his paper, the *Albany Journal*, to an end, merely because, as an anti-slavery but not an 'abolitionist' Republican, he could not go all lengths with Mr. Lincoln and his own party, and would not coalesce with any other party. In his defection Mr. Lincoln loses the aid of the most sagacious and influential of his non-official adherents. He has to rely, to a considerable extent on the support of Mr. Charles Sumner, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and a few leading abolitionists of the same class,—able and eloquent men, but regarded by Americans generally as representing an extreme section of the Republicans; who, moreover, are even yet dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln, because he is not willing to go so fast, or so far, as they would have him. It would even seem that Mr. Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, the impolitic, but influential and honest, author of the Morrill Tariff, has of late taken fright at the possibilities of a servile insurrection,\* and at the same time begun to despond as to the final and full success of the Northern arms. The defection of such a man as Greeley, the most powerful of Republican journalists, a close personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and one who had himself, up to the beginning of January, urged the president to take all the steps which he has taken, including the Proclamation itself, certainly appears to be a very serious fact. It is said, however, that the well-known impulsiveness of Mr. Greeley's character reduces somewhat the significance and importance of the sudden change which has come over his mind as to the right policy of Government and the prospects of the war.

These divisions and defections among his own supporters are hardly less disastrous for Mr. Lincoln and his policy than the disaffection and demoralisation of the army. Moreover, it would appear from Mr. Phillips's speeches that even he is ready to despair of the fortunes of the North, and is preparing himself to consent to some terms of separation from the unsubdued States of the Southern Confederacy, unless before summer decisive victory crown the arms of the North.

Then there are the movements in the Middle and North-Western States, which threaten ominously, although it is very

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\* If the slaves have been so well treated, so content, and so attached to their Southern 'owners' as the friends of the South have represented, why should there have been such an alarm about a 'servile war?' But, in truth, although they have gladly availed themselves, wherever the Northern armies have come, of the opportunity of freedom,—thus disproving the pretence of their contentment,—nowhere have they shown any disposition to cruel and lawless insurrection. There is no parallel whatever between the case of St. Domingo and of the present advancing emancipation.

possible they may come to nothing. The Morrill Tariff is a sore grievance to the agricultural States. Besides which, all the States which border on the Mississippi, and its affluents, have for many months been waiting impatiently for the opening of that river; and their feeling is that, if the immense preparations and the violent efforts which have been worse than wasted in the East, on the advance to Richmond, had been well-bestowed in the West, the whole valley of the Mississippi might long ago have been brought under the power of the Union. Moreover, a large party in these States is offended at the emancipation policy of the Government, partly because of the ties of interest and feeling which bind many of them to the Western and South-Western Slave States, and partly from a dread of the effects upon the entire community of an extensive importation of shiftless negro labourers or paupers. This fear is not unreasonable, and resembles the feeling with which the wholesale invasion of the Lancashire manufacturing towns by Irish refugees from 'the famine' was regarded some years ago by the labouring classes of Lancashire. We know that there is to this day a bitter feud between the English and the Irish operatives, that brutal fights have been common, and that occasionally there have been serious riots. We do not, however, apprehend anything very serious from these movements in the Middle and North-Western States, of which we have heard so much. There are many decided anti-slavery men in all these States, in which, indeed, Mr. Greeley, the anti-slavery journalist *par excellence*, who may be said to have created what is now the great party of anti-slavery republicanism, has found the larger proportion of his 200,000 readers. Mr. Lincoln, also, notwithstanding the desertion of some of his chief friends, is still strong in his own State of Illinois. Utter failure on the Mississippi might wreck all the hopes and chances of Mr. Lincoln's administration in these States; but a great success would redeem everything.

Still farther to darken the prospects of the North, there is the financial pressure,—extreme, alarming, and continually growing more burdensome and severe.

So far, so bad; but there are important items to be taken into account on the other side. As regards the financial pressure, to take that point first, there is to be set on the other side the extraordinary present prosperity of the North. Not a little of this, indeed, is artificial and inflated; but there is after all a substantial foundation for much of it. For fifteen months *The Times* has continued to announce the imminence of a financial collapse and a commercial catastrophe; but it has not

yet come, and may not come until after peace has been concluded. It is well understood now that the apparently frightful *premium* on gold represents in fact a mode of gradually taxing the present generation to meet the cost of the war. Besides, whatever may be the financial embarrassment of the North, there can be no doubt that that of the South is yet deeper, and far less easily redeemable;\* and that the actual privation and poverty which have been inflicted in many parts of the revolting States are very great. Nor has this greater present suffering been the consequence of a sounder and safer system of finance, by which future aggravations of loss and disaster may be averted. The following passage is from an article in the *Richmond Inquirer* for the 9th of January last. 'The Confederate States have revived the French assignat system as the financial scheme for conducting war, and its results will prove as disastrous in this country as in France. Taxation is the only means of supporting war. The sooner Congress realises this fact, the sooner shall we see the beginning of the end of the evils which now embarrass the Government as well as the people.' In fact, according to the Treasury report of Mr. Memmiger, presented to the Congress at Richmond on the 10th of January last, the total revenue from taxes, customs, and other imposts was 10,332,079 dollars; while the operations of the war had cost, up to last December 31st, 579,609,524 dollars. The estimated cost of the war, up to July 1st next, is 357,929,229 dollars, or more than two millions a day, of which it is proposed to raise by taxation only 48,360,000, and the remainder by Treasury notes.

It can no longer be disputed, also, that if the North has suffered from dissensions and divisions, the South suffers from the same cause. And if the Northern armies have been demoralised, those of the Slave Confederacy have not been much better, at least in the West. We have seen, moreover, that the *Richmond Examiner* insists on the necessity of enforcing the 'conscription,' to which the South has long been compelled to resort. But in Georgia and elsewhere it has been found impossible to enforce it. The people will fight on the soil of their own State, but not elsewhere, for fear, it is said, of the 'mean white' guerillas, who pillage properties in the absence of their owners.† Hence the South has now 'rebels' and 'insur-

\* By the last advices the price of gold at New York was 165; at Richmond, however, it was 350!

† The New York correspondent of *The Times* has been deluded into believing that there is no such class in Georgia, Florida, or Mississippi, as that of 'mean whites.' Professor Cairnes, in the appendix to the second edition of his 'Slave Power,' has settled this question.



gents' of its own to repress. Here is at least some counterpoise to Northern divisions and difficulties.

As respects the despondency and divisions of the republican party, (it must further be noted,) Mr. Lincoln has, within the last two months, found a good set-off in the increasing moral support which he has received from Great Britain. This has helped to resuscitate Mr. Greeley and his friends from the state of extreme depression in which they were two months ago. The Proclamation, soon after the beginning of the year, when it appeared that Mr. Lincoln was determined to adhere to it, began to produce a marked effect in this country. Other causes indeed concurred, of which, perhaps, the chief was the imprudence of *The Times* and other advocates of the South. Emboldened by the general inclination of the middle-class public towards the South, which it had not in vain laboured so long and so assiduously to produce, *The Times* ventured to insult the moral feeling of England, by intimations that slavery, after all, was not worse than a good many other things, in themselves far from desirable, which society permitted; that it was a very tolerable evil; that Scripture, although it did not applaud, did not proscribe it, and that therefore we need not be so very much afraid of clasping hands with the slaveholding South. Give time enough, and no doubt, like other bad things in America, England, and elsewhere, it would die out; but it was not our duty to drive it out of the world.\* Mr. Spence, the 'S.' of *The Times*, was so infatuated as to speak in the same vein at a public meeting in Liverpool, to the great disgust of the audience, who refused to hear him out in such a strain of remark. These things, and such things as these, have done something to open the eyes of England to the true character of the cause of the South and of its chief advocates. *The Times* has received a warning, and is aware that a re-action has begun. It has attempted in part to explain away its words. But the public has taken the alarm effectually. After all, ignorant as most Englishmen may be respecting many things American,

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\* We quote two sentences from this scandalous article. 'If it be said that slavery is at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, so also are a good many things which are not yet laid under the ban of abolition, or threatened with the war-power. Sumptuous fare, purple and fine linen, wealth, ecclesiastical titles, unmarried clergy, good clerical incomes, and many other things, are contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, or at least can be proved so as easily as slavery.' So slavery is as much of an evil as wealth, ecclesiastical titles, or a good clerical income, and as much opposed to the spirit of the Gospel—not more. The insinuation is, that it is all cant and moonshine to talk of any one of these things—slavery included—as being so opposed; that any argument respecting conventional usages or morality, based upon Scripture, amounts to nothing.

they understand the vast difference between servitude in the families of the patriarchs and the Jews, and the horrible slave-system of America; they apprehend, also, in some measure, both the agreement and the difference, as to the question of slavery, between Judaism and Christianity; they know that Judaism mitigated slavery, and that Christianity was never in apostolic or in later times brought in to sanction and to rivet the chain of the bondman, as it is in America, but, on the contrary, that its spirit operated from the first in antagonism to slavery; they feel instinctively that all such apologies as *The Times* would offer for the continuance of the worst and most inhuman form of slavery that the world ever saw, in a republic which upholds such a system as sacred and beneficent, are nauseous sophisms. They hold the slavery of the Southern States to be what, up till the middle of March, 1861, *The Times* itself declared it to be, 'an unlawful and abominable system.'

Since the peccant article to which we have referred appeared in *The Times*, (January 7th,) a series of public meetings has been held throughout the principal towns of the kingdom, in opposition to the South and to slavery. For the most part these have been crowded and enthusiastic gatherings; far more so, indeed, than any series of meetings held in the country for many years past. Greater meetings, so far as numbers and enthusiasm can make a meeting great, than those held in Exeter Hall, and in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, have scarcely been known.

Notwithstanding the affected contempt of *The Times*, this 'agitation' has produced a powerful impression in favour of the North. It is true, indeed, that the meetings have *not* been attended by the 'old chivalry' of the great anti-slavery controversy. That 'chivalry' is dead; and the sons of Wilberforce walk not in the way of their father, neither have the sons of Buxton the stalwart strength of their father. Moreover it must be remembered that with the exception of Wilberforce and two or three more, it was not for years that any 'chivalry' could be brought to attend the old anti-slavery meetings. Then, as now, aristocrats disliked the anti-slavery agitation; the mercantile interest was opposed to it; the press were enlisted against it. Only by constant discussions, by special publications, by repeated successions of public meetings, by the influence of the religious denominations, by the sympathies of the tradesmen, the clerks, the working people, and the poorer gentlemen and less fashionable professional men, of England, was the fight first won out of doors, and so a victory insured for the noble leaders of the anti-slavery crusade within the

chambers of Parliament. The West India interest, for many a long year, was all-powerful in England with almost all but the nameless multitude, far more so than the Southern interest is now. Although, however, the representatives of the old leaders stand aloof, yet the cause of freedom and of the North is not without powerful sustainers. In spite of all our reasonable jealousies and just grudges against the United States, in spite of the apathy and the inconsistencies of many public men in the North, in spite of the Southern partisanship of our press, and, above all, in spite of the material interests which seem to bind us to the South, and of all the perverse mischiefs done to us and our commerce by the North, the cause of 'Union and Emancipation' commands the warm and settled sympathies of great numbers of our people. The news of these meetings and of their visible effect has in the States infused new vigour into the men of the Northern cause. With these has also been combined the intelligence of the grateful reception given to the provision ships and to their captains and officers by the public of Manchester and Liverpool. The reports of these things, as might have been expected, have produced an exaggerated impression in the States. The North has fancied the meetings to be much more powerful and significant than they really have been; and the Unionists have consoled themselves for the affronts of statesmen, and the less than friendly tone of Parliament, by imagining that all the nation but the aristocrats and the cotton-lords is on their side. This is one reason why in the North generally, and even in the State and Legislative Assemblies of New York, Mr. Lincoln's administration holds a much better position now than it did six weeks ago.

Even while these pages are passing through the press, fresh evidence is brought by every mail that the position of the North is daily growing stronger, and that union and zeal are taking the place of despondency and division. The Richmond correspondent of the *Knoxville Whig*, writing on January 30th, said, 'For the first time since the war began each Southern army is held at bay by a superior, mobilised, abolition force.' It is plain that the South has no strength to spare for advances or enterprises of any moment. On the frontiers of Virginia Hooker is re-organizing his army; at Charleston a great expedition holds General Beauregard in alarm; in Tennessee Rosencranz holds a commanding position in superior force, while the siege of Vicksburg is being resolutely prosecuted by General Banks; and at many other points Federal expeditions of more or less importance are preparing for action. All this, however, is of much less consequence than the change which

has, within the last two months, come over the spirit of the North. It is very possible that the Southerners, who remain upon the defensive, and are everywhere outnumbered by the North, may yet, on the first advance of their enemies at any chief point, inflict upon them a humiliating defeat. Such a result as this would surprise no one. But even a great defeat—such is now the changed temper and invigorated spirit of the North—would hardly avail to regain for the Northern peace party the position which it held in January, or materially to affect the respective positions of the North and the South. The contemptuous manner in which the Southern public men and public journals have rejected all the advances of the Northern peace democrats and their organs in the press, and the wholesale and impartial abuse which they have poured upon all the North, have, for the present at least, reduced the peace party in the North to silence, and made the war once more popular. The Congress, ere it separated, left Mr. Lincoln vested with greater authority, more ample and unrestricted powers, and larger resources for the prosecution of the war, both as respects financial credit and the means of enlistment, than at any former period.

Nevertheless, upon the whole, and notwithstanding the very high and confident tone of Mr. Seward's dispatch, we think it not unlikely that, unless before the nine months' men are disbanded, and the summer heats have set in, some decisive victory or victories shall have been gained by the North, the Unionists will find it impossible to prosecute the war to any such result as the total subjugation of the South, and will be compelled, sooner or later, to consent to an armistice, with a view to the arrangement of some terms of accommodation. If the war is to be continued after the summer, it will be necessary to attack Richmond again. It may well be anticipated that, in such a case, the South would again be victorious. She will at least retain veteran troops enough, under her able generals, to defend her capital, while a large proportion of the forces of the North must be distributed in garrison all over the country.

What would be the consequence of another great battle lost in the advance upon Richmond? It appears to us that peace, at a disadvantage, must follow. In short, the alternative would seem to be,—great successes for the North before summer, or soon after summer a cessation of hostilities.

The commercial and money-getting North can worse spare its citizens than the agricultural South. Fighting is more congenial to the temper, the social position, and the habits, of

the men of the South than of the North. The South, too, play for a high stake; victory is their only chance of retaining power, and of securing and extending their gains by means of their peculiar 'institution;' whereas the North, as it now stands, can prosper and expand without the South, better perhaps than with it. The South, besides their natural aptitude for a military life, have the union and the courage of ambitious desperadoes; and in fighting, their present loss is less, whilst their hope is to win all. Besides, the offensive warfare of the North is more costly and difficult than their antagonists' defensive; and when they can no longer sustain an aggressive contest, their game is played out; the sooner peace comes, on good terms, the better.

On the whole, then, we incline to the opinion that, unless the North should, in the interval, win such victories as past experience would not warrant us in expecting, the war will virtually come to an end next autumn. But with two decisive victories and a manifest general to put their faith in, the way to conquest would be plain before the North. If the Lincoln administration has lost supporters, it has also got rid of encumbrances and vacillating counsellors. The accession to the Northern forces of many thousands of Negroes, whose fighting capabilities are now established, should, if well improved, prove a valuable auxiliary. Europe is morally more at one with the North than at any former period. And, with the example of Ireland before our eyes, which we have held and governed in spite of the remonstrances of numberless foreign authorities, and in the face of almost unequalled difficulties, we are by no means prepared to say that an honest Emancipation Government, if in possession of a great general, might not, in the course of the next eighteen months, effectually reduce and restrain the South, until by the diminution of the slavery element, and a wise policy of progressive emancipation, the source of the mutual antagonism of North and South was overcome, and the way prepared for a truly united republic. But, in any case, we hope that we have heard the last of European mediation.

It should be particularly remembered that, even though the North may in all likelihood have to recoil from before Richmond, and to submit to the existence within the former limits of the Union of a slaveholding confederacy, still, whenever peace is concluded, it is likely to be on such terms as to secure to the North an immense preponderance within the former boundaries of the United States, and to hem in the Slave States within narrow and rigid limits; while for the

Free States will be secured unlimited area of expansion, under more favourable conditions, owing to the elimination of the element of slavery, than have ever existed previously. The war will have settled so much as this, that slavery in all the Northern and Western States shall be done away, and no footing be again permitted to it either within sovereign State or wide-spreading Territory. It will have transformed the Residuary Union into a republic untainted by slavery, and united with other free nations in opposition to the slave trade. Such a result we shall consider as more than compensation for all the blood and treasure expended in the war.

*The Spectator* has given a clear and luminous view of the tendency of the war in the direction we have now indicated; and we have satisfaction in supporting our own remarks by the authority of so able and well-informed a journal, a journal of 'large discourse, looking before and after.'

'The North has fought from the first for the Union beyond all, pursuing that end with a zeal which has too often blinded it to the plainest considerations of justice and morals. It has not abandoned that object yet, but it has begun to conceive of failure as among the possibilities, and, consequently, to direct its unrelaxed efforts to ends which, even if the Union be destroyed, may mitigate the resulting calamity. For conquest its only chance is emancipation, which must disintegrate Southern society; but that failing, or proving too slow, the North has in itself the power to enclose the Confederacy with a ring fence of free States.....A little pamphlet just published in England contains a map, showing all men with eyes with what comparative ease this second end may even now be secured. The North is for defensive purposes almost impregnable, and it is only necessary to clear the Mississippi and regain Texas, and the South is reduced at once to the rank of a second-rate power. Without the Mississippi she has no hold over the West, the future home of millions; without Texas, no future of imperial strength or position. Cooped up within boundaries which though wide are less than half her claims, the South must cultivate all that remains of her half-exhausted soil by a labour which of itself exhausts land worse than uninterrupted white crops.....The day slavery ceases to pay, slavery will be styled hellish instead of divine, and the "rights of man" will resume their hold over the minds as well as orators of the South. At all events slavery cannot extend, and the emigrants, as they throng to the West, will all be avowedly free. The task is still a difficult one; but, compared with the subjugation of the South, it becomes a mere bagatelle. Towards the Mississippi, therefore, the Federal Government is directing its strength; keeping the army of the Potomac in position, it is true, but only to prevent the best Southern army from hurrying to the West.....The Mississippi once cleared, the North can rest upon its oars, hem in the South by a



water blockade, covering three sides of the territory, and a land blockade on the fourth; fill up Texas with settlers numerous enough to revolutionise her State laws, and calmly await the day when the South shall accept a peace on the basis of each federation retaining the possessions it actually holds. The South, with every fibre of its society dissolving under the slow operation of the contagion of freedom, must give way, in the end, and sacrifice, for the sake of independence, the dream of a grand slave empire which, extending round the Gulf, should dominate down to the Isthmus.'—*Spectator*, February 14th, 1863.

It is possible that, with such a prospect before it, the South may next autumn refuse peace on the basis of each federation retaining its actual possessions. In such a case, it is unlikely that the North will concede more, and war must be protracted. Should this happen through the obstinacy of the South, it is certain that, even though the North might limit itself by land to maintaining and making good the ground it holds, which it has shown itself able to do with perfect success, its naval superiority would enable it, without any violent effort, to work itself before another summer into a still more commanding relative position.

The war would then be continued in the form of one extended blockade of the Southern States by the North, on three sides by water, and on the fourth by land. The effect of this in the end would be to bring the South to the same position which it would do well to accept at first. The Southern States would include Eastern Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, (supposing the North to retire from its hold of the Eastern coast-line,) Alabama, Mississippi, a small south-eastern portion of Louisiana, and some part of western Tennessee. The landward boundary of the Confederacy would be defined generally by the Alleghany Mountains, the river Tennessee, and the Mississippi. On condition of the South consenting to these boundaries, the North might retire from the positions which it holds upon the Eastern seaboard. The Unionists would hold Arkansas, the chief part of Louisiana, and Texas. They would retain Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, and the whole course of the Mississippi. That slavery so hemmed in by a circle of absolutely free and anti-slavery States must be disintegrated at the borders and die out by degrees in the interior of the slave States, there can be no doubt. It is possible that by such a process its extinction may be more speedily and effectually brought about than in any other way.

In all this we assume that the Unionists can and will make

themselves masters of Vicksburg. They must do this, whatever else they leave undone. Nothing else will content the West. To accomplish this the West and North will work together with indomitable determination; all the resources of the Union by land and by water will be made, if necessary, to converge upon this point. This accomplished, the conquest of all the territory on the right bank of the Mississippi must follow, including the vast region of Texas, which is already partially free soil. And when Vicksburg is reduced, the union of the North and the West will be close and assured.

What has now been sketched is an attainable object; whereas it may well be doubted whether the entire subjugation of all the slave States be an object attainable. It is this conviction, we imagine, which has influenced Messrs. Wendell Phillips and H. Greeley in preparing the mind of the North to accept peace on such terms as may secure the accomplishment of this object. The North is likely to grow weary of the war, and may perhaps throw all up, if the entire restoration of the Union is to continue its one aim. In fact, this hardly could be accomplished, so far as we can at present see, except on condition of the North receiving the South back on terms favourable to slavery. Some Northern men, who before all things cling to the Union as an idol, and who care little or nothing about the unlimited spread of slavery,—all Northern men who are at heart pro-slavery,—would submit to this base and wretched prostration; ignorant or heedless that by so doing their entire Union would be not only humbled, but morally corrupted and debased. But the intelligent leaders of the great Republican party—perhaps also the best of the Democrats themselves,—would endure any sacrifice rather than consent to so fearful a consummation.

Let the North accept the indications of Providence; let it submit to limit its aims to a great attainable good. The sympathy of the world will go with it then. It will be evident that the sharp schooling of the war has taught the Northern people many and most important lessons in a very short time; and that they have thoroughly learnt this above all—that, before all else, it is necessary that the Union should be free soil. We have no fear, if the Union be not restored, of the North unlearning that lesson, or undoing any part of what it has done during the last fifteen months. That acute observer and truthful witness, Mr. Russell,—whose dismissal from the army by the Northern administration was one of its gravest mistakes, whose letters in *The Times* did something to counteract the unfairness of the leading articles in that journal, and

whose 'Diary—North and South,' is full of evidence condemnatory of the Southern cause,—from an early period of the war discerned and showed that, as the struggle proceeded, the contest on the side of the North must become as decidedly anti-slavery in its tendency as on the side of the South it had from the first been avowedly pro-slavery in its purpose. That this has been the case is now undeniable. Slavery has been abolished in the district of Columbia, and thus direct Federal participation—at least territorial participation—in slavery has been done away. It has been decreed that slavery is to be for ever excluded from the territories of the United States. A slave-captain has been hanged at New York as a pirate; a law has thus been enforced which had been allowed to remain altogether inoperative; and an end has been put to all overt Northern participation in slave trading. The North has entered into diplomatic relations with the negro states of Hayti and Liberia. The long-delayed treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade has been consummated. The citizenship of free coloured men has been recognised by the Courts of Law. Lastly, the Government has taken distinct anti-slavery ground, and urged upon the nation and the States a plan of peaceable emancipation with suitable compensation; a policy which is bearing fruit in the adoption by the Slave States now with the North, of resolutions pledging them to the acceptance of the plan proposed.

Moreover, many thousands of slaves have actually been emancipated by the progress of the Northern army; and thousands of Northerners who were either pro-slavery or cared little about the 'Nigger question' have, by military service in the South, been converted into earnest anti-slavery men.

After such results as these, we cannot imagine that the leading minds of the North will ever recede from the anti-slavery position which they have found themselves obliged to assume. The Union in its absolute integrity may have to be let go; but a grand free republic, hemming in the Slave States, will be a much nobler thing than the huge unwieldy Union, cursed, crippled, poisoned, barbarized, and enslaved by slavery.

It is certain that when the war is over, the North must, out of consideration for the West and South-West, consent to repeal or modify the Morrill Tariff. Should it not do this, it will not be possible to establish a hearty union of Free States. It will, indeed, be a problem how to raise the revenue required to pay the interest of the Federal debt. But we need hardly remark that, for revenue purposes, a much lower tariff would

be greatly more productive than the present, which, as to many articles, is virtually prohibitive.

But the South will also have a heavy debt, for the interest of which it must provide. In the South, direct taxation is a very poor resource, and will go no way towards providing the requisite revenue. The South, therefore, will be obliged either to impose an export duty on cotton or import duties on manufactured articles. Those who have gone with the South, under the impression that the South will carry out a free-trade policy, are likely to find themselves painfully mistaken. Meantime, until summer comes, the world must remain in suspense respecting the future of the American war, and the prospects of our own distressed cotton districts. That, on the whole, the visitation of the past year will be overruled for the best interests both of America and of England, we are persuaded. Undoubtedly it has been a retributive visitation; but the retribution has also been in mercy: retribution and mercy, first for the United States, and then for this country. This, however, is a subject on which in this article we must not enter.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

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**Christian Faith: Its Nature, Object, Causes, and Effects.** By John H. Godwin. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1862.

THIS is a remarkable volume. As one of the Congregational Lectures, it may be taken to represent, so far as regards its subject, the views in relation to Christian faith now in the ascendant among divines of the Congregationalist Churches, among the ecclesiastical descendants of Brown and Owen, the theological successors of Doddridge, Williams, and Pye Smith. First, then, so regarded, it is an undisguised abandonment of Calvinism in any form. Not one of the distinctive points of the predestinarian theology is retained; election and the Calvinistic 'doctrines of grace' are expressly renounced. (See pp. 92, 93; also pp. 99-105.) It is not wonderful, therefore, that the work should incur severe condemnation, if it were only upon this account, at the hands of Calvinistic Congregationalists. Their cause is surrendered by one who occupies the place of a rabbi among the ministerial neophytes of their own denomination. We grieve, however, to have further to say that, so far as we can understand, Mr. Godwin altogether gives up the 'doctrines of grace' in their proper sense, and as held by any evangelical community, whether called Calvinistic or Arminian. To our vision his teaching as to the work of faith and regeneration in the heart seems to be nothing beyond the lowest Pelagianism, such Pelagianism as does not so much as 'know whether there be any Holy Ghost.' No place is left for spiritual or supernatural influence in the theology of Mr. Godwin; perhaps it would be more just to say that the doctrine is altogether explained away. Let our readers consider what is the real meaning of the following passages, and what the immediate inference which they warrant.

'Whether the means employed be natural or supernatural, whether the agency be direct or indirect, whether the benefits received be peculiar or general, of all good God is the author, and for all He is to be praised. In giving His Son to be the Saviour of the world, He gave to men a good transcending the constitution and course of nature, and therefore' (mark, *only* 'therefore') 'the light and influence which come from Christ must be supernatural. But the good that is natural and that which is supernatural are alike from God.' (P. 90.) 'God speaks to men by all that He has made, and by all that He does, by their daily joys and sorrows, by the dictates of conscience, showing what is right, and the remorse of

conscience condemning what has been wrong ; by all the good and evil which they behold in the world, and by those hopes and fears which go beyond the limits of time and wander through eternity. He thus speaks to them for their profit, though too often they regard not His voice. But they who hear and learn of Him, as in these ways He gives to men counsel and correction, come to His Son Jesus Christ when they hear His voice..... In whatever ways, under whatever circumstances, by whatever means, men are brought to receive Christ as their Lord and Saviour, it must be their humble and thankful acknowledgment that they were drawn to Him by the Father, and that it was given to them that they should come to Him. According to the language of the Old Testament, whatever is done by God is effected by His Spirit. Therefore, as God does produce in men's minds faith in His Son, it may be said that this faith is always the work of His Spirit.' (Pp. 93, 94.)

'There is one passage in which the gift of the Holy Spirit is represented as the cause of that faith which is the commencement of the Christian course. The conviction of sin, righteousness, and judgment, is declared by our Lord to be the consequence of the coming of the Holy Spirit; and as such convictions are connected with Christian faith, it has been inferred, that where this faith exists there must have been the prior reception' (query, *influence*) 'of the Holy Spirit..... Such apparent inconsistency (?) does not belong to the teaching of our Lord. He speaks of two classes of persons; of one as receiving the Holy Ghost, and of the other as receiving conviction in consequence. The apostles, He said, and others who trusted to Him, would be endowed with His Spirit; and then the world, they who had not yet trusted to Him, would be convinced of their wrong in rejecting Him.' [Surely a most curious and altogether original gloss on John xvi. 7, 8.]..... 'That the faith by which Christians are sustained in that course, is preserved and perfected by the Spirit which they receive, is unquestionably true. But the faith which is the consequence of Christian life, cannot be the faith which is required for its commencement.' (Pp. 95-97.)

'It is clearly taught in Scripture, that they who have trusted in Christ are renewed by the Holy Spirit which they receive from Him. .... This change is more than the coming of the light to those who were in darkness, being a preparation of the mind to receive this light. And as both the change of affection which precedes, [this seems to be in direct contradiction to all that has been quoted and to what follows,] 'and that which follows the higher apprehensions of moral and spiritual objects, are attributed to the Holy Spirit; so those new apprehensions of truth must be regarded as the mark of the same Divine power... The faith which they who come to Christ seek because of the faith with which they first come, this is the operation of the Holy Spirit. But such faith resembles, not the coming of the sick to be healed by the Saviour, but their condition and conduct when restored to health. *They came to Him in*



*the exercise of a power already possessed; and they followed Him in the exercise of the new strength which they received from Him.*' (Pp. 98, 99.)

In these extracts there is much obscurity; some confusion, some contradiction. But when strictly analysed, together with their context, they yield the following principles as their solid residuum: 1. The faith by which men attach themselves to Christ is 'the exercise of a power already possessed' by them, and is exercised altogether apart from the gift of the Spirit promised by Christ. 2. The faith exercised by Christians after they have come to Christ is in some sense 'of the operation of the Holy Ghost,' so far as it rises superior to the faith in which they came; but in a sense which precludes the idea of any special spiritual influence as exercised upon the heart and soul by the second Person of the Godhead. 'According to the language of the Old Testament, whatever is done by God, is effected by His Spirit.' 'Whether the means employed be natural or supernatural, whether the agency be direct or indirect, whether the benefits received be peculiar or general, of all good God is the author, and for all He is to be praised. In giving His Son to be the Saviour of the world, He gave to men a good transcending the constitution and course of nature; and, *therefore*, the light and influence which come from Christ must be supernatural.' *Therefore*, and 'therefore' *only*. The light and influence which come to us through our acceptance of Christ as our Saviour, and our meditation on His doctrine, His life, His death, His reign, may be said to be the work and gift of His Spirit, inasmuch as they are thus derived from His life and influence; they are supernatural in the sense just defined. In this sense Mr. Godwin believes in the supernatural influence and the gift of the Holy Spirit, 'the Spirit of Christ,' and *only* in this sense. Direct spiritual influence is explained away. The faith by which the penitent accepts Christ as His Saviour is not a faith divinely inwrought, is not of the operation of the Holy Ghost; it is the result of moral influence, no doubt, but in no sense of any spiritual energy or inspiration;—it is the result of natural causes. But it matters little whether our salvation results from natural or from supernatural causes or influences; 'the good that is natural and that which is supernatural are alike from God.' And the faith which the confirmed Christian believer exercises is only in this sense supernatural, that it results from habitual intimacy and communion with the example and doctrine of Christ, that is, with 'a good transcending the constitution and course of nature.' Now let our readers weigh the words next to be cited, and which immediately follow the last of the passages quoted above.

'If God be acknowledged as the Author and Giver of every good, and whatever is right in thought and feeling, in purpose and conduct, be attributed to His eternal love and to His gracious power,—if whatever is peculiar to Christians, their new life, with its wisdom and righteousness, and peace and joy, be ascribed to the Saviour, as the result of trusting to Him—and if this be regarded as the

work and manifestation of the Holy Spirit, which He promised to those who would trust in Him—if these truths in which Christians agree, be fully admitted, will there not be found in them whatever can contribute to Christian comfort and improvement? In seeking a further knowledge of the causes of Christian faith, we go beyond the instructions of Scripture, and the lessons of experience,' &c. (Pp. 99, 100.)

In such doctrine as this, we say, there is something much colder than mere Pelagianism; salvation is an affair of metaphysics and self-government, it is the acceptance by the soul of a new idea. When Mr. Godwin speaks in orthodox phrase of the reception of the Holy Spirit by believers, we have already seen that he is very far from meaning that any new spiritual power or life is supernaturally imparted to the believer. Indeed, his teaching on the subject of faith in its relation to 'rightness' or righteousness would necessarily lead to this conclusion. We have seen how distinctly he denies any supernatural character to the faith by which the penitent accepts Christ; and yet this faith, he teaches us, is the principle of all 'rightness,' to use his own undesirable substitute for the excellent word 'righteousness,' with which, as employed in the Scriptures, evangelical believers are so lovingly familiar. No doubt there is some truth in this; all divines of name and fame have so taught; among moderns Wesley has well set forth this truth, and in our own day Vinet has admirably expounded and illustrated in what sense the faith which in accepting Christ renounces works and merit is yet itself a most blessed and acceptable 'work of God.' (John vi. 29.) But, if faith be the principle of righteousness, and yet the result of merely natural causes, in what sense are Christians 'born again' through believing, 'born of God,' 'born of the Spirit?' Mr. Godwin's theology expressly excludes spiritual influence from repentance, and from the penitent's faith in Christ, and really excludes it from the whole life of the Christian. Whereas the true doctrine is, that both repentance and faith are wrought in the believer, through the power and grace of the Holy Ghost.

As might be expected, Mr. Godwin's theology is seriously defective as to the questions of guilt and atonement. The doctrine of imputation in any sense he altogether discards; he unbinds the federal tie equally between Adam and his posterity, and between the Christ and our race. His is a theology without a philosophy, without a system, without coherency; he has abandoned orthodoxy without embracing either neoplatonism, pantheism, or materialism. His doctrine respecting the Holy Ghost seems to us to be scarcely distinguishable from Sabellianism: we will not set down surmises, however probable, respecting his views on other points of doctrine nearly related to this.

Mr. Brewin Grant has indeed accused Mr. Godwin of pantheism; but how any critic could do this with p. 113 in view we cannot understand. It is certain that Mr. Godwin is not a pantheist.

We have read Mr. Godwin's replies to Mr. Hinton's strictures, as

well as those strictures themselves. The reply shows that he can write clearly and somewhat effectively when it is not his business to be obscure: but it does not affect the conclusions we have stated above. We must not, however, close this notice without expressing our indignation at the manner in which Mr. Grant has done his work of dissecting Mr. Godwin. The cleverness, the unfairness, and the unscrupulousness of imputation and language, remind us of an Old Bailey lawyer; but there is something worse than this. He informs us, apparently without any consciousness of wrong-doing or sense of shame, that when he published his first article against Mr. Godwin's work in the *British Standard*, an article in which he strongly condemns the theology of the whole volume, he *had only read the preface*. In this article, also, we may note by the way, he founds an imputation of heresy on the very obvious and undeniable distinction which Mr. Godwin makes between 'Christian faith' and 'the Christian faith.' Further, we wish to observe, that in our judgment it is no part of Mr. Godwin's heterodoxy that he teaches that Christian faith is not a mere belief in any proposition or number of propositions respecting the person and work of Jesus Christ, but a personal trust in Christ as his Saviour, exercised by a truly penitent sinner. Such a faith at the same time implies of necessity a hearty belief in certain propositions respecting Christ's person and work, as Mr. Godwin distinctly and at great length states and explains. As to the nature of some of those propositions, we should probably agree much more with Mr. Grant than with Mr. Godwin. But we are compelled to enter our protest against Mr. Grant's manner of conducting controversy with heterodox brethren.

An Attempt to explain and establish the Doctrine of Justification by Faith only, in Ten Sermons upon the Nature and the Effects of Faith, preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. By James Thomas O'Brien, D.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, and Archbishop King's Divinity Lecturer in the University of Dublin, now Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Second Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THIS is a very different book from Mr. Godwin's. We have risen from its perusal with a high degree of pleasure and satisfaction. No question can, in the nature of things, be more important than that which respects the ground and method of a sinner's justification before God; and amidst the defections from Christian truth which mark the present day, it is refreshing to find a man like Bishop O'Brien, who apprehends the Gospel in its inmost essence, and enforces it with all the energy of profound conviction.

The Discourses contained in this volume were preached about thirty years since, in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin; and were originally published in the year 1833. Although the first

edition was speedily sold, the author delayed the issue of a second, in the hope that a little leisure might enable him to give to the work a more finished and perfect character, and, in particular, to introduce in the *Appendix*, which forms a large and most valuable portion of the volume, everything which it was desirable to bring forward on the several topics referred to. At length it has been again sent forth to the public; though with a frank acknowledgment, that the author has not been able to accomplish all that he desired. But there are few students of Holy Scripture who will not accept it, as it is, with satisfaction and gratitude.

Dr. O'Brien's first Discourse is on *the Nature of Faith*. He points out two errors against which it is necessary to guard;—that of extending the import of the term *faith* so as to make it include obedience to the Divine precepts, and that of restricting it to a mere act of the intellect, assenting, upon sufficient evidence, either to the truth of Christianity in general, or to its specific statements and doctrines in particular. His own view of faith is, that it includes *trust* or *reliance* as a leading and *essential* element. The following passage clearly shows the position which he takes, and which he proceeds to maintain and vindicate by an extended examination of the New Testament. The opening clauses refer to a sentiment which he had just expressed,—that it is not for man to devise schemes of his own for guarding the freeness of the Gospel against abuse, but rather to rest in the assurance that God's honour will be sufficiently maintained by the right use of the safeguards which He Himself has provided for it:—‘Investigating the subject upon sounder principles, in a more patient course, and in a humbler spirit, you, my brethren, will find, I am persuaded, that of the true meaning of FAITH, where we are most concerned to ascertain the meaning of the word, TRUST is an essential and leading constituent; and that the true meaning of *Faith in Christ*, or *in God through Christ*, is not merely or properly belief of the truth of the Scripture narration concerning our Lord; or an assent of the understanding to certain propositions derived from that narrative, however true and however important they may be; but that it is TRUST IN CHRIST, or IN GOD THROUGH CHRIST, founded upon such a belief or assent; an entire and unreserved *confidence* in the efficacy of what Christ has done and suffered for us, a full *reliance* upon Him and upon His work.’ (Pp. 14, 15.)

With such views of the nature of Faith, the author proceeds to inquire, in the second Discourse, into *the Source of Faith and the Repentance which is essential to it*. In this, too, he contends for a great truth, which cannot be too clearly apprehended or too firmly held. He affirms that a Divine influence is necessary to produce and sustain a saving faith in the Lord Jesus. Such a faith, he maintains, must be preceded by conviction of sin, and a lively apprehension of personal guilt and danger; and it must involve an utter renunciation of self-dependence, and a ceasing from all self-righteous strivings. To bring about this state of mind, and then to lead

onward the soul, thus aroused, and humbled, and turned away from self, to the appropriation of Christ's sacrifice; and a calm resting upon it for acceptance with the Father, is the work of the Holy Spirit. With a comprehensiveness of view which does credit to his judgment, Bishop O'Brien would by no means shut out the agency of the Holy Spirit from the production, in many cases, even of an intelligent assent to the Gospel; although, in others, the natural exercise of our faculties might seem sufficient for this: 'but,' he adds, 'whether this influence be thus exerted or not, to enable us to appreciate the evidence for revelation, and to understand its meaning, we do see a necessity for influences from above, to fill our hearts with a genuine desire for salvation, and to enable us, in entire self-renunciation, to trust for it unreservedly to the work of the Redeemer, and to it alone.' (P. 48.)

In the third Discourse, the Bishop enters upon the consideration of *the Nature and the Grounds of Justification*,—a subject which touches the very essence of the Gospel. On this great theme, his views are correct and scriptural. Some of the expressions which he occasionally uses, in speaking of justification, are, perhaps, liable to exception, and might mislead any one who should cursorily look into the volume. We refer, more particularly, to the term '*innocence*,' which, we think, is by no means happily chosen to express the idea which he intends. We find him, for instance, defining justification as 'a judicial act by which the innocence of the person justified is established or declared;' (p. 73;) and affirming, in another place, that 'the justification of man is the judicial declaration of his innocence by God, the Judge of all,—of his innocence with respect to that Divine law to which he is amenable, and by which he is tried.' (P. 96.) But when we read his Discourses throughout, we perceive that he uses the term '*innocence*' to express the ideas of *freedom from condemnation* and *being accounted righteous*; and we meet with another definition of justification which commands our hearty approval:—'*The justification of sinners is a judicial act of Him who is a just God and a Saviour, by which, for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for them, He remits the punishment due to their offences, and accepts them as righteous,—as though they had fulfilled the law which all have violated.*' (P. 98.)

The subject of Justification is one of such transcendent importance, that we may be excused, even in this brief notice, for lingering upon it. It will be readily allowed, we believe, that the term '*justification*' differs from '*pardon*,'—though expressing one and the same act of the Divine mind,—inasmuch as it contains an express reference to God as *the righteous Administrator of law*; but it also differs from it as exhibiting far more clearly and fully *the position of the restored sinner in relation to the Divine government*. Not only is he released from condemnation, set free from the terrible penalty of sin which impended over him; but he is *accounted righteous*, accepted and loved as if he had himself perfectly fulfilled the law.

But the question of greatest importance relates to the *ground* of our justification. This is, as Dr. O'Brien teaches, the perfect righteousness and vicarious sufferings of Him who stood as the Representative of our race, and to whom, upon our coming to Him by faith, we are so united that all that He has done and suffered becomes ours. The Bishop does not attempt to separate the active obedience of the Saviour during His earthly course, from His passive obedience when, as the Substitute of mankind, He yielded up Himself to the extremity of anguish, and to the bitter death of the cross. He properly regards the work of the Redeemer as *one whole*, in which all who believe in Him have a personal and saving interest. And he lays stress, also, on that *relation to Christ* into which faith brings us, thus doing justice to many remarkable statements of the New Testament, the force of which is often overlooked. It is with pleasure that we cite the following passage:—'Above, when we were setting forth the *extent* of justification, we were obliged, in entering into details, sometimes to speak in a way which made it necessary to state that we did not mean that God pardons believers first, and accepts them afterwards, or declares them free from guilt, and possessed of righteousness, by separate judicial acts. And now, again, having stated the *grounds* of justification, there is the same necessity of explaining, that we do not mean to sever the blessed Redeemer's sufferings and His obedience, but to represent both as united in one mediatorial work. That this, beginning with His birth in this world of sin and sorrow, and ending with His death upon the cross of shame, was one work of obedience which His Father gave Him to do. That it comprised satisfaction for man's violations of the written law, and obedience to all the law's demands, and required both, but that it was so above and beyond both, that by it all who are united to Him are saved from punishment, secured from danger, freed from guilt, and fully accepted,—in Him pardoned, and in Him righteous.' (Pp. 88, 89.)

Enough has been said to prepare our readers to expect, that on the subject of the fourth Discourse, *the Connexion between Faith and Justification*, the Bishop's sentiments are thoroughly evangelical. He protests against the error, (Mr. Godwin's error,) that faith is accounted to us for righteousness because it is in itself a right principle, and one which naturally tends to produce obedience to Divine precepts; and he shows, that, while it is the *fit* instrument of our justification, and the seminal principle of holy obedience, it is, notwithstanding, the instrument of our justification, essentially and properly, because it unites us to the Lord Jesus Christ, so that we have an interest in all that He has done and suffered. On this subject there is a beautiful passage which we cannot refrain from quoting:—'God having, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, appointed that we should be pardoned and accepted for the sufferings and for the merits of another, seems most fitly to have appointed, too, that our voluntary acceptance of this His mode of freely forgiving and receiving us, by putting our trust in Him through whom these blessings are to be bestowed upon us, should necessarily precede our full participation



of all the benefits of this gracious scheme, and that nothing else should.....If for our *justification* it be essential, and sufficient, that we be united to Christ,—one with Christ,—*found in Christ*,—does not the act whereby we take Him for our defence against that wrath which we feel that we have earned,—whereby, abjuring all self-dependence, we cast ourselves upon God's free mercies in the Redeemer, with a full sense of our guilt and our danger, but in a full reliance upon the efficacy of all that He has wrought and endured; does not this act, whereby we cleave to Him, and, as far as in us lies, become one with Him, seem the fit act whereunto to annex the full enjoyment of all those inestimable benefits which, however dearly purchased they were by Him who bought them, were designed to be, with respect to us upon whom they are bestowed, emphatically free? With less than this, our part in the procedure would not have been—what it was manifestly designed to be—intelligent and voluntary. With more, it might seem to be meritorious. Whereas *faith* unites all the advantages that we ought to look for in the instrument whereby we were to lay hold on the blessings thus freely offered to us: it makes voluntary recipients of them, and yet does not seem to leave, even to the deceitfulness of our own deceitful hearts, the power of ascribing to ourselves any meritorious share in procuring them.' (Pp. 119-121.)

Our limited space does not permit an extended examination of the remaining Discourses. It must suffice to state, that the fifth is on some *Corruptions* of the doctrine of justification by faith only; the sixth on *Objections* against that doctrine; and the remaining chapters on the *Moral Effects of Faith*. These last embrace a variety of important topics, which the title prefixed to them only imperfectly indicates. The design of the author is to show, that the method of gratuitous justification through faith tends to produce obedience to the Divine precepts; and in doing this, he enters upon many discussions of deep interest. We are pleased to find that, while he speaks much of the *natural* effects of faith, he distinctly recognises the agency of the blessed Spirit in the whole process of man's sanctification, and warns us against the presumption of supposing, that He from whom our spiritual life is derived uses only one instrumentality, 'in His secret workings with the human heart, to raise its affections, to cleanse its corruptions, to restrain, to soften, and to subdue it.' Many of his remarks may be accepted as a beautiful illustration of the principle, that '*the truth*' on which our faith reposes when first we come to the Lord Jesus, and which that faith, in its habitual exercise, vividly apprehends and realises,—the truth which relates to Christ, to the mediatorial scheme, and to the character of God as unfolded by that scheme,—is the *grand instrument of the Holy Spirit in the sanctification of believers*. Nor does he omit to show that *love*, that love by and in which *faith works*,—'the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us,' when we are accepted in Christ,—is the immediate spring and the grand productive power of all evangelical

righteousness. We could have wished that he had distinctly recognised the *direct* witness of the Spirit to the believer's sonship, assigning to this its proper place in the process by which the soul is conformed to the character of God, attracted to every spiritual exercise, and sustained in a course of obedience. Everywhere, indeed, he assumes that the believer has a satisfactory persuasion of his acceptance in the Beloved; and, by implication, he refers this assurance of acceptance, just as he refers the principle of trust in Christ, which in its completed form involves a calm resting upon Christ as ours, to the operation of the Holy Spirit. But, notwithstanding some omissions, and some modes of expression which might, we think, have been changed with advantage, we have read this part of his work with great satisfaction. Bishop O'Brien deserves the thanks of theological students; and we devoutly wish that the truths which he has so clearly set forth may be ever heard from the pulpits of that Church of which he is a distinguished ornament. It is remarkable that while this volume coincides with that of Mr. Godwin in some noteworthy points as to which the anti-Calvinistic Congregationalist is right, wherever the Dissenting professor is at fault, it affords a complete corrective to his errors and supplement to his deficiencies.

**The Reformers; and the Theology of the Reformation.** By the late William Cunningham, D.D., Principal and Professor of Church History, New College, Edinburgh. Edited by his Literary Executors. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1862.

THIS work is not strictly posthumous. According to the explanation given by the editors, it is chiefly made up of articles originally contributed by Dr. Cunningham to the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*; but the substance had for some time previously been embodied in 'a series of carefully-prepared lectures, delivered to his class, on the leading Reformers, and the character of their theology.' The lectures were eventually completed by the lamented author for publication in a connected and consecutive form, and they are described by the editor as exhibiting 'a full and systematic view of the leading agents, and of the spiritual principles, of that great theological and ecclesiastical movement in the sixteenth century, which constitutes the greatest event in the history of the Church of Christ since the apostolic age, and which has bequeathed to us, in the present day, both our Church creeds and our Church polity.'

The scope of them may be gathered from the titles they bear:—**The Leaders of the Reformation; Luther; the Reformers, and the Doctrine of Assurance; Melancthon, and the Theology of the Church of England; Zwingle, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments; John Calvin; Calvin and Beza; Calvinism and Arminianism; Calvinism, and the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; Calvinism, and its practical Application; the Reformers, and the Lessons from their History.** The plan of combining a historical review of the personal

leaders of the Reformation with discussion of the fundamental truths and principles of that great crisis is a happy one. A life-like charm pervades the volume in consequence, and imparts freshness and interest to what would otherwise be the most wearisome of all theological arguments.

The first section of Dr. Cunningham's book is directed against the work of Dr. Tulloch on the same subject, and is a dignified and searching rebuke of the vague, flippant generalities by which that writer has sought to throw discredit, not only on the views and learning of the Reformers, but on all definite and evangelical theology. Dr. Tulloch writes on these subjects in the loose and unsatisfactory style of the self-called 'literature of progress.' He sets small store by 'creeds' and 'confessions,' and the cloven foot of the negative faith peeps out continually from his pages. Dr. Cunningham defends the Reformers and the cause of evangelical truth in general right manfully against this whole school of religionists.

In the chapter on Luther our author undertakes the defence of the great Reformer, and of Archdeacon Hare's celebrated vindication of him against the attacks of Sir William Hamilton in the *Edinburgh Review*; he also crosses weapons with the same great antagonist in that on 'the Reformers and the Doctrine of Assurance.' We have read both these chapters with painful and affecting interest. Hare, Hamilton, and Cunningham have all passed away, since they were written, from the arena of theological combat. Death makes strange work with us and our controversies. And what a lesson on the tone and temper of theological discussion is read to us by Dr. Cunningham's own note on Hamilton's death! That event occurred between the publication of these two chapters in the *Review*, and was thus noticed:—'The knowledge, if we had possessed it, that he was to die so soon, would have assuredly modified somewhat the tone in which the discussion was conducted,—would have shut out something of its lightness and severity, and imparted to it more of solemnity and tenderness; and the knowledge which we did possess, that he, as well as ourselves, was liable every day to be called out of this world and summoned into God's presence, *ought* to have produced this result.' A confession like this is eminently creditable to the writer's heart.

Dr. Cunningham's defence of Luther is triumphant and unanswerable. And it is the more valuable because of its discrimination and impartiality. The writer is not blind to the defects of that great, strong, rough, impulsive, reckless German nature; but he conclusively establishes the magnanimity and loyalty of Luther, and his sincere and humble piety, against the attacks of his malignant enemies, attacks which have been too readily endorsed by indifferentists, and feeble and compromising theologians.

The writer shows, too, that Sir William Hamilton has greatly mistaken the Reformed doctrine of Personal Assurance. That philosopher represents assurance as, in the opinion of the Reformed Churches, an essential part of saving faith. Dr. Cunningham proves, on

the contrary, both from the confessions of the Churches of the Reformation, and from the writings of the leading Reformers, that, in their opinion, 'this assurance was not the proper act of justifying and saving faith, and did not belong to its essence;.... that it was a result or consequence of faith, posterior to it in the order of nature, and frequently also of time.' Regarded as an exposure of Sir William Hamilton's historical inaccuracies, this chapter is complete; but, as an exhibition of the scriptural doctrine of assurance, it is seriously defective. It not only encumbers the doctrine by adding the assurance of final salvation to that of present forgiveness,—a mistake common to all Calvinists, and full both of embarrassment to timid consciences, and of peril to the interests of practical religion,—but it almost puts out of sight that direct and blessed witness of the Spirit to the believer's acceptance which is so prominent a feature of the experimental theology of the Bible, and without which the Christian life must be one of distressing uncertainty and doubt.

The article on Melancthon is an elaborate and not very successful attempt to prove the Calvinism of Church of England theology. That on Zwingle is a most interesting and able *résumé* of the sacramentarian controversy. Calvin and Beza, as might be expected, receive ample justice at our author's hands; and the valuable information and skilful argument which the papers on these illustrious men contain, will well repay whatever attention his readers may bestow upon them.

The chapters expressly devoted to the 'quinqparticular controversy,' though very skilful and able, contain nothing positively new or striking; nothing that has not been repeatedly advanced, and as we think conclusively refuted. We do not even except certain positions assumed by Dr. Cunningham with reference to his opponents in argument. He is very fond of classing Papists, Socinians, and Arminians together, as the common enemies of catholic truth. This is unfair, though we do not believe the author means it unfairly. We protest, likewise, against the assumption, that dislike of Calvinism arises, somehow or other, from its antagonism to the unregenerate instincts of our nature. Many of the adversaries of the predestinarian theory have been among the choicest of 'the excellent of the earth;' and they ought not to be relegated to the category of the world in this summary manner. Our author, too, misrepresents the Arminian method of controversy, when he says, that they—the Arminians—'scarcely allege that there are any scriptural statements which *directly and explicitly* either assert Arminianism, or contradict Calvinistic doctrines. The defence of Arminianism, and the opposition to Calvinism, are based chiefly upon inferences or deductions from Scripture statements; and statements, too, it is important to remark, which do not bear directly and immediately upon the precise points controverted.' This dictum is repeated, and variously elaborated by our author. Our conviction is that the tables might be truly and honestly turned upon him: we content ourselves, however, with meeting one assertion by another, and maintaining that, especially in

the Wesleyan defences of Arminianism, the method pursued is precisely the opposite of that of which Dr. Cunningham accuses Arminian writers. Where are more direct appeals to the plain text of Scripture to be met with than in Wesley's, Fletcher's, and Watson's arguments against Calvinism? And where will you see more desperate and futile attempts to explain that text away, than in the replies of their opponents? Especially, to what else but the numerous scriptural declarations of the universality of God's grace and of Christ's atonement do Arminians appeal against the dogmas of unconditional election and reprobation, and of the arbitrary limitation of the benefits of the Redeemer's sacrifice?

Dr. Cunningham is very indignant that Arminians, in arguing the question of predestination, give such prominence to its correlatives. He contends that, in fairness and right reason, the evidence for unconditional election should be examined thoroughly in the first place; and that, if this be made out, unconditional reprobation should be accepted silently, and as nothing more than a necessary logical inference. With great deference, we suggest that this is asking our antagonist to select our weapons for us. We prefer choosing our own. We contend that the very question at issue is whether Scripture reveals such a doctrine of election as involves in the very substance of it the arbitrary reprobation or preterition of any man, or number of men. We say it does not; we say such a reprobation or preterition is contradicted both by the whole tenor of the Bible, and by a vast array of texts which emphatically declare the Divine willingness that all men shall be saved, and which attribute men's destruction unequivocally and solely to their wilful rejection of mercy that would fain embrace the whole world. But our space is exhausted, as the controversy itself was long ago. In spite of its intense Calvinism, this is a very noteworthy book. Peace to the memory of the writer, and to that of the many good men with whom, in these pages, he is at war!

**Historical Theology. A Review of the Principal Doctrinal Discussions in the Christian Church since the Apostolic Age.** By the late William Cunningham, D.D. Two Vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1863.

A GREAT light went out in the Free Church of Scotland, when Dr. Cunningham was prematurely gathered to his fathers. He was a leader in debate at the time of the ever-memorable disruption; and he long enjoyed a high and well-earned reputation, both within and beyond his own land, as one of the acutest divines and most fearless and athletic theological controversialists of his age.

His lectures on ecclesiastical history, as here published by his literary executors, Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Bannerman, will subtract nothing from the estimation in which he was held as a Christian thinker and logician; and it will be discreditable to the evangelical Churches of Great Britain, even in these days of many books, if they

fail to command the attention of a large circle of readers. The best friends of Dr. Cunningham would not care to claim for him much original genius; and there are no portents of creative mind in these volumes to astonish the wise or the unwise. The author affects neither magnificence nor subtlety of sentiment; and those who deem it labour lost to hear any less master than a Bacon or Milton will do wisely to go elsewhere for their reading. We would also strongly advise all word-fanciers, all pedants, all devotees of the negative theology, and all bigots, to beware of Dr. Cunningham. His style is plain, not to say rough and ungainly. He quotes Latin occasionally, and is evidently well read in Greek ecclesiastical literature, but betrays no familiarity with German. He talks in old-world phrase of guilt, and justification, and assurance, and the like, as if he really believed these terms all stood for something; and he has the hardihood throughout to assume and uphold the proper inspiration of the Bible. And though he fights heroically for the dogmas commonly known as Calvinistic, he is singularly fair on the whole towards his opponents, and in no case lowers the dignity of his argument by indulging in abuse either of men or systems. Devout and thoughtful students of the history of Christianity will find much to admire and profit by in Dr. Cunningham's manly, forcible treatment of his topic. For healthy Christian tone; for clear-eyed, well-balanced judgment; for acuteness in seizing the point of a question, and skill and adroitness in exhibiting it; for massive, trenchant argumentation, urging its way with much regard, indeed, to great principles, but in utter oblivion and scorn of factitious sensibilities; it would be hard to name a recent book of the class to which the present lectures belong, that would not suffer by comparison with them.

The editor's preface very well states the general character and scope of the lectures. They do not attempt to sweep the field of Church history. They are not even a series of literary pictures drawn to illustrate the successive stages of internal or external life, through which European Christianity has passed on its way to what it now is. Dr. Cunningham's aim is theological and practical. He limits his inquiries for the most part to those great discussions on doctrine and economics, by which, in the providence of God, the Church at various epochs has been led to define to itself the true and full meaning of the New Testament revelation; and, from a formal, critical review of these discussions, he seeks to exhibit 'that sifting and winnowing process, through which not only truth has been separated from error, but what is essential and non-essential in the truth itself has been distinguished and put apart.' It was here that Dr. Cunningham found the chief value of ecclesiastical history as a branch of modern Christian culture; and the ultimate object of his lectures is to illustrate and enforce the teachings of these momentous catholic controversies.

In pursuance of his design, the author first argues the proper nature of the Church of Christ as determined by Holy Scripture, together with the marks by which it may be known, the functions and prerogatives which belong to it under the promises of



the Gospel, and the different theories of the Church's history, particularly as laid down by Romanists on the one side, and Protestants on the other. In connexion with this wide subject he discusses at length, and with great argumentative vigour, the facts recorded by St. Luke respecting the so-called 'Council of Jerusalem,' and endeavours to exhibit their bearing on the difficult questions of the rule of Church power, the authority of Church officers, the constitution of Church courts, and other points akin to them. Lectures on the Apostles' Creed, to which Dr. Cunningham would assign a lower historical value than we are prepared to attribute to it, on the writings—scarcely less precious for their weakness than their worth—known as those of the Apostolical Fathers, and on the heresies of the apostolic age, prepare the way for an extended survey of the history of the Church during the first three centuries of our era. Here, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Cyprian are subjected in succession to the author's large-minded but searching criticism; and the period is made to hold up its light to the doctrines of grace, the sufficiency of Scripture, the practice of idolatry, the supremacy of Rome, and other great matters of Christian doctrine and controversy. The large space allotted to the question of Church government is in keeping with the strongly Scottish character of the lectures throughout; and though we do not countersign Dr. Cunningham's anti-prelative arguments without sundry demurs and qualifications, there is no part of the work in which his candour and intellectual grasp show to greater advantage. The last topic belonging to the first three centuries, discussed by our author, is the doctrine of the Trinity; and by this we pass to those great debates on the person of Christ, on grace and free-will, and on the worship of saints and images, which enter so largely into the ecclesiastical history of the two or three hundred years next after. The Church and State struggle of the space between Constantine and Gregory furnishes occasion for an elaborate investigation of the Voluntary, Erastian, and Popish principles of Church government; and here, as might be expected, Dr. Cunningham's powers come into full play, and his logic, if it is not always merciful, is usually of the kind which admits of being dealt with only by submission. Following the discussions now named, the reader will find a valuable chain of lectures on the Scholastic Theology, the Canon Law, the Waldenses and other Witnesses for the Truth in the Middle Ages, the Church at the Era of the Reformation, and the Council of Trent; and so will come upon the ground occupied by the Reformers in their mortal conflict with Rome, and upon the troubled arena of the later Socinian, Calvinistic, and Arminian controversies. Some part of Dr. Cunningham's first volume, and nearly the whole of the second, are devoted to the questions about which these fierce wrestlings between truth and error gathered. We cannot present the scheme under which the author treats them even in outline. Suffice it to say, that on the subject of the Fall in its manifold phases and applications, on the perplexed and perplexing

Doctrine of the Human Will, on the Nature and Method of Justification, on the Sacraments, on the Person and Atonement of Christ, viewed especially with reference to the Socinian heresy and to the opinions with which the names of Geneva and Dort are associated for all time, as well as on certain other topics bound up with these or in some way pendent to them, the author puts forth his whole strength, and discusses them point by point, with a straightforwardness, a clearness, a muscular firmness and energy, and a completeness and exhaustiveness of argument, such as are seldom met with together in modern theological writing.

On one great question, we think, Dr. Cunningham's dialectics outrun his philosophy. He allows that Arminian views of Christ's work have an appearance of scriptural authority, and that some Arminians, particularly the Wesleyan Methodists, altogether repudiate the Pelagianism towards which their system verges on one of its sides; but he is never weary of dwelling on the logical incongruities of the anti-Calvinistic creed, and says in so many words, 'Pelagian Arminianism is more consistent with itself than Arminianism in its more evangelical forms. Socinianism, indeed, is more consistent than either of them.' We entirely agree with him. Only we go further, and contend, that whatever the weakness of evangelical Arminianism may be in respect to logic, it is much more than matched by the uncalvinistic Calvinism which, like that of Dr. Cunningham, does not affirm bound-will and absolute reprobation. And in philosophy, we maintain that this same illogical Arminianism of the Methodists is the only doctrine that will bear a moment's scrutiny, and that Scripture, history, and consciousness agree to endorse the paradox which it involves as a most certain and absolute verity. On the last occasion on which Dr. Chalmers delivered his course of Theological Lectures, he publicly expressed his conviction, that Calvinists 'must even give up the ninth of Romans to the Arminians;' and Dr. Cunningham's old antagonist, Sir William Hamilton, only a few days before his death, pronounced it as his deliberate judgment, that Arminian views of Scripture and the Gospel alone would abide the test of true science. We subscribe to these opinions, and so far at least are at issue with the sentiments so ably stated and argued by our author.

*Historical Theology* is a noble book. There is little that is new in it for practised divines. But there is much which even readers of this class will be glad to see taking the definite, living forms which mould themselves beneath the hands of Dr. Cunningham. At the same time, the general student of Scripture and Church history will find in the lectures a storehouse of suggestive fact and argument on which he may draw without fear that its treasures will soon fail. The godly dead are not dead who speak in the tone and with the force of this master of Christian thought; and we can desire little better for the theology whether of our own or of succeeding times than that it shall be conceived in the spirit and possess the nerve and robustness which distinguish the doctrinal teaching of these powerful volumes.

Sermons by the late Rev. Samuel Jackson ; with a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Jackson. London : Mason. 1863.

THE author of these Sermons was a Wesleyan minister, recently deceased. Out of his own community he was little known ; and within it, though he held its highest offices, and was for many years one of its great powers, he was never overrated, not unfrequently was altogether misunderstood and misjudged. He was one of the men at whose gravesides Churches wake up to the consciousness that they are no longer themselves. A stranger might have thought Mr. Jackson's aspect stern, and his bearing hard and rugged. He had, in fact, the gentleness of a child, joined with sensibilities as exquisite as those of woman. He was shy, reserved, and taciturn ; but he was removed to the uttermost from self-absorption, moodiness, and misanthropy. He did not affect to be learned or brilliantly endowed ; yet his powers of mind were robust and well-knit above most men's, and he cultivated them with eminent conscientiousness, and, as these Sermons and his other writings, both didactic and polemical, testify, with ample success. A sparkle of rich humour played perpetually over the depths of his thought and feeling ; and, if occasion required, he could wield a satire which was the dread of all who either felt or witnessed its power. Slow in forming his judgments, but resolute in adhering to them ; of marvellous perseverance and iron will ; with a soul in which selfishness had no place, and which yearned with a consuming earnestness to do good to others, he lived a life of personal sanctity and ministerial laboriousness, such as religious sentimentalism sometimes dreams of when its dreams are golden. Two of the most important movements of modern Methodism owe their existence to Mr. Jackson. It was he who gave the first great impulse to the question of day-school education, now so emphatically taken up by this body of Christians ; and to him alone must be attributed the awakening among them of that religious jealousy for the younger members of their societies and congregations, which of late has so much elevated their system of Sunday-school instruction, and has thrown the hedge of a more direct ministerial oversight and training around multitudes of their youth, who might otherwise have passed unguarded through the perils that precede adult age. For some years before his death, concern for the spiritual welfare of the young became a passion with Mr. Jackson ; he wrote and spoke of little besides ; and the valuable memorial of him, which his venerable brother has prefixed to this volume, contains touching evidence that his last moments were consecrated by thoughts devoted to this great theme. We need add little respecting the Sermons. They reflect alike the moral and the intellectual excellencies of Mr. Jackson's character. Of flippancy, glitter, affectation, there is never the faintest trace. They are the product of a mind that never did its work by proxy, and that scorned as much as it feared to resort to rhetorical manœuvres for securing holy ends. Plain in language, masculine in sentiment, abounding in simple but forcible illustra-

tion, mighty in their practical appeals, imbued throughout with the spirit of a profound and fervent reverence, they belong to a noble type of preaching, and should be read by all young ministers who aspire to the proper dignity of their office as ambassadors for Christ.

**The Cassiterides : An Inquiry into the Commercial Operations of the Phœnicians in Western Europe, with particular Reference to the British Tin Trade.** By George Smith, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. London: Longmans. 1863.

THE public is indebted for this little book to some provocation which we gave in our article on Cornwall last October. We venture to say that this will prove to be one of the most successful of Dr. Smith's publications. It is clear, able, and most interesting; and it is a complete compendium of information on the subjects to which it relates. Following Sir G. C. Lewis, and also adopting to a considerable extent the conclusions of Mr. W. D. Cooley, we expressed our opinion that 'the cherished tradition that the Phœnicians traded direct to Cornwall in ships' would 'not endure searching criticism.' This has called forth the veteran antiquarian and historiographer, Cornishman as he is, and enthusiastic in his love for all ancient lore which relates to the race and fortunes of his own county. We doubt still whether he has fully made out the whole case for which he contends; but we admit that he has well answered several of the arguments of the sceptical critics; moreover, with a rare generosity, he has omitted to point out, whilst he has corrected, an historical slip of our own, of which a small man might have made some capital.

In opposition to Mr. Cooley, Dr. Smith has proved that all the evidence goes to show that tin in the earliest times came not from the East, but from the West. The evidence of Arrian, (author of the *Periplus*,) relied on by Mr. Cooley, turns out to be distinctly in opposition to his conclusion. We will not say that Dr. Smith has demonstrated the negative conclusion, that no tin whatever either did or could come from the far East to Western Asia in the earliest times; but he has certainly proved, as we think, not only that there is no evidence whatever that it did come from the East, but that there are very grave difficulties in supposing that it could so come. Dr. Smith has also shown that tin must have somehow come from Britain, ages before the Phœceans founded their colony at Marseilles; and therefore that the overland traffic, *viâ* Marseilles, could not have supplied Europe with tin during the early centuries of commercial enterprise.

Nevertheless, there remain, as we have said, serious difficulties in the way of adopting to their full extent Dr. Smith's conclusions. He reminds us that 'tin was found among the spoils of the Midianites in the days of Moses,' (p. 2,) *i. e.*, according to the chronology which he adopts, about 1600 years before Christ. At that time Gades was not founded. The date of the foundation of this great Phœnician colony Dr. Smith agrees with Kenrick in placing 'in the

twelfth century before Christ,' or, as he says in other words, 'about or soon after B.C. 1200.' It is at Gades, following Strabo and other ancient authorities, that he places the great 'Phœnician tin-market,' (P. 45.) How then was tin obtained during the four or five centuries which preceded the founding of Gades, and also during the years which we may presume to have intervened between its founding and its establishment as the emporium of the direct trade in British tin? Dr. Smith, indeed, pressed, we suppose, by this difficulty, 'places the Phœnician tin-market at Gades for several centuries before 1100 B.C., when it may be regarded as in great prosperity.' (P. 45.) But this position is evidently inconsistent with the distinct, repeated, and well-supported statement in the preceding page, that Gades was founded certainly not earlier than 1200 B.C., probably somewhat later. The final 'conclusion' arrived at by the learned author is, 'that between B.C. 1500 and B.C. 1200 the Phœnicians sailed into the Atlantic, discovered the mineral fields of Spain and Britain, and enjoyed a monopoly of this commerce for several centuries, trading directly with both countries. That afterwards, as the power of successive nations rose and waned, this traffic was shared by the Greeks, Carthaginians, Gaditani, Massiliots, and others; and when the world was subjected to the sway of Rome, the general course of the tin-trade was that indicated by Diodorus, namely, from Ictis' [Mount's Bay] 'to the French coast, and thence overland to Marseilles.' (P. 150.) It is a bold conclusion that Sidonian mariners, fifteen hundred years before Christ, traded direct by sea to Spain and Britain. But Dr. Smith will perceive that it is needful for him to be yet bolder, if the tin in the spoils of the Midianites came from Britain by sea. He must be prepared to maintain that in the seventeenth century before Christ Sidonian ships sailed, by a coasting voyage, to the shores of Cornwall. Is it not easier to believe that, although the precise overland route may not be discoverable, the British tin was brought overland to some part of the Mediterranean, than that such a voyage as this could in such early times be performed? We know that an immense amount of overland traffic was carried on in the most ancient time, by routes which crossed mountains, deserts, and whole continents. We know that amber was brought overland from the regions of the Baltic Sea to southern Europe. Dr. Smith himself says, 'We fully agree with Dr. Vincent, that in the earliest times traffic was chiefly conducted by overland routes.'

Dr. Smith has proved that the overland route cannot in the earliest times, or for many centuries, have been by way of Marseilles. We are not, however, quite convinced that this route did not come into use until the age of Augustus. We confess that the *argumentum e silentio*, founded on Julius Cæsar's reference to Britain and its tin, does not appear to us to be conclusive. We might just as fairly argue, from his silence respecting any trade carried on by sea with Britain, that there was no such trade. In fact, seeing that the Gaditani received the Roman franchise from Julius Cæsar, and were still a powerful and enterprising commercial and maritime population, a plausible argument might be set up as to the impossibility of his

passing over, in the composition of his Commentaries, such a fact as their long established commerce with Britain. All such arguments, however, are exceedingly precarious.

We must add that to us it seems very hard of belief that the flourishing and settled overland commerce between Marseilles and Britain, of which Diodorus bears explicit testimony as existing in his day, could have grown up to its full dimensions within the brief half century between the writing of the Commentaries and the composition of his history by Diodorus.

We were content, in our article on Cornwall, to refer generally to Mr. Cooley and to Sir G. C. Lewis as authorities from whom we had learnt to doubt as to the 'cherished tradition' which Dr. Smith defends. The names of these gentlemen stand deservedly high, and their authority is sufficient to protect us from any imputation of presumption in inclining to their opinions. Mr. Cooley's conclusion respecting the Cassiterides, which Dr. Smith ably criticizes, although not destitute of plausibility, we felt unable to adopt, and expressed our acceptance of the same view which Dr. Smith upholds. To go into the discussion of this antiquarian problem was quite beside our purpose in writing the article on Cornwall. We therefore do not conceive that there is any reason to reprove us for not having given more than 'an uninstructional expression of scepticism,—a barren declaration of disbelief.' Dr. Smith's book has led us to re-examine the subject. How far we are convinced, we have shown: and also how far we remain unconvinced. Whilst heartily thanking Dr. Smith for his book, and for the instruction and the pleasure we have derived from its perusal, we fear that we still halt considerably short of Dr. Smith's position, and not greatly in advance of that of Sir G. C. Lewis.

**The Gospel in the Miracles of Christ.** By the Rev. Richard Travers Smith, M.A., Chaplain of St. Stephen's, Dublin. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE writer of the work before us has developed, in a clear and beautiful manner, the peculiar character and design of our Lord's miracles. While he regards them as intended to arrest the attention of men, and to form, in every age, an evidence of the validity of the Saviour's claims; he views them also as intended partially and gradually to instruct those who witnessed them in the nature of the salvation which Christ should bestow,—a salvation that was to be intimately connected with His own person. This instruction would be apprehended by different minds with different degrees of clearness, according to their moral state and spiritual susceptibility. To the devout and earnest the miracles would be richly suggestive. They would often turn to them, and ponder them, so as to gain clearer views of Him in whose mysterious person and work the hope of man centred. Nor was this all. Many of the miracles, as the author of this work shows, were pledges of a salvation which should meet all the necessities of man, and ultimately bring about the glorifica-



tion of his entire nature, thus removing the last traces of the ruin which has come with sin. In illustration of this point, the accomplished writer selects several of the miracles, pointing out their deep significance, and tracing, often with exquisite taste and great power, the lessons which it suggests. It is a work deserving of careful study; and, without concurring in every sentiment, we recommend it as shedding a valuable light on many parts of our Lord's earthly course, and as illustrating the adaptation of the benefits which He confers to the deepest wants of mankind.

**The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D., sometime President of Magdalen College, Oxford, &c. Vol. V. 8vo. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1863.**

SIX books 'Of Christ the Mediator,' four single sermons, and three on the first verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews, make up the contents of this rich and edifying volume. No sincere Christian can read it without pleasure and profit, though Calvinists will undoubtedly find more of both than Arminians can hope for. In some things which we find we are compelled to believe that the author has shown himself wise 'above what is written.' But we may well wait for the determination of some high questions till we see more clearly than now, and in the mean time bear with one another as best we can.

**The Book of Praise: from the Best English Hymn Writers; selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1862.**

THIS is one of the 'Golden Treasury' series,—of which some half dozen volumes have already been published,—and is in every respect worthy of the editor and of the publishers. It is beautifully printed and got up,—a book to please the eye, the mind, and the heart. The editor's canon of selection is good, and has been, in the main, well observed. 'A good hymn,' he says, 'should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial. Its language may be homely; but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation or visible artifice is worse than excess of homeliness: a hymn is easily spoiled by a single falsetto note. Nor will the most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggerel, or redeem from failure a prosaic didactic style.' It may be wondered that, with such an accurate idea of what a hymn ought to be, the editor of this volume should have made more selections from Dr. Watts than from any other hymn-writer. There are no less than forty-one of Dr. Watts's hymns in the volume, while of Charles Wesley's there are but twenty-seven. This, however, may probably be accounted for on the ground that the hymns of Dr. Watts are more adapted to the editor's arrangement of subjects than those of Charles Wesley, which are less general and more experimental.

'Christopher North : ' a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Two Vols. Edinburgh : Edmonston and Douglas. 1862.

It was the wish of Queen Katharine to have, after her death, 'no other herald, no other speaker of her living actions,' 'but such an honest chronicler as Griffith.' In like manner, public men of our day will be tempted to desire that their 'honour' may be 'kept from corruption' by the gentle pen of some fair North Briton. It is but lately that the attention of our readers was directed to Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful Life of Edward Irving; in which, with the ability of a practised writer, and the special tact of a lady, the strong points of that eccentric divine are brought out so brightly, and his follies are so tenderly shaded off, that he stands forth, for a time, rather as a sublime hero and martyr than as the weak-headed (though good-hearted) rhapsodist that he really was. And now the volumes before us show equal powers,—employed, we think, to better purpose. It is sometimes held that a man's biography should by no means be written by one of his own family, lest the partiality of affection should so tone down as to obliterate his characteristic features, and render the record of his virtues hopelessly insipid. But Mrs. Gordon's book is a victorious appeal against this narrow canon. She vindicates her father's fame without hiding his whims or failings; and throughout there runs such a happy combination of true affection, and of free-spoken yet appreciative criticism, as at once justifies her in having undertaken the delicate task, and stamps her as a worthy daughter of the great Professor.

John Wilson was born at Paisley, on the 18th of May, 1785; his father being a worthy man who had realised considerable wealth by the manufacture of gauze; and his mother—to whose sole care he was soon to be committed—a lady of remarkable beauty and spirit. His boyhood passed pleasantly away in field sports, fishing, and study; leaving on his memory the impress of joyous scenes which in after years he loved to sketch in his *Recreations* and elsewhere. When twelve years old, he was summoned home from the happy manse of Mearns, to see his father die; and swooned away at his grave, overwhelmed by that passionate emotion, which, alike with robustness of frame, was already one of his distinguishing attributes. Soon afterwards he entered at Glasgow University; where he not only enjoyed the public instructions of Professors Jardine and Young, but had the good fortune to reside with the former, and to benefit by his fatherly counsels. In 1801, Wilson began to keep a journal, which chronicles for a few months his outlay, studies, foot-races, &c.; and in which the transitions are abrupt and amusing;—an order for buckskin breeches being closely followed by a memorandum of a syllogism, and his cosmopolite purchases embracing 'excellent' barley-sugar, *The Rambler*, and *Foot's Works*. Before leaving Glasgow University, he addressed a long letter to Wordsworth,—

remarkable as the production of a youth of seventeen, and, by the discriminating criticism which moderates his glowing admiration, giving promise of the ability which was to place him at the head of the poetic reviewers of his day.

In 1803, Wilson left Glasgow for Magdalen College, Oxford; where he spent those important years when the boy is developing into the man, and the character is formed for life. That his residence at this great University was of benefit to him, we do not doubt. He there entered with hearty zest into the pleasant society of young English gentlemen and scholars; numbering among his more intimate friends Reginald Heber, Home Drummond, Gaisford, and Charles Burney. His career at Oxford was brilliant; for, without devoting any great amount of time to his studies, he passed his examinations with *éclat*, and left behind him a reputation which would prepare his fellow-students to hear of his eminence in other spheres of intellectual labour. On the other hand, Wilson suffered from that bias to dissipation which, acting as the Oxford law of gravitation, has precipitated to utter ruin so many young men of promise. We do not believe that, even for a time, he plunged into the depths of profligacy: but his prowess as a pugilist, his passion for cock-fighting, the iron make of his frame, and the hardness of his head, led him recklessly to tax his bodily endurance by frolics and revels which often superseded sleep entirely. So he alternated between the heights of Parnassus and the depths of the cockpit; and was a gladiator whose arms glittered in the brilliant arena of the debating club, and within the dusty margin of the prize ring. We find him, tall and sturdy gymnast that he was, leaping twenty-three feet on a dead level,—walking fifty-eight miles (from Grosvenor Square to Oxford) in nine hours,—rebutting the proctor, in a midnight street-row, by gravely reciting Pope's *Essay on Man*; and we are led to the conviction that if John Wilson had been born heir to a beggar's wallet, instead of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, he would still have won his way to fame as the burliest boxer or nimblest leaper of the time. But his intellectual powers were no whit inferior to his bodily; and while his various escapades were but the joyous overflow of his exuberant animal spirits and vigour, he seems, from time to time, to have been smitten down with the conviction that he was trifling away time and talents given to him for higher ends. We take this to be a better solution of his fits of melancholy than the lame love-passages which Mrs. Gordon sets forth as forming an episode in his life, but of which the story is so mysteriously incomplete as to be ridiculous. It would have been better to omit altogether the sentimental allusions to the 'orphan maid,' than to have ended them by leaving us in doubt whether *she* would have nothing to do with him, or whether *he*—a self-willed, honourable, rich young man—terminated a seven years' courtship of a beautiful girl by jilting her, on the pretext that the match would kill his mother. We refuse to believe this of Wilson: and if his daughter, through lapse of years, could not recover the clue to this tangle, she would have shown more filial reverence by omitting it from her pages, than by winding up a chapter with this

most sensible sentence: 'We know not how they parted; but this we may imagine, that "they caught up the whole of love and uttered it," and bade adieu for ever.' The plain English of which would seem to be, that they were heartily tired of each other's nonsense.

Wilson left Oxford in 1807; and, being free to settle where he pleased, made a true poetic choice in the purchase of Elleray,—a picturesque estate on the banks of Windermere. Here he was happy alike in the scenery and in the society, being within easy reach of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Lloyd. De Quincey, too, soon crossed his path, and became one of his intimates and co-pedestrians; and to him we owe the best description of Wilson in his early manhood. How thoroughly the latter enjoyed the beautiful landscape, and how deeply, while walking, sailing, or angling, each feature of wood and water engraved itself on his soul, his after-writings bear witness. Amongst other poetic eccentricities, he had a fondness for rambling at midnight on the mountains, to enjoy the soothing influence of the season and the solitude upon his hot blood. Under such circumstances he composed some lines entitled, *Midnight Adoration*, now first given to the public. We quote a portion of this fine poem, in which may be traced an expression or two which afterwards became familiar to the world in Wilson's exquisite sonnet, 'A Cloud lay cradled near the setting Sun:—

'I sunk in silent worship on my knees,  
While night's unnumber'd planets roll'd afar;  
Blest moment for a contrite heart to seize—  
Forgiving love shone forth in every star!  
The mighty moon my pensive soul subdued  
With sorrow, tranquil as her cloudless ray,  
Mellowing the transport of her loftiest mood  
With conscious glimmerings of immortal day.  
I felt with pain that life's perturbed wave  
Had dimm'd the blaze to sinless spirits given;  
But saw with joy, reposing on the grave,  
The seraph Hope that points the way to heaven.  
The waveless clouds that hung amid the light,  
By Mercy's hand with braided glory wove,  
Seem'd, in their boundless mansions, to my sight  
Like guardian spirits o'er the land they love.'

Spite of these high aspirations, Wilson still indulged his passion for cock-fighting; and his manuscript books are curiously tessellated with gems of poetry and *mems.* of game-cocks and sitting-hens. At length came the bright day on which he met with Miss Jane Penny,—the lovely and accomplished lady who became his wife, and utterly routed the melancholy which had often clouded the brow of his hitherto purposeless life. His marriage took place in 1811; and four happy years were passed in the beautiful cottage at Elleray; whence Wilson superintended the printing of his first poetic venture, *The Isle of Palms*; which met with only moderate success at the time, and is quite unknown to the Southron of the present day. In 1815, his entire fortune was swept away by the treachery of an uncle in whom he had placed unbounded trust. And now all the energy and beauty of his nature were brought into play. Instead

of repining at having to cast off his morning gown of ease, he found the real battle of life more to his taste than all the frolics and wanderings of his youth. The sweet retirement of Ellera had to be left, and a new home to be formed in Edinburgh. Fortunately his admirable mother was still alive, and received him and his into her house for four years.

He was now called to the bar; but law was evidently not his proper vocation. A more congenial sphere was opened for him in 1817; when Mr. Blackwood, having become sole proprietor of *The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, (of which six numbers had appeared,) changed its title to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, and with No. VII. inaugurated a new era. The mildness of *Maga's* politics could no longer be complained of: Coleridge and Leigh Hunt alike were ruthlessly slaughtered; and the peculiarities of many Scotch notabilities were hit off in the famous *Chaldee MS.* The energetic publisher knew well the liking which most men have for hearing their neighbours well abused, and chose his *corps* of contributors with corresponding sagacity,—Wilson and Lockhart being the chief of them, and, indeed, a host in themselves. With what gusto these two unfurled the banner of literary Toryism, and how mercilessly for some years they belaboured every writer in the opposite camp, descending at times to the use of base weapons, poisoned with virulent and often false invective or innuendo, is known to our readers. Mrs. Gordon very properly urges what she can in extenuation of her father's sins in this matter; but when all is said, it amounts to little. Reference to the writings of those whom he attacked will show that the abuse was *not* reciprocal; and the kind and Christian remonstrances from Jeffrey and Morehead leave Wilson without excuse. It is vain, too, to try to shift the entire responsibility on to Mr. Blackwood or Mr. Lockhart; for, as to the former, Mrs. Gordon answers herself by giving a letter in which the publisher refuses to insert an article spiced with invective too hot even for his thorough-going taste; and the latter was scarcely more vindictive or unscrupulous than Wilson, but had, like him, a fierce joy in freely exercising his remarkable powers of banter and sarcasm. We are glad to see that the attempt to make Lockhart the scape-goat of *Maga* has led to the promise of a Life of him, which we trust will do justice to the author of *Adam Blair* and *Peter's Letters*, the translator of the *Spanish Ballads*, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, the ready satirist and song-writer, and the potent editor of the *Quarterly*.

Offenders against the laws of courtesy and forbearance often meet with retribution in unexpected ways; and Wilson soon felt sorely what it was to have groundless imputations cast upon his own character, on occasion of his candidature for the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. He who had been so reckless in his treatment of others had now piteously to beg his friends to furnish letters in testimony to his qualities as a husband and father; and when at length he had won no easy victory over his eminent friend, Sir William Hamilton, we may be sure that he would sit

with abated scorn in the seat of the critic, and mingle less of gall with his judicial ink. In fact, we find him, in after years, assisting with glee at a dinner to Campbell the Whig editor as well as poet, and enjoying the firm friendship and pleasant converse of the 'blue-and-yellow' Jeffrey.

Wilson was now fairly launched on his great career as a writer and lecturer. His eloquence found full appreciation from his youthful listeners at the University; while Sir William Hamilton and other celebrities would crowd in to hear his more famous passages. What deep impression his commanding utterance, his flow of rhetoric, his bursts of passion, his affluence of illustration, and, withal, his thoughtful kindness and patronage, made on the students, we have ample testimony before us. But it was in the pages of *Blackwood* that he found his most congenial employment; and it is on his genius chiefly that that Magazine rests for its ancient renown. If he was not nominally the editor, (the spirited publisher being his own *gérant*.) was he not the 'Christopher North' from whose lips poured the frolicsome wit, the glowing poetry, and the acute criticism of the *Noctes*? Who but he could have written such lively and instructive essays on birds and beasts, on angling, swimming, walking, and driving,—turning to good account his youthful rambles and adventures in the three kingdoms, and making his pages beam with the sunshine of outdoor life? But this is not the place to enumerate Wilson's various writings. It is enough to note that by the literary labours of five-and-twenty years he won the high position of a favourite English classic.\*

There is but little more to record of Wilson's life. In 1837, he underwent his severest trial in the loss of the excellent wife whom he loved so well. His affectionate nature suffered acutely: a shadow had passed over his earthly joys; the buoyancy of his spirits was gone; and more and more his fine intellect was occupied in musing on the unseen world. His immense bodily strength began early to diminish; and after some years of languor and decay,—during which the holy Book, which had long been dear to him, became his most prized companion,—he died on April 2nd, 1854. Fortunate in life beyond most men, he has been doubly favoured since death, in the care with which his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, has edited his Works, and in the beautiful Life for which we have now to thank his daughter, Mrs. Gordon.

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\* We refer our readers to an earlier volume of this Review, (vol. v., p. 403,) for an admirable critique on the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, by THOMAS M'NICOLL, Esq., M.R.C.S., formerly Editor of this journal, intelligence of whose death has just reached us. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without paying a tribute, however hurried and brief, to the eminent talent, unblemished character, and amiable disposition which endeared MR. M'NICOLL to a large circle of friends, who deeply deplore his untimely departure. To his great ability this journal has from its commencement been largely indebted; and we believe that the last production of his pen was the graceful article on Taylor's *St. Clement's Eve*, which recently adorned our pages.